

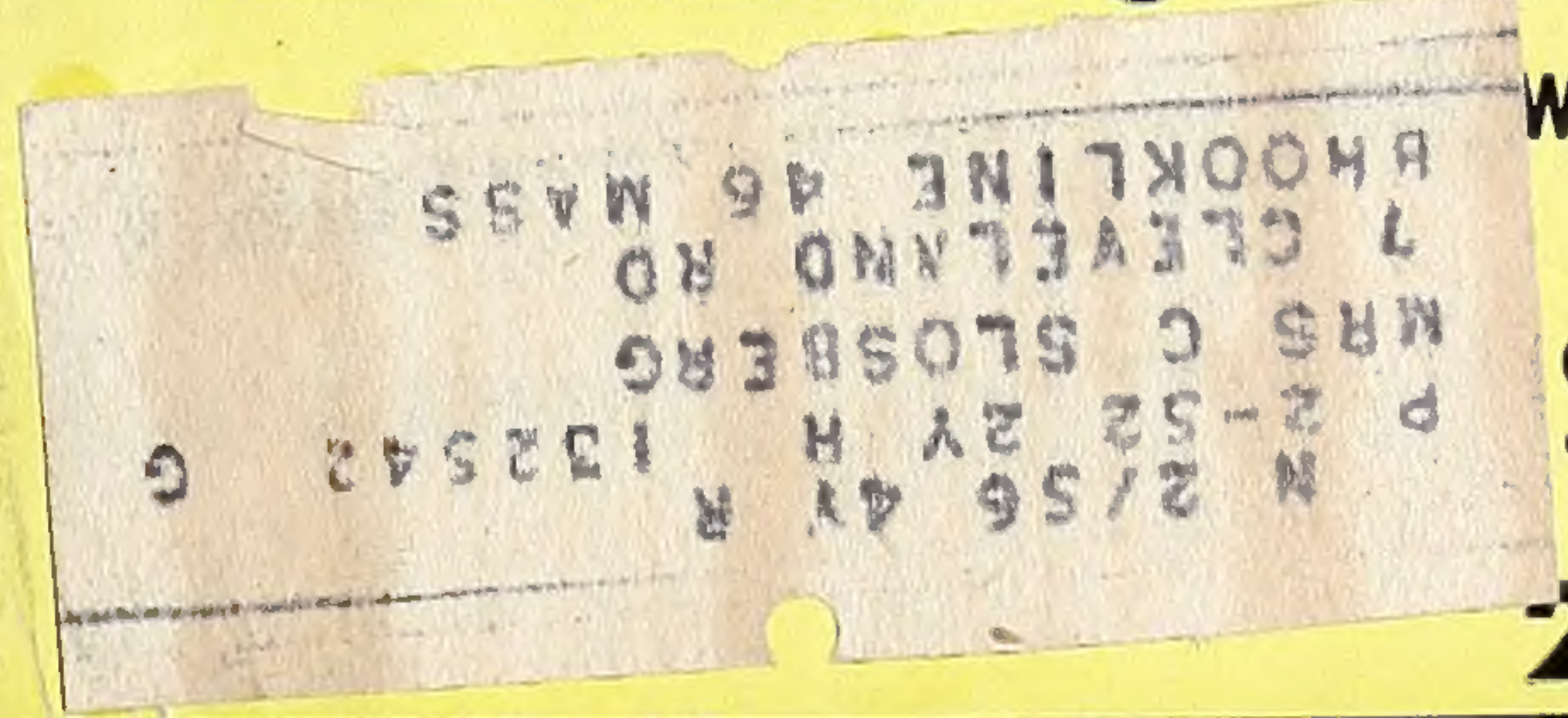
TRUTH ABOUT The Kathryn Grayson—Mario Lanza Feud BY HEDDA HOPPER

★ PHOTOPLAY

April



The
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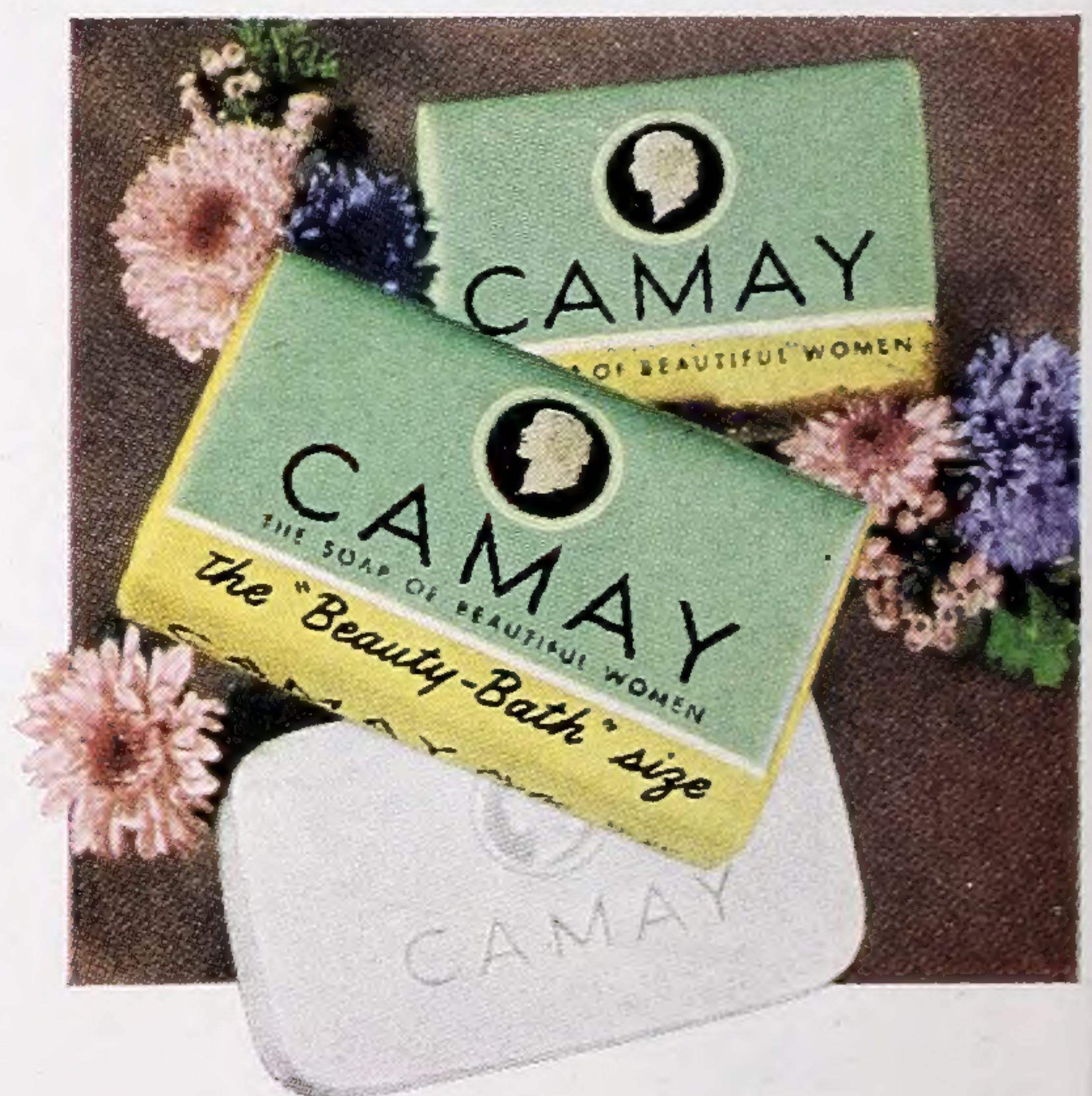
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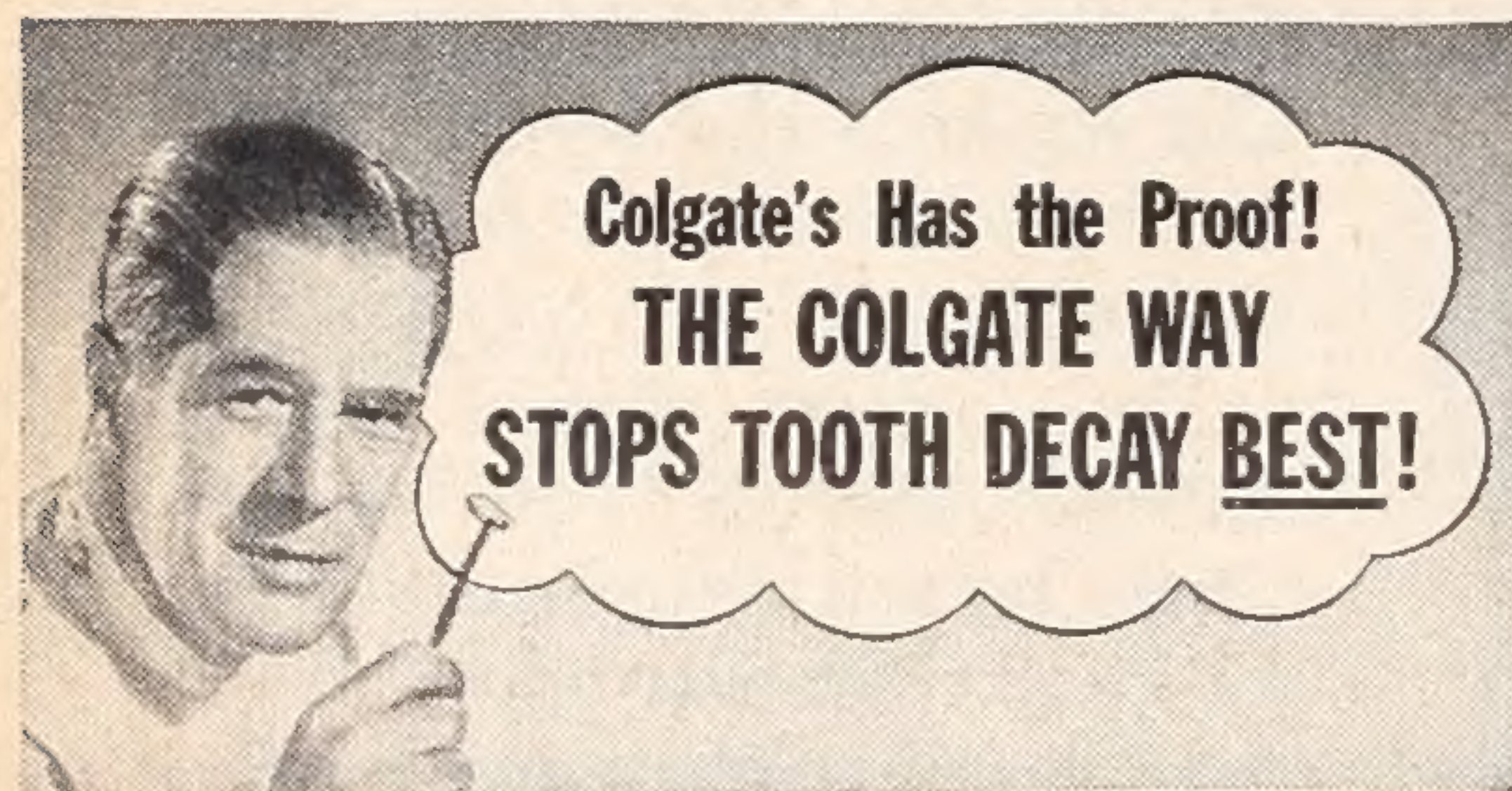
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PHOTOPLAY

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APRIL, 1952

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READERS INC.

Cheers and Jeers:

If there ever was a talented, handsome heart-warming Latin actor, it's Fernando Lamas! Why don't you promote some of his he-man love making instead of making a big deal of Anthony Dexter?

JANET FINNEGAN
Westwood, N. J.

Why doesn't Betty Grable press charges against Mitzi Gaynor and the people who have the idea that she might someday take Betty's place? If you ask me, Mitzi looks like she was wrung from the wringer. Just give her a pair of far-fly-ing wings and let her take off.

PAT KUDLINSKI
Toledo, O.

Hasn't anyone ever noticed that Michael Rennie. (wow!) is the Ava Gardner of the opposite sex?

SAHARA VAN BRUNT
Kirkland Lake, Ont., Canada

I've enjoyed Photoplay's sane and fair reporting for years, but Sheilah Graham's sarcastic tone toward Dr. Lindstrom in "Believe It—or Not" (Feb.) was in bad taste and distinctly sob-sisterish. In calling Dr. Lindstrom "stingy" in the time he allotted to Bergman with Pia, Miss Graham only made it more pointed how very "stingy" Miss Bergman had been with her time for, and consideration of, Pia.

JANE MENDENHALL
Englewood, Colo.

Do you realize the whole plot of "Call-away Went Thataway" hinged on one big fat boner? Howard Keel wrote in that everyone was making fun of him because they saw this TV cowboy who resembled him. When Dorothy McGuire went looking for him she had to go to a rural district in Colorado. Since when has TV reached such out-of-the-way places?

JAMES EDENS
Boston, Mass.

You Decide:

I read the January issue and thought Miss Hopper was unfair to Mario Lanza. If Mr. Lanza is the biggest headache in Hollywood, I think that all should let him take the aspirin for it. And Miss Hopper can stick to writing articles for the newspaper.

LENA SPALITTA
Chicago, Ill.

It was a great relief for a change to see someone taking a stand against all the unpleasant things said recently about Mario Lanza. I'm speaking of my favorite columnist, Hedda Hopper. She has bypassed the petty things and has hit upon the important points that make for the finest article I've read in ages.

MRS. JANE PAGEL
Tucson, Ariz.

I read "Mama's Girl" in the January issue and I think Debra Paget is disgusting. What is she trying to prove? I am not insinuating that she run around with every man in town, but how does she ever expect to learn anything? It's Mom this and Mom that. She says she will marry when love comes. I say she had better wise up or that certain party will pass her by.

MARY L. THOMPSON
East St. Louis, Ill.

It's unfair to criticize Debra Paget for going out with her mother instead of being like Piper Laurie, Anne Francis, Joan Evans, etc., who flit around town every night with different men—wearing low necklines and an excess of make-up. As a mother of two teen-age girls, I'd like to set up Debra as an example of a healthy and happy girl who doesn't have to be a gadabout to be contented.

MRS. EVELYN O'MALLEY
Boise, Idaho

Question Box:

How about some pictures of and articles on Lee Grant? She did a terrific job as a shoplifter in "Detective Story."

SANDRA GOLD
Forest Hills, N. Y.

(Lee was born Ly-ova Haskell Rosenthal in New York City 10/31/26. She has blue eyes, brown hair, is 5'3½", 110 lbs. "Detective Story" was her first screen role—she also played in the stage version.)



I would like to know if Howard Keel was the voice of Clark Gable's son in "Across the Wide Missouri." I think the girl who played Kam-Tah is a fine actress and I would like to know some facts about her.

J. M. D.
Albuquerque, N. M.

(Yes, Howard Keel's voice was the one Kam-Tah was Maria Elena Marques. She was born in Mexico City where she has made many films—one opposite Ricardo Montalban. "Across the Wide Missouri" was her first in U. S. She is 5'3", 105 lbs., has dark brown hair, haze eyes.)

"Westward the Women" was wonder-ful. Who was the boy who played Sia and what about him?

MARTHA TAYLOR
Marshall, Tex.

(That was Pat Con-way, born in Los Angeles 1/9/31, son of retired M-G-M director Jack Con-way, grandson of Francis X. Bushman. He studied at Pasadena Playhouse and served a term with



England's Old Vic. He has dark brown hair, blue-gray eyes, is 6'2", 175 lbs., married to Dionyse Humphrey. Next in "Singin' in the Rain," "Just This Once," "Scaramouche," "Invitation.")

Can you tell me if June Allyson really played the piano in "Too Young to Kiss"?

JANE EVANS
Brooklyn, N. Y.

(No, the playing was dubbed in, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer won't tell who did it.)

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Arthur Kennedy isn't carrying any chip on his shoulder for those lost years in Hollywood. He's come back—with a bang! • by Beverly Linet



WHEN Arthur Kennedy bought a California home last year and moved his wife, Mary Cheffey, and kids Terrence and Laurie, west from Connecticut, Hollywood received its first indication that Arthur was back to stay.

Until recently he considered Hollywood a place to work between Broadway plays. This never has been an attitude of snobbery. For a long time Arthur couldn't forget the years following his release from the Air Force. After his first picture, "City for Conquest," made before his enlistment, Arthur was riding high. But when he came out of service the parts that were offered were in C or D murder mysteries. No actor would have wanted these parts—certainly not an actor whom George M. Cohan once called "the most brilliant young performer on Broadway."

To Arthur, acting and living are the same. If he weren't paid for acting he'd probably act for nothing while he earned his living another way. After all, the salary he could have received for those C's and D's would have been good. But he returned to Broadway to play the lead in the prize-winning play, "All My Sons," willing to forfeit Hollywood until he could get a movie role he could respect.

He held no grudge against Hollywood. When parts came up that he liked, in "The Window," "Boomerang" (one of his favorites) and "Champion," he accepted them. But always upon completion of a picture he would head back to New York. When he set Broadway on fire with his portrayal of Biff in "Death of a Salesman," all the

studios were after him. Warners, who previously had let him go, paid a small fortune to get him a ten weeks' leave of absence so he could play Tom in "The Glass Menagerie." And when his run-of-the-play contract expired, Universal was waiting with his "Bright Victory" contract.

It was after completing "Bright Victory" that Arthur began packing his eastern possessions for good. No longer was there any need to worry about the way he rated in Hollywood.

He now has the approval of all scripts submitted to him. Upon completion of "Bend of the River," and "Rancho Notorious," he went right into "The Girl in White" and "Cowpoke." And when he has time off between pictures he works on his pet project, an Actors Workshop. Here he and his friends present plays for invited audiences, and someday he hopes to open this theatre to the public.

His wife, Mary, whom he met while they both were attending drama classes at Carnegie Tech, and the children always have been partial to California.

Arthur has no phobias. He dresses casually but not for effect. Everyone calls him Johnny—his first name which he dropped for professional reasons. He wears glasses offstage, plays good games of tennis and golf, is a licensed pilot, an expert skeetshooter and quite a hand with sailboats. Actually he's one of the most unactorish actors imaginable. And he doesn't need an Oscar (though he's up for one this year—and all the odds are in his favor) nor the N. Y. Film Critics' Award which he already has won for "Bright Victory," to prove he's one of the best.

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what should I do?



Your problems answered by Claudette Colbert

Star of "Let's Make It Legal"

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am nineteen years old and I've never had a real boy friend. I hold a job as receptionist and have been told that I am attractive, that I dress well and have a good figure. I think I have a fairly good personality; at least I seem to be able to accumulate girl friends easily.

However, I don't think any of the traits mentioned above really matter much. If a fellow got a chance to know me better, he might find that we have a lot in common, but men you meet at a dance or a company hangout seem interested only enough to spend one evening and take a girl home. At the end of the evening they all want to neck. Whether I do or I don't doesn't seem to matter; the boy seldom asks for another date.

A couple of my friends have the same problem. We discuss it often, and we can't figure out what it takes to catch a man. Other girls get them, but how they do it is beyond me, unless they take the first one who comes along. I don't want an old bore who doesn't interest me, and not necessarily one who will fall madly in love at first sight. I just want one who likes me as I like him, and with whom I can spend clean, enjoyable evenings without either of us getting too serious.

What is it that boys want and I don't have? Am I too fussy, or do I belong to a species which holds no attraction for the opposite sex?

Madonna P.

I believe that when a girl fails to attract even one beau, there is just one thing wrong: Subconsciously, the girl is not interested in anyone she meets.

She may not be, at nineteen or at twenty-nine, ready for romance. Not all girls develop at the same rate, so that years have little to do with emotional readiness for seeking the men companions from whom one may choose a mate. Because of some childhood experience or because of an unhappy home life a girl may not want to become entangled with marriageable men, because she doesn't really wish to marry. Occasionally a girl's dream of the perfect boy friend and eventually the perfect husband is so far beyond her powers of realization that she is defeated before she starts.

If none of these problems apply, a girl should look around her and then analyze herself in comparison with her surroundings.

If every other girl in her office has a short bob, she should try an up-do, or add a chignon to her own hair. In brief, she should be different enough from her friends to be interesting. Finally, a girl should relax and maintain an air of quiet confidence in her destiny. Self-criticism and impatience add nothing to the situation except wrinkles.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My father is an ex-convict who has served several years on a charge of arson. Even though he is out now and says he has reformed, he has left quite a blot on our family history. My mother is a hard-working woman who is getting old before her time because of her troubles. My younger brother is running around with a bad crowd and frequently gets drunk.

Over a year ago I decided that I had had enough, so I went to another state to make a new start. I got a good job, took an apartment with a nice girl, and through her I met a wonderful set of new friends. One of these friends is a young man with whom I am in love. He has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would but that I felt we should be engaged at least a year. I have been a guest in his home many times, and respect his parents. They are fine people with excellent standards which have given them an enviable position in the community.

Now my family have decided that since I could make a new life for myself, they can too. They want to move to this city.

I love my parents and my brother, but I am heartsick for fear they will disgrace me and that I will lose the man I love. What can I do? Would it be dreadful for me to tell them to stay where they are?

Joyce M.

I don't think it would do any good to tell your family to stay away. It is the habit of families to follow the most successful member, and in the ultimate scheme of things, this is good. It is a fine thing for one member of a clan to be able to open new doors and to offer new hope to loved ones.

This change might be exactly the tonic needed by your younger brother to turn him into a fine specimen. He may be much like you: in need of a fresh environment which will influence him to develop the constructive side of his nature.

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

Undoubtedly your mother needs you, a fact of which, from the tone of your letter, you are well aware.

Your father offers the most serious problem. You should make inquiry in your city, probably of some reliable medical doctor, as to the name and address of a competent family counselor. The committing of arson is indicative of mental disorder. Your father has been, and may still be, a sick man. He needs help more than censure. Given a fresh chance to make good under the care of a competent medical man, he may turn out to be a source of pride to you.

In any case, you should tell your fiance the story of your family. Better to have faced this problem before you marry, than to have it come up afterward.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty years old and have been married eight months. My husband is twenty-two and has been overseas for the past six months. It seems a pity that, after being together only two months, we are drifting out of our marriage, but there is good reason. I married an unreasonable man.

It all started this way: my mother-in-law loaned my husband one hundred dollars so we could get married. Afterward, she paid our rent for two months and made two car payments for us, which came to around one hundred and fifty dollars. Then, while my husband was still on the West Coast, she loaned me another one hundred and fifty dollars.

I am getting an allotment of one hundred dollars per month from my husband, but I have to give half of that amount to my mother. She is living on a pension and needs every cent she can lay hands on. I am living with her, so I feel that it is only right for me to pay.

Here is the trouble: my husband keeps asking me to get a job so that I will be earning money. He says that we have to work together to pay off that four hundred dollars owed to his mother. My family tells me not to be a dope for any man. They say that if I start working now, he will expect me to keep it up always. My husband wants me to pay up our bills and get something in the bank for a start when he gets home, but my family say it's up to him to provide a home for me.

Personally, I think he is wrong to expect me to assume so much responsibility. I think he should expect to take care of me. Don't you think I'm right?

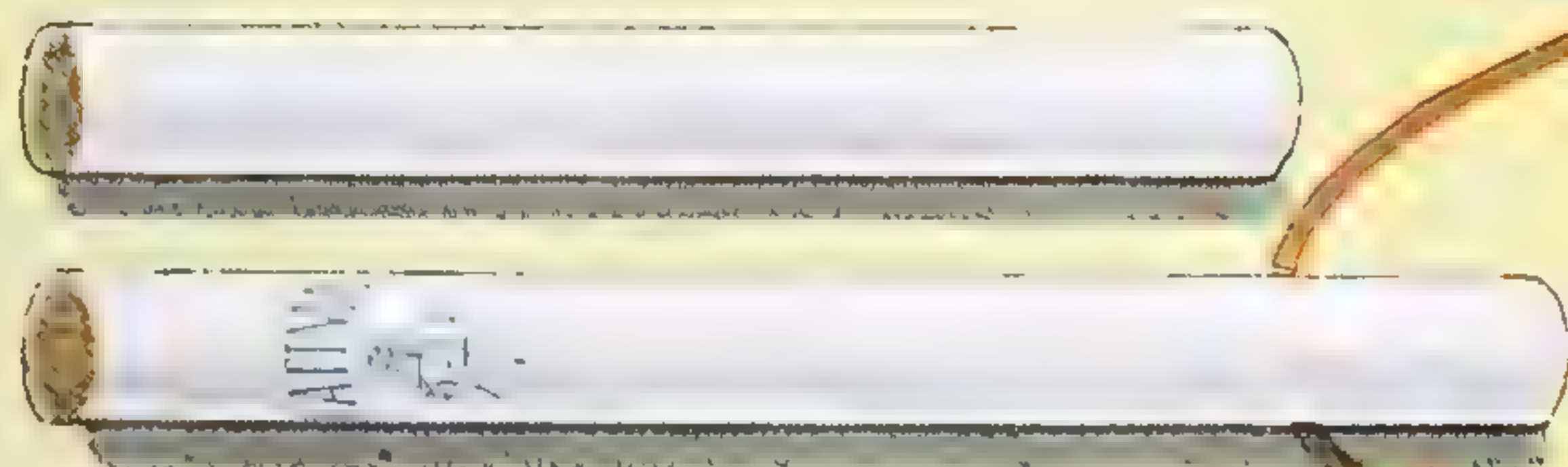
Rosa E.

I think you have lost touch entirely with the fact that you are living in 1952. Your attitude indicates that you are a princess living in the past and that it would be too, too humiliating and unjust
(Continued on page 26)

"I look for real quality in
my dogs and guns—and in
my cigarette. That's why
I smoke extra-mild FATIMAS.
You'll like them too."

Paul Henry

NOTED SPORTSMAN—ENGINEER



SEE the difference
TASTE the difference
SMOKE the difference

21% Longer...
Extra-Mild and Soothing...
plus **FATIMA QUALITY**



Best of All KING-SIZE Cigarettes

*"Paint the
Revlon's*

Not a prissy pink... not a sissy pink...



Try Revlon's New "Indelible-Creme"...
World's Creamiest Indelible Lipstick!

Paint the Town Pink

new sweet-and-hot pink
for lips and fingertips

Nothing pale or pantywaist
about this pink! It's a slightly
shocking shade that fairly
whistles with excitement!
Wear it tonight (and tell us
sometime what happened!)

... it's the wildest pink in captivity!

New-Formula Nail Enamel . . . Frosted Nail Enamel
Indelible-Creme Lipstick . . . Regular Lipstick

Gown: Lawrence Guines Jewels: Eisenberg Photo: Avedon

So quick! So easy!

and no other make-up looks and feels
so naturally lovely!

It's Pan-Stik*! Max Factor's exciting new creamy make-up,
as easy to apply as lipstick. Shortens your make-up time
to just seconds. No puff, no sponge, no streaking.

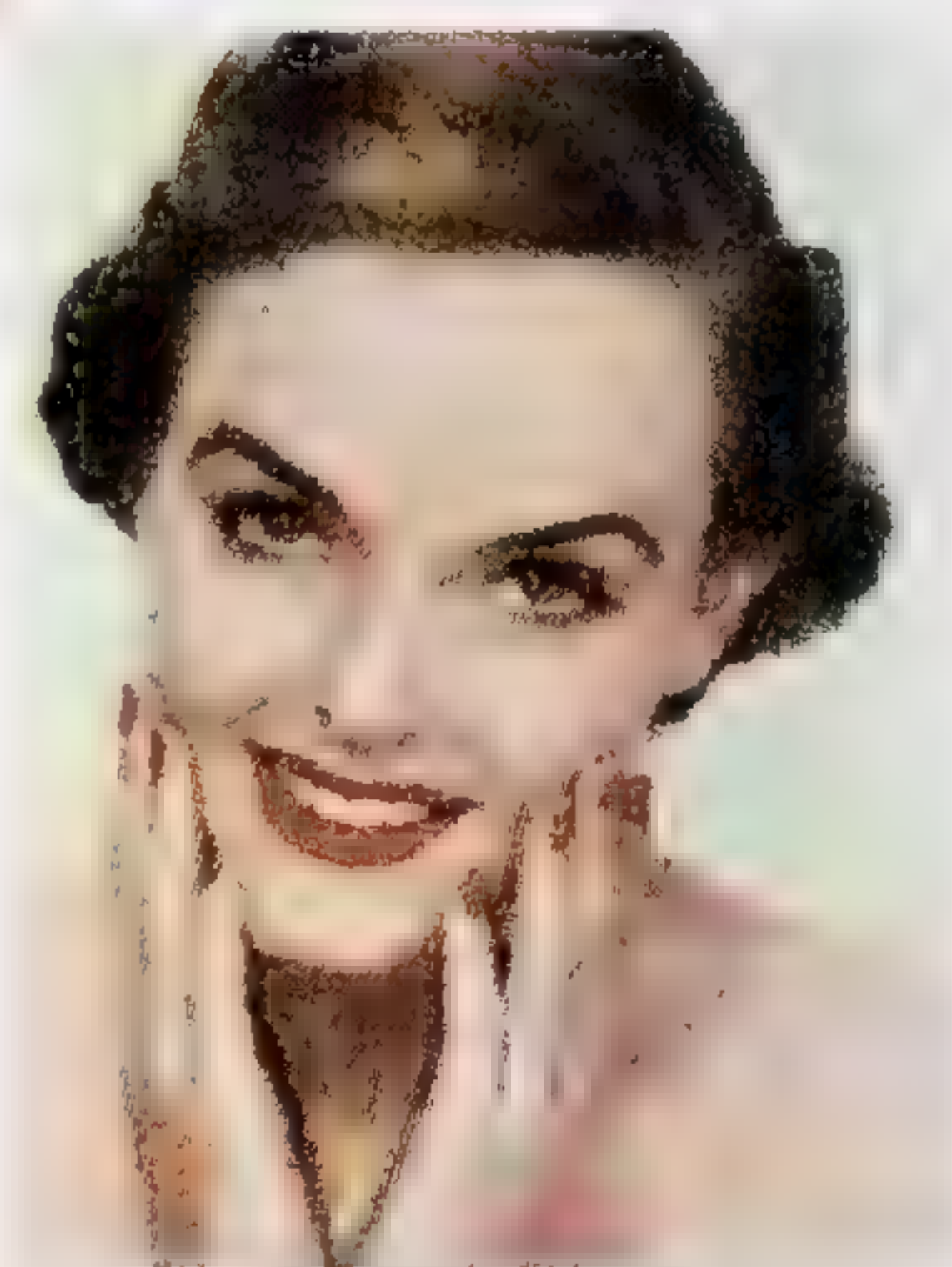
Your Pan-Stik Make-Up is so gossamer-light, so dewy-fresh,
it looks and feels like your very own skin. Yet it conceals
every imperfection, stays lovely hours longer—with never a trace of
“made-up” look. Pan-Stik is another of the
fabulous Max Factor products, created to
enhance the off-stage beauty of Hollywood's
loveliest stars—and now brought to you.
Try Pan-Stik today. See how

Max Factor's exclusive blend of
ingredients gives you a new,
more alluring, *natural* loveliness, with
perfect results guaranteed* the very
first time you use it.



Just stroke it on! Pan-Stik's unique form makes it so simple and quick. Just apply a few light strokes to nose, forehead and chin, with Pan-Stik itself. No messy finger-nail deposits as with cream cake make-up; no dripping as with liquid. And Pan-Stik tucks away neatly in your purse for unexpected touch-ups. No spilling, no leaking.

A little does so much! Pan-Stik Make-Up spreads far more easily, just with the fingertips, blends more evenly than any other kind of make-up. Never becomes greasy or shiny. Covers more perfectly, clings far longer. No hourly touch-ups necessary. Your skin always feels and looks so fresh—young—*naturally* lovely.



Pan-Stik by MAX Factor

New cream make-up
in stick form

\$1⁶⁰ plus tax. In 7 enchanting
shades—to harmonize with any
complexion. At leading drug
and department stores.

Available in Canada at slightly
different prices.

LORI NELSON

as she looks when away from the cameras.
This vivacious young actress is now appearing in

“MA AND PA KETTLE AT THE FAIR”

A Universal-International Picture

One of the many Hollywood beauties
who enhance their fresh, glowing,
natural loveliness with Max Factor
Pan-Stik Make-Up . . . wherever
they go . . . whatever they do!

To harmonize with her blond
coloring and fair complexion,
Lori uses “Fair” Pan-Stik.

Gown by Ann Fogarty.

***Guarantee:** Buy Max Factor Pan-Stik Make-Up at any cosmetic counter and use according to directions. If you don't agree that it makes you look lovelier than ever before, *the very first time you use it*, simply return unused portion to Max Factor, Hollywood, for full refund.

*Pan-Stik (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood cream-type make-up.

✓✓ Outstanding

✓✓ Good

✓ Fair

BRIEF REVIEWS

A—For adults

F—For the whole family

See page 28 for this month's reviews

✓✓½ (F) *AFRICAN QUEEN, THE*—U.A.: A completely off-the-beaten path adventure story with spinster Katharine Hepburn and rough mine-worker Humphrey Bogart thrown together on a frail river craft in German East Africa. They set out to destroy an enemy gunboat and find a rare and unexpected kind of love. With Robert Morley. (March)

✓½ (F) *BAREFOOT MAILMAN, THE*—Columbia: The southern coast of Florida in 1890 is the setting for this odd little picture in which Terry Moore, Robert Cummings and Jerome Courtland make a perilous trip from Palm Springs to Miami. (Feb.)

✓ (A) *BIG NIGHT, THE*—U.A.: A depressing drama in which John Barrymore Jr. sets out to seek vengeance on the man responsible for the beating of his father, Robert Preston. With Joan Lorrington. (Jan.)

✓ (F) *BOOTS MALONE*—Columbia: Behind the scenes story of the race-track stables introducing Johnny Stewart as a rich kid who yearns to be a jockey and Bill Holden as a shady agent who's reformed by the boy's loyalty and affection. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *BUSHWHACKERS, THE*—Realart: John Ireland, a peace-seeking Confederate sergeant, takes a newspaper job and gets involved in killings, arson, and murder charges. A violent Western. With Dorothy Malone, Lawrence Tierney. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *CALLAWAY WENT THATAWAY*—M-G-M: A gay satire in which Howard Keel plays a dual role of an alcoholic movie and TV cowboy and the shy cowhand hired by Dorothy McGuire and Fred MacMurray to impersonate the actor. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *CHICAGO CALLING*—U.A.: This unusual human interest story centers around Dan Duryea's effort to keep his phone from being disconnected as he awaits news of his injured daughter's chance of survival. With Mary Anderson, Gordon Gebert. (Feb.)

✓ (F) *CIMARRON KID, THE*—U-I: Audie Murphy, after being twice railroaded to prison unjustly, joins up with the murderous Dalton gang in this ho-hum Western. With Beverly Tyler, Yvette Dugay, John Hudson. (Mar.)

✓ (A) *CLODBURST*—U.A.: Robert Preston takes the law into his own hands when his wife is run down and killed by escaping murderers in this grim but interesting British thriller. (Feb.)

✓✓½ (A) *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*—Columbia: Faithful screen version of the Pulitzer prize-winning play which tells of the mental deterioration of an average man whose false values lead to his downfall and the downfall of his sons. Starring Fredric March. With Kevin McCarthy, Mildred Dunnock, Cameron Mitchell. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *DISTANT DRUMS*—Warners: Gary Cooper, shut off from the main route by Indians, is forced to lead his soldiers and Mari Aldon across 150 miles of dangerous Florida swamplands in this exciting adventure story. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *ELOPEMENT*—20th Century-Fox: When Anne Francis and William Lundigan decide to wed, they lead their parents, Clifton Webb and Margalo Gillmore, Charles Bickford and Evelyn Varden on a mad and merry chase. With Reginald Gardiner. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *FAMILY SECRET, THE*—Columbia: John Derek accidentally kills his best friend and refuses to confess his crime—even when another man is accused of murder—in this serious melodrama. With Lee J. Cobb, Jody Lawrence. (Jan.)

✓½ (F) *FINDERS KEEPERS*—U-I: A charming little comedy with Tom Ewell and Julia Adams as parents of two-year-old Dusty Henley, who finds a fortune in a vacant lot and starts off an unusual series of circumstances. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *FIRST TIME, THE*—Columbia: A light-hearted comedy about the trials and anxieties of parents Barbara Hale and Robert Cummings as seen through the eyes of their first offspring. (Mar.)

✓✓ (A) *FIXED BAYONETS!*—20th Century-Fox: A tough realistic episode in the Korean war in which Richard Basehart is forced into command of a platoon ordered to delay the enemy. With Gene Evans, Michael O'Shea, Craig Hill, Richard Hylton. (Feb.)

✓ (F) *FLAME OF ARABY*—U-I: Another Arabian Nights tale revolving around the rivalry of Maureen O'Hara and Jeff Chandler to capture the finest horse in Araby. In Technicolor. (Feb.)

✓½ (A) *GIRL ON THE BRIDGE, THE*—20th Century-Fox: A mature and morbid drama about the tragedy that ensues after middle-aged Hugo Haas saves Beverly Michaels from suicide and makes a home for her and her illegitimate child. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *GOLDEN GIRL*—20th Century-Fox:

Mitzi Gaynor and Dale Robertson are delightful in this romantic Technicolor musical about entertainer Lotta Crabtree and her romance with a daring Confederate spy. With Dennis Day, James Barton. (Feb.)

✓✓✓ (F) *GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH, THE*—Paramount: A spectacular Technicolor epic in which the acts, atmosphere and excitement of the Big Top are combined with the talents of Charlton Heston, Betty Hutton, James Stewart, Gloria Grahame, Cornel Wilde and Dorothy Lamour to make this one of the most beautiful and dramatic pictures of the year. (Mar.)

(F) *GREEN GLOVE, THE*—U.A.: Former paratrooper Glenn Ford, returning to Europe to retrieve a priceless gauntlet he found during the war, becomes mixed up in a hodgepodge of murder and madness. With Geraldine Brooks, George Macready. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *HERE COME THE NELSONS*—U-I: The ingredients for fun and frolic are missing as the well-loved radio stars Ozzie, Harriet, David and Rickey Nelson bring their family life to the screen. With Rock Hudson, Barbara Lawrence. (Mar.)

✓ *HONG KONG*—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: War veteran Ronald Reagan returns to China to pick up a fast dollar, picks up war orphan Danny Chang instead and discovers the boy possesses a rare idol. A routine drama. With Rhonda Fleming. (Feb.)

✓✓½ (F) *I WANT YOU*—Goldwyn: A stirring and adult drama about the effects of present-day world on the lives and loves of every-day people as enacted by Farley Granger, Peggy Dow, Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU*—20th Century-Fox: Modernized remake of classic "Berkeley Square" in which scientist Tyrone Power journeys two hundred years back in time only to find that the old days weren't so good after all. With Ann Blyth as the 18th Century and modern miss Ty learns to love and Michael Rennie. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS*—Warners: Doris Day and Danny Thomas are a tuneful twosome in a heartwarming musical biography of lyricist Gus Kahn and his wife Grace. With Pat Wymore, Frank Lovejoy, James Gleason. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *IT'S A BIG COUNTRY*—M-G-M: A somewhat overdone lecture on what America is and why we should love it, illustrated by eight separate episodes of varied merit and enacted by an all-star cast including Van Johnson, Ethel Barrymore, Gene Kelly, Janet Leigh and Gary Cooper. (Mar.)

✓ (F) *JAPANESE WAR BRIDE*—20th Century-Fox: When Don Taylor brings wife Shirley Yamaguchi back to America a lot of high-powered unpleasantness results from the intolerance of family and friends. An indecisive melodrama. With Cameron Mitchell. (Mar.)

✓✓½ (F) *JUST THIS ONCE*—M-G-M: Attorney Janet Leigh is retained by Lewis Stone to prevent Peter Lawford from squandering his fortune in this delightful and diverting comedy. With Richard Anderson, Marilyn Erskine. (Mar.)

(F) *LADY SAYS NO, THE*—U.A.: An antiquated comedy about what happens when prudish young authoress Joan Caulfield meets breezy photographer David Niven. Who cares? (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL*—20th Century-Fox: On the day of her divorce from Macdonald Carey, grandmother Claudette Colbert starts being pursued by ex-beau Zach Scott, much to the annoyance of daughter, Barbara Bates, and Robert Wagner. A happy comedy. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *LIGHT TOUCH, THE*—M-G-M: Pier Angeli, a young artist, is lured into copying a stolen masterpiece by Stewart Granger, in this exciting but overlong comedy-drama. With George Sanders. (Jan.)

✓✓½ (F) *MEET DANNY WILSON*—U-I: Frank Sinatra, Shelley Winters and Alex Nicol star in a gripping story of a brash singer who hits the big-time . . . and the effect it has on his ego. (Jan.)

✓½ (F) *MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER, THE*—20th Century-Fox: Amusing and sentimental comedy revolving around Thelma Ritter's attempts to bring lonely people together and to make a match between reluctant Jeanne Crain and Scott Brady. With Michael O'Shea. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *MY FAVORITE SPY*—Paramount: Burlesque clown Bob Hope is called upon to impersonate foreign agent, Bob Hope, and becomes involved with siren Hedy Lamarr and dangerous international spies in this breezy bit of slapstick. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *NAVAJO*—Lippert: A beautiful story of a small Indian boy, showing how he reasons and how he reacts to his natural enemy, the white man.

With Francis Kee Teller. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *ON DANGEROUS GROUND*—RKO: Weary and embittered plainsclothesman Robert Ryan undergoes a miraculous change when he meets blind girl Ida Lupino, while on a case involving Ida's brother. Moderately interesting drama. (Mar.)

✓✓½ *QUO VADIS*—M-G-M: The long awaited Technicolor super-epic complete with the pomp, pageantry, and burning of ancient Rome, and the romance of Nero's soldier Robert Taylor and Christian maiden Deborah Kerr. With Leo Genn, Peter Ustinov and a cast of thousands. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *RACKET, THE*—RKO: Rough, tough, action film attempting to show links between politicians and criminals with Bob Mitchum as a fearless police officer out to get hoodlum Robert Ryan. With Liz Scott, Brett King, Robert Hutton. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *RED MOUNTAIN, THE*—Paramount: Ex-Confederate officer Alan Ladd heads West to re-establish a gold claim and becomes involved with Quantrell's outlaw raiders. A well plotted Technicolor Western. With Elizabeth Scott, Arthur Kennedy, John Ireland. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) *ROOM FOR ONE MORE*—Warners: Cary Grant and Betsy Drake face the problem of winning over foster children Iris Mann and Clifford Tatum Jr. in an absorbing domestic drama. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) *SAILOR BEWARE*—Wallis-Para.: Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin are at it again—this time as gobs whose slapstick antics all but sink the U. S. Navy. Corinne Calvet, Marion Marshall and Vince Edwards are part of what passes for a plot. (Mar.)

✓✓ (F) *SHADOW IN THE SKY*—M-G-M: Nancy Davis and James Whitmore take her brother, emotionally shattered war vet Ralph Meeker, into their home and try to help him find himself again. An absorbing drama. With Jean Hagen. (Mar.)

✓½ (F) *SILVER CITY*—Paramount: Fast-moving Western built around the search for silver and the romance between Edmond O'Brien and Yvonne De Carlo. With Barry Fitzgerald. (Jan.)

✓ (F) *SLAUGHTER TRAIL*—RKO: A dull Western in which soldiers chase robbers and Indians chase soldiers to the constant accompaniment of distracting off-screen singing. With Brian Donlevy, Robert Hutton. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *STARLIFT*—Warners: An all-star cast including Doris Day, Gene Nelson, Ruth Roman, Gordon MacRae, Virginia Mayo, Gary Cooper, Jane Wyman in a gay musical about the way the stars build morale of servicemen. Janice Rule and Ron Hagerthy carry the plot. (Jan.)

✓½ (F) *STRANGE DOOR, THE*—U-I: A real chiller-diller in which Charles Laughton plans to marry niece Sally Forrest to scalawag Richard Stapley in order to avenge the marriage of his brother to the girl he loved years before. (Jan.)

✓½ (F) *TANKS ARE COMING, THE*—Warners: Steve Cochran ignores orders of superior officers Phil Carey, Robert Horton—through the push from France to Germany—as he rules his crew, Paul Picerni, Robert Boom, Eugene Baxter, with an iron fist; tries to win the war single-handedly. With Mari Aldon. (Jan.)

✓½ (F) *TEN TALL MEN*—Columbia: Tongue in cheek French Foreign Legion adventure with Burt Lancaster as a tough sergeant who kidnaps princess Jody Lawrence and proceeds to lead the Arabs a merry chase over the burning sands of the Sahara. With Gilbert Roland. (Jan.)

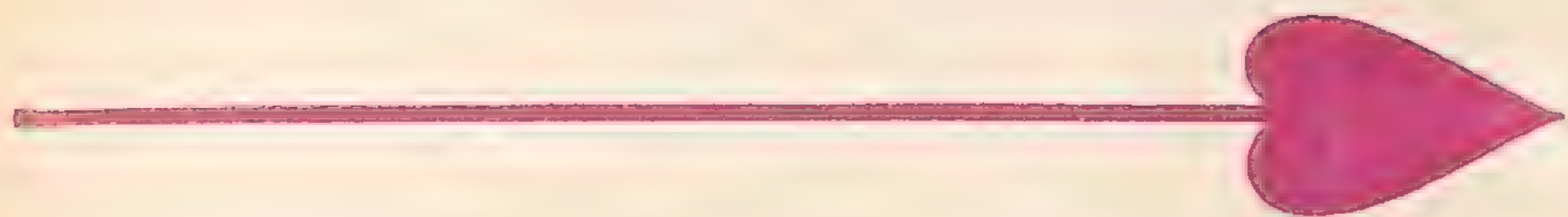
✓✓ (F) *TOO YOUNG TO KISS*—M-G-M: June Allyson poses as child prodigy in order to obtain an audition with concert manager Van Johnson—and the inevitable happens in this frothy comedy. With Gig Young. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *TWO TICKETS TO BROADWAY*—RKO: A happy talent-laden musical in which Tony Martin, Janet Leigh, Gloria DeHaven, Ann Miller, Barbara Lawrence, try—with the misguidance of Eddie Bracken—to crash TV. (Jan.)

✓ (F) *WEEK-END WITH FATHER*: A merry comedy in which widowed Van Heflin and Pat Neal try to find romance together despite the disapproval of her daughters, Gigi and Janine Perreau and his sons, Jimmy Hunt and Tommy Rettig. With Virginia Field. (Feb.)

✓✓½ (F) *WESTWARD THE WOMEN*—M-G-M: Robert Taylor escorts Denise Darcel and 137 other women across the plains to a new life in California in this absorbing drama of pioneer days. With John McIntire, Julie Bishop. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) *WILD NORTH, THE*—M-G-M: Northwest mountie Wendell Corey sets out to bring accused murderer Stewart Granger back to civilization, only to have Granger save his life instead. A rugged adventure yarn. With Cyd Charisse. (Mar.)



INSIDE

CAL YORK'S GOSSIP

Two guys and a doll:
Anthony Quinn, Gregory Peck
and Ann Blyth aren't at
a costume ball. They're co-
starring in period story,
"The World in His Arms"



Sitting this one out:
Vera-Ellen and Fred Astaire
take a rest between
scenes on "Belle of New York"
set. He plays a Park Avenue
playboy—she's his Mission-
Belle sweetheart

STUFF

OF HOLLYWOOD

Nudging the News: The Alan Ladds were officially cited as Hollywood's ideal married couple of the year, as Nick Stuart (one of Sue Ladd's former husbands) made plans to return to the screen . . . Meanest robbers in the world relieved Linda Darnell and Jane Wyman of their furs and jewels, which resulted in both lovely ladies hiring night watchmen . . . Pier Angeli treated herself to a broken arm when she fell ten feet from rehearsing on a movie tightrope . . . Shelley Winters got her way (natch) and flew to Rome to see Vittorio Gassman, who she hopes will get a divorce in Las Vegas and then marry her . . . For the second time in a row lanky, likable John Wayne was named number one on the top ten at the box-office list. Runners-up were Abbott and Costello, Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Randy Scott, Gary Cooper, Doris Day and Spencer Tracy. Here's hoping those Hollywood stars who believe their own publicity, will stop, look and toss away their scrapbooks!

Sissy Stuff: Cal just happened to arrive on the "Outcasts of Poker Flats" set as Cameron Mitchell turned into a louse to end all lice—for the camera, of course. First he slapped Anne Baxter woozy, next he pistol-whipped Billy Lynn after breaking his arm and then shot Miriam Hopkins in the back. Humphrey Bogart and Richard Widmark also happened to walk in just as Cameron was in the midst of his dirty work. "Let's get out of here," cracked Bogie to Dick, "before this filthy rat gives us an inferiority complex!"

Studio Scuttlebut: Robert Mitchum, who is singularly unimpressed by the behavior of most people, was so impressed with Ann Blyth's conduct on "The Korean Story," he presented her with heavy amethyst earrings at the end of the picture . . . A discouraged Jack Palance (he played that fabulous killer in "Panic in the Streets") was about to quit Hollywood cold when Joan Crawford selected him to play opposite her in "Sudden Fear" . . . "Across the Wide Missouri," considered a lemon by critics, is cleaning up at the box office, while "Callaway Went Thataway" received rave notices and is laying an egg that has nothing to do with Easter!



Marilyn Monroe's date at big party following "The African Queen" is RKO director, Nick Ray. He and Gloria Grahame are parting—via the divorce courts



Hollywood opening of "Two Tickets to Broadway" turned whole town into a carnival. Even Dorothy Mitchum, soon to be a mother again, joined big parade with husband Bob, sons Jim, Chris



Meet the champion—as far as Janet Leigh is concerned! She stopped by to visit Tony Curtis on set of "Flesh and Fury." He plays role of deaf-mute boxer

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

By **SIDNEY SKOLSKY**



Sidney Skolsky



Betsy von Furstenberg

You might not believe this from her appearance but in her set Janet Leigh is considered "one of the boys" . . . Danny Thomas is proof that the handsome movie hero doesn't have to be handsome . . . Bing Crosby can revive "Down the Old Ox Road" in his next picture as far as I'm concerned . . . I have never seen Joan Crawford in a movie and believed she was a poor working girl . . . Maybe Ezio Pinza needs Mary Martin in order to have sex appeal . . . I'm willing to bet any amount—and give odds—that Betsy von Furstenberg will never be a movie star . . . Former candy-store owners should make the best movie theatre managers . . . The most good-natured actress I've ever met is Marie Wilson. She'd give you the shirt off her back. And I mean back. It's off already in front . . . Chorus girls in movies don't seem to be as pretty as they used to be . . . Whenever an actress makes a pal out of her hairdresser, I tab the actress to be a very lonely person . . . James Mason told me, "The average Hollywood actress has enough talent to permit survival, but not much more." Guess Bill Saroyan isn't the only person Mason slapped . . . My old friend Tom Jenk says that money doesn't talk these days—it goes without saying.

Mickey Rooney no longer dreams of growing taller . . . I've seen Scott Brady in a laundromat doing his own washing just like a housewife . . . Most trailers give away too much of the picture and spoil it . . . To me Errol Flynn is a dope to go on a trip alone when he can have "Legs" Wymore with him . . . George Raft's hair is all gray and he looks like a dignified gangster waiting to talk to Kefauver . . . Hollywood to me is the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theatre. And I wish they'd stop putting footprints of unworthy actors there just for the publicity . . . When Bebe Haas asked Hedy Lamarr, "How's your husband?" Hedy answered, "New!" . . . Leo Genn should be in Hollywood making a movie . . . I don't think even Elizabeth Taylor looks pretty in her poodle haircut . . . This style haircut makes many catty actresses look doggy . . . Rita Hayworth's picture will have to be very good to overcome her bad publicity . . . I must admit that since TV I hate to go to anything I can't tune out . . . Complaint department history has no record of a woman who ever tore an *old* pair of stockings on a movie seat.

Gene Tierney deserves better movies . . . Denise Darcel admits she can't resist big American men, particularly those with blue eyes . . . I must admit that I never would have picked Leslie Caron, and her appeal still eludes me . . . Marlon Brando is not particular where he sleeps. I've seen him take a snooze on the floor. Marlon's as unconventional about bed as about anything else . . . Some of the latest photographs of Patricia Neal leave no doubt about what Gary Cooper saw in her . . . Hollywood to me is Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. But I wish actors would go there once in a while so the tourists wouldn't be so disappointed . . . When I know an actress wears falsies, she isn't sexy to me . . . Definition of a starlet: a promising actress who gets along famously with everyone, as long as they're famous . . . Walter Bullock tells about the producer who said to him, "This script has the same old stuff. Can't you give me some new cliches?"

Joyce Holden is good fun at a party . . . Gregory Peck seldom tells a funny story. "It takes a special talent to be a comic," says Greg . . . Jane Russell is an actress who can forget her lines when she has nothing to say . . . Shelley Winters told me that platonic friendship is something only possible between man and wife . . . I'm looking forward to Charlie Chaplin's "Limelight" . . . Gloria Grahame is now on my list for my desert island. She's got it . . . Clark Gable and Ava Gardner look as if they belong together on the screen. It's too bad they can't get a good movie . . . All I know about Rock Hudson is that he goes with girls . . . Jerry Lewis reminds me of a bellboy in a middle-class hotel . . . Jan Sterling and Paul Douglas get along splendidly, even when they quarrel . . . The trousers of June Allyson's pajamas are generally baggy . . . At Romanoff's there's a blackboard where the celebrities write their names in chalk. There is also an eraser. Fame written in chalk ready to be erased. That's Hollywood for you.



Gloria Grahame

Silver Lining: If there was a dark moment in Dale Robertson's marriage, take it from Cal these two couldn't be happier today. They've dated the stork and they admit it because it merely happens to be true. Twice before it was rumored and twice before those Hollywood columnists were playing their usual guess game. Over the holidays Dale drove Jackie to Oklahoma to meet the home folks. She fell so in love with them she wanted to stay back there for a longer visit. Wisely, they finally decided it would be better for her to be back here where she could be closer to their family doctor. Dale's mother and brothers have been invited to visit Hollywood when the baby is born this summer. Wanna bet our casting directors won't blow their tops when they get a gander at the other Robertson men? They're equally as handsome as Dale.

Hollywood Hog Wash: That Katharine Hepburn drives a beat-up jalopy that looks like it escaped from a junk yard. It's an old model Ford, newly painted black and polished to shining perfection . . . That Robert Arthur's parents made a special trip here from Washington to meet his new girl friend, Wanda Hendrix. The kids were under contract together several years ago at Warners . . . That Janet Leigh is going to retire, raise babies and just be little ol' Mrs. Anthony Curtis . . . That beautiful and popular Virginia Grey, who gets more phone calls than any gal in Hollywood, is toting a torch for one Mr. Gable . . . That Ann Sothorn is, or ever has considered, entering a religious order as reported.

Sights You See: Farley Granger and terrific dancer Jimmy Mitchell (M-G-M always casts him to play those unworthy heavies!) congregating with friends at Trianon, a charming little French restaurant on the Sunset Strip . . . Jane Wyman with Travis Kleefeld adding additional glamour to singer Fran Warren's glam-



Ann Miller and Barbara Lawrence prepare for the spotlight they shared at big premiere of their picture, "Two Tickets to Broadway"

orous Mocambo opening . . . Beauty and the beast—or Jane Powell splitting a fat Nova Scotia lobster at the King's while she hums along with the Disc Jockey . . . Roy Rogers and Dale Evans fishing off the coast of Malibu, where a whale suddenly emerged next to their boat and sent them scooting back to their boots and saddles!

Canine Critic: Hearing Smudgie, her pet pooch, howling his head off, Doris Day went into the living room to investigate. With back stiffened and fur all but flying he was sitting there watching a popular singing star make her debut on television! No, Smudgie didn't receive an extra special bone for his loyalty. Doris never worries about rival singers and anyway, she has too much humor to consider anything but the very funny side of this very funny story!

Slow Poke: Everybody loves her but the fact still remains, somehow Marilyn Monroe always manages to be behind schedule. Although she has never been known to hold up a set—she does keep even reporters waiting. That's like breaking one of the ten commandments in Hollywood.

Armed Guard: Here's one for the Hollywood book. The Stewart Grangers took Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding to Palm Springs just before the latter departed for England. Liz and Michael didn't want to pose for photographers down there, because of the little time they had left to be together. When the Grangers were asked to pose separately, they begged off, explaining—“We're chaperoning and it wouldn't be very nice for us to leave Elizabeth and Michael by themselves!”

Where Men Are Men: Wearing a beautiful new gown, Joanne Dru floated down the stairway as her young son, (Continued on page 18)



Katie Grayson, who has been living very quietly since divorce from Johnnie Johnston, came with David May, once wed to Ann Rutherford

Hollywood Party Line



BY EDITH GWYNN



Marie Wilson, Jane Russell, Tony Martin, Cyd Charisse at Pantages premiere

used to be identified with knits only for winter wear, are now chic all year round.

John Lund's pretty wife Marie whipped up a flaring, quilted gold-toned crepe skirt to go with a beautiful gold sweater decorated with topaz sequins that she bought—and wore this stunning outfit to a party at my house. Lena Horne wore a chartreuse sweater crushed into a big skirt of chartreuse silk faille, its unpressed pleats held to a tiny waistline by a corset-like belt of black patent. Lena sang for us all accompanied by her husband Lennie Hayton, alternating with Roger Edens, the former pianist and musician who arranges all Judy Garland's songs as a gesture of friendship, even though he's a producer now. Errol Flynn and Pat Wymore, the Bruce Cabots, the Herbert Marshalls, the Johnny Greens, Angela Greene and lovely Donna Reed in black lace were other dropper-inners at Chez Gwynn. Omigosh, almost forgot the Van Johnsons. Van was wearing a dark blue suit, bright red flannel vest, bright red socks and black suede slippers with dull gold embroidery on 'em that Van said he bought in England. For laughs maybe?

There was dancing in the streets—but literally—the night Howard Hughes preemed “Two Tickets to Broadway.” Traffic at Hollywood and Vine came to a stop; there were people standing on roofs of buildings around the Pantages Theatre as uniformed men (soldiers, sailors and marines) grabbed cuties from the Studio Club (specially invited for the event) and did Charlestons and rhumbas right on the street! Manny Harmon's hot band blared from a raised platform in the lobby. People broke through police lines and mobbed the celebs and star Tony Martin got into the general mad spirit and did some vocalizing. Jane Russell, wearing the heaviest pair of chandelier earrings you've ever seen (see cut), got a big hand from the crowd. Kathryn Grayson, with David May, was in pale gray; Gloria de Haven was with her pa, Carter de Haven; Laraine Day looked perky in bright red taffeta with Leo Durocher; Joyce Holden, with Dok Stanford, was a charmer in a net dress that shaded from blues to deep violet tones.

There was a mad crush of humanity at the party hosted by Frank Sinatra after the preview of “Meet Danny Wilson” at the Ambassador. Ava Gardner remained in the background as Frank bounced around being nice as all-get-out to the press and other invitees—even sang for the crowd. There was quite a jam session later, with Dean Martin, Janet Leigh, Tony Curtis, the Jeff Chandlers, Marilyn Maxwell, Shelley Winters, Donald O'Connor, Billy Eckstine and Rock Hudson taking part.

There's one more party we must tell you about—because it was such fun and so gay. I'm referring to the night Sam Spiegel and Humphrey Bogart, who co-produced “The African Queen,” invited a hundred guests to a special showing, then wined and dined them later with a supper dance at Romanoff's. After that delightful movie, everyone was in a fun mood and when they got to Romanoff's they found hundreds of little toy monkeys strung from ribbons over the bar and their tables decorated with tiny mechanical elephants, lizards, etc., that really “did their stuff” when wound up. Lauren Bacall, in a black and white cocktail dress, acted as hostess for such as Cary Grant and Betsy Drake, Marilyn Monroe with Nick Ray (being unwound from Gloria Grahame), Dan Dailey (stag), the Ray Millands, Arlene Dahl and Lex Barker, Ann Miller, in white trimmed with lots of white ostrich feathers, with Eddie Grainger, the James Masons. (Mrs. M. in a slinky black crepe gown), Eleanor Parker in flowing yellow chiffon.

What Hollywood's **WHISPERING**

About

By P. S. LOWE



Rhonda Fleming

Bing Crosby's desire to get into the science-fiction mood of film-making. He suggested his next "Road" picture be changed from "Bali" to "Road to the Moon," and in all seriousness, too . . . Bob Hope's wonderful remark when someone admired his new tuxedo: "Did it with an old suit of underwear and some boot polish" . . . Anne Baxter's unsuccessful effort to charm a policeman out of giving her a parking ticket. Evidently the officer remembered her "Eve." He wouldn't be taken in.

Rhonda Fleming's hair-raising experience in England when she got locked in a Westminster Abbey Tower and, unable to attract the attention of any of the king's men, was not rescued for over an hour . . . Sterling Hayden's sudden interest in his career. Sterling always said sailing came first. Now he's done an about-face and even sold his boat . . . The New York Palace's pipe dream of getting Ava and Frank Sinatra to follow Judy Garland there.

The violent protests of Ruth Hussey's brood when Ruth became a blonde for her role in "Minnesota" . . . Joan Crawford testing the cameramen who will photograph her next, "Sudden Fear" . . . Joan Bennett's plans to open a chain of beauty parlors in Manhattan.

John Agar's turning down a huge check and one of the best parts in Hollywood when he learned the independent producer intended cashing in on the publicity which ensued from John's prison term . . . The movie biography of his grandfather's life as a Florida cracker that John Mitchum is writing . . . The new mink coat Ginger Rogers is wearing, rumored to be a present from Greg Bautzer.

Jean Peters's revelation that she has kept a diary every day for five years and plans to publish it . . . Liz Taylor's demand for a \$3,500 increase over her current take-home pay, if she re-signs with Metro—and everyone's speculation as to whether she'll receive it when her present deal is up this July. Also, before she starts her next picture, Liz wants to fly to Korea to entertain the troops . . . The shiner Robert Ryan got from teaching the kids in his Valley school the art of self-defense.

The partings between Joan Crawford and Warners, Dana Andrews with Fox and Goldwyn. Both wanted the right to work on TV . . . The beautiful blonde Gary Cooper is dating quietly, who is anything but the spittin' image of Patricia Neal . . . The reason Judy Holliday and Bette Davis will never become friends.

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 17)

Richard Ralph, looked up with adoring eyes. "Oh, mother!" he exclaimed breathlessly. "You're the prettiest woman in the whole world!" Joanie thanked him profusely. "Why, mother," he added, "you're even as pretty as Dale Evans!"

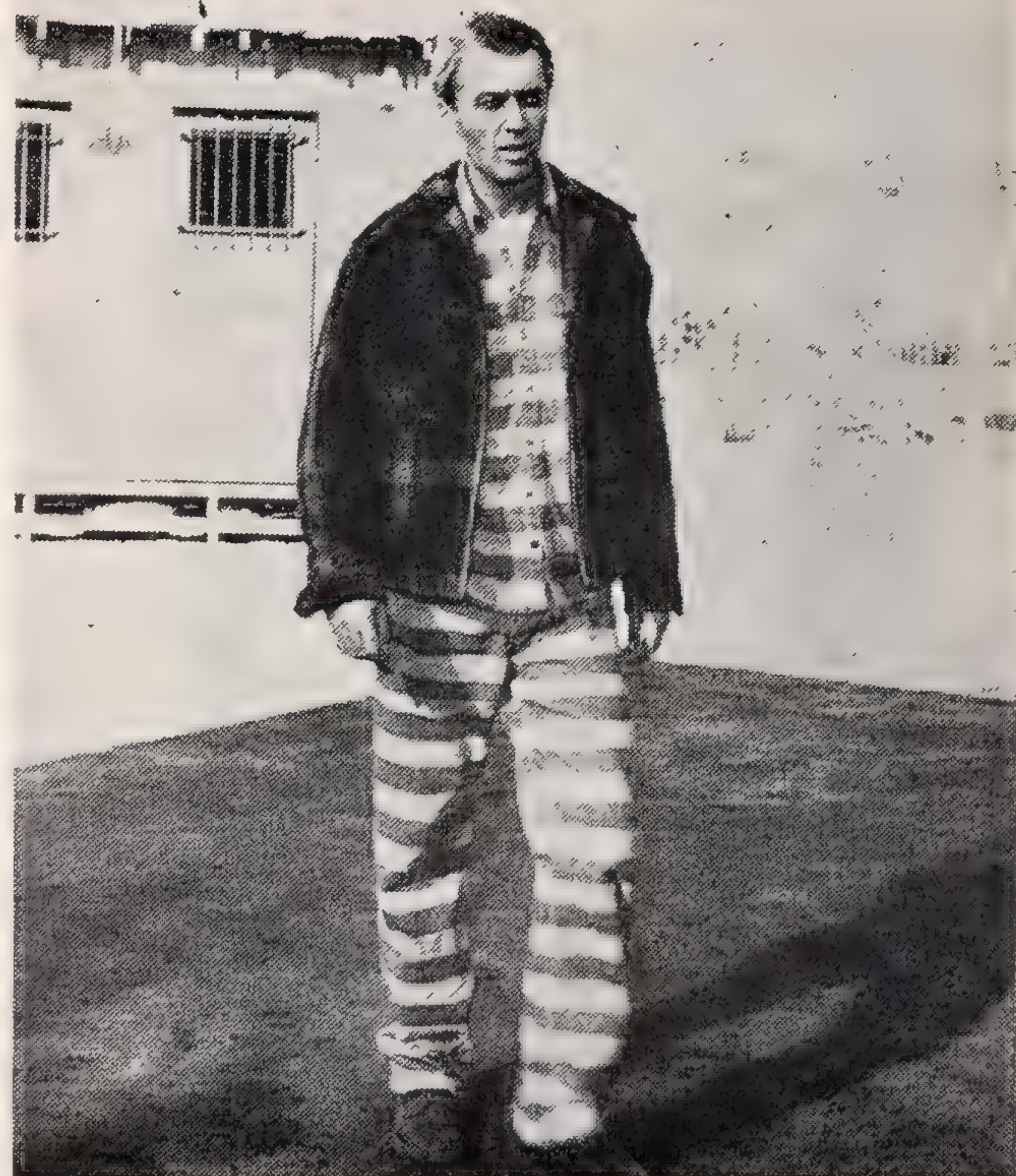
Date with Fate: It was such a happy tenth anniversary for the Gene Nelsons: The Gordon MacRaes and the Gower Champions gathered 'round Miriam's bed in the living room where Gene had placed it in front of the television set. Just four months more—in April—his wife would be up again with the new baby Gene hoped to call Jennifer. Eleven days later, on New Year's Eve when happy people celebrate, Gene rushed Miriam to the hospital. Sadly they somehow managed to explain to their little son that he'd have to wait patiently for the little sister they still hope and pray to give him.

Hollywood Looking Glass: As proof that he isn't marrying Jane Nigh, dapper Dan points to his new bachelor apartment which he says, "I've furnished in Early Dailey" . . . The unworthy material given to Errol Flynn for his TV debut with Abbott and Costello proves that movies are better than ever . . . Practically half of Hollywood is plugging for Joyce Holden who is merely perfect for "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" . . . Economy note: Claudette Colbert, who hasn't given a big party in seven years, dreamed up a dilly for the Jack Bennys' 25th wedding anniversary . . . They wanted Katharine Hepburn to wear shorts or abbreviated skirts for her tennis playing scenes in "Pat and Mike." P.S. She is wearing slacks! . . . Ida Lupino, in her new role of expectant mother, is playing it like the grand trouper she is . . . Fortunately for Shelley Winters, she didn't overhear the conversation between Joseph Cotten, who plays opposite the bombastic blonde in "Untamed," and Frank Sinatra, who wishes it hadn't happened in "Meet Danny Wilson".

(Continued on page 20)



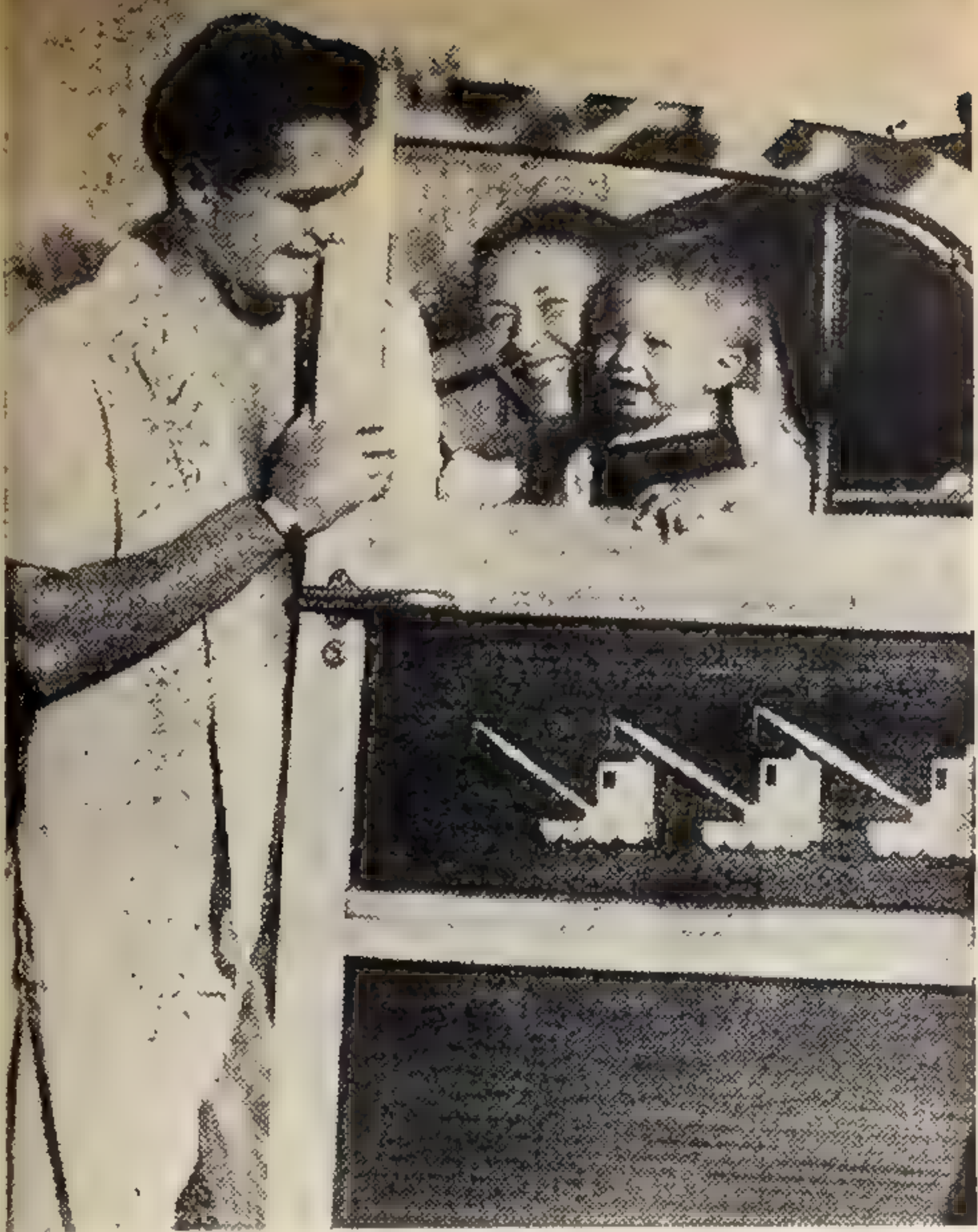
Kim Crawford feels like a real cowpuncher in his new Western togs. He and mother Kay joined Brod in Yuma, Ariz., where Pop's on location for "The Sabre and the Arrow"



Jim Stewart, behind prison walls for convict scene, in story of "Carbine Williams," who invented carbine gun

Palm Springs **WEEKEND**

The desert called—and the Dereks were off on a rest cure that sent them home happy—and exhausted!



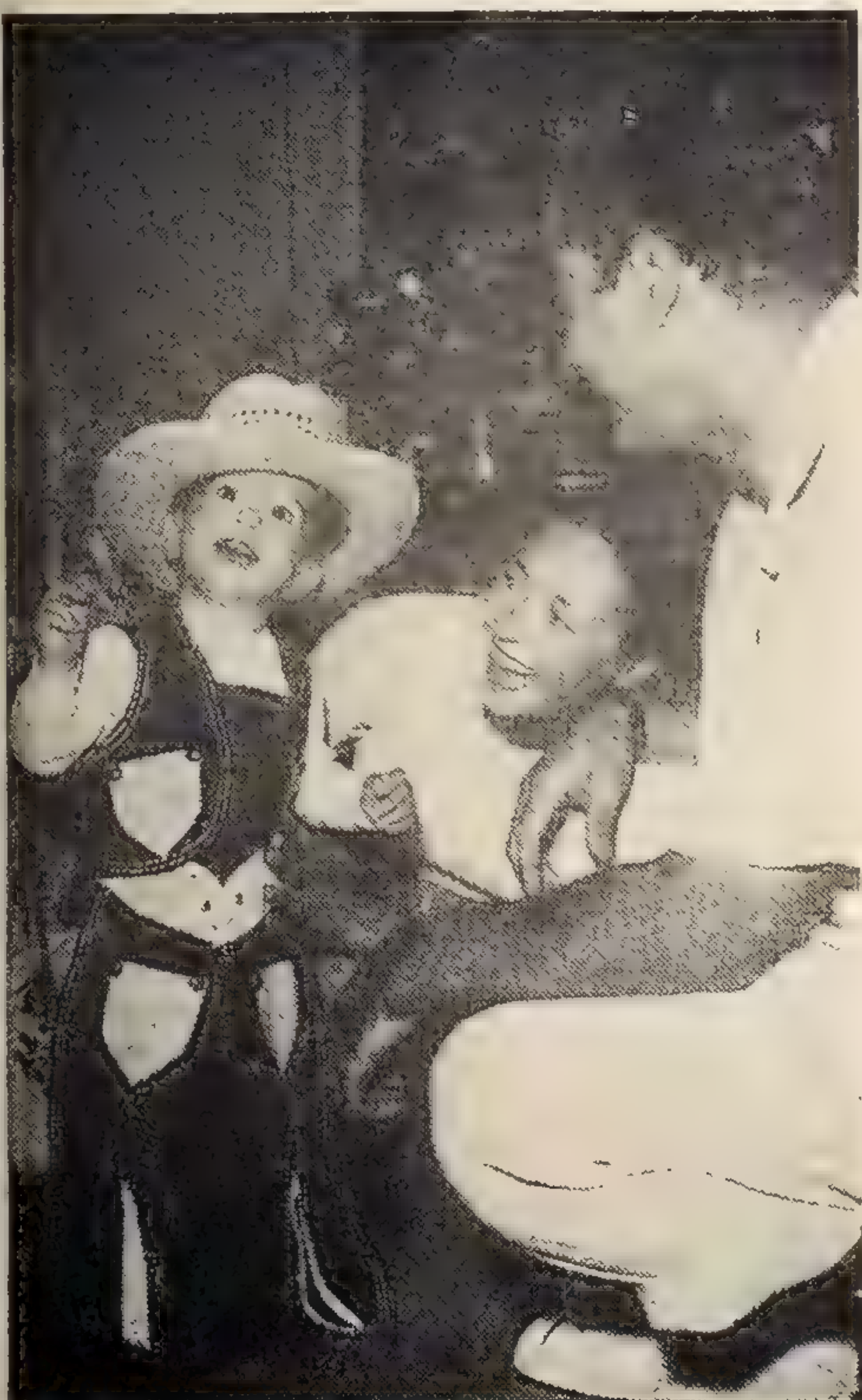
John decorated their second-hand station wagon with family emblem—3 derricks



Daddy's picture! John, amused, finds he's the current attraction at a local theatre. He'll be seen next in "Scandal Sheet"



The Dereks, with Russell safely anchored on John's knee, look down at hundreds of palms that give Palm Springs, located on an old Indian reservation, its name



Hi-ho, Silver! John and Patti, shopping for one of the zany hats everyone wears, couldn't resist buying son a cowboy suit

"Let's drive down to the desert for the weekend," suggested John. And Patti Derek didn't have to be urged! John and Patti swam in the Racquet Club's turquoise pool, took Russell sight-seeing and shopping in the village. At Palm Canyon, John had to explain to Russell why there were no Indians. Wise in the ways of Nature, the Indians had warned everyone that great storms would soon come and flood the Canyon and, for the first time in many years, the entire tribe had moved up into the hills.

When Howard Duff, also a guest at the Club, offered to babysit (he needed the practice, he said, now that he's going to be a poppa!) the Dereks jumped at the chance to join friends on the tennis courts, and go for a tandem bike tour of the picturesque village.

It was over all too soon. Even Russell, nodding sleepily in his new cowboy outfit, protested, "I don't want to go home yet!"



Life at the Racquet Club centers around the beautiful pool. Here guests swim, play games and lunch on patio surrounding pool

Impertinent INTERVIEW

BY MIKE CONNOLLY
Hollywood Reporter Columnist



Is Esther, with Donna Reed, collecting magazines to prove she is cooperative?

The news that Esther Williams had been handed the Sour Apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club jolted Hollywood. I, for one, couldn't understand how anybody could consider Esther uncooperative. Determined to track down the real reason for Esther's doubtful honor, I went to Esther herself.

Sitting across from me in the M-G-M commissary, Esther turned on that melting smile and said, "I honestly don't know why they named me. I don't know anybody who works harder to please interviewers and photographers."

"You know what? I think I'll bundle up all the interviews and photos I've done this year and send them to the girls. Maybe when they see them in one lump like that they'll realize how hard I've worked and feel a little kinder toward me."

I checked up on Esther's claim later and found that in ten months she had been interviewed for twenty-four magazine and newspaper layouts. In addition, she had posed for twenty-five pictorial layouts during that period and appeared on thirteen magazine covers. She also had entertained in fifteen hospitals. Add them all together and you have just about as much time as a star, a wife and a mother of two children can possibly spare.

To get the Hollywood Women's Press

Club's side of the hassle, I called on several of the ladies of the press.

"Esther is cooperative, all right, but only with big columnists and name magazine writers—not with the everyday working press," one of them said. "She dictates what she wants in print about herself!"

Another said, "Esther always is a half-hour to two hours late for an interview. At a sitting she says to the photographer, 'Hurry up, now, I have to meet Ben at The Trails in an hour.' Now I ask you, what kind of portraits can you get in fifteen minutes? But don't take my word for it. Ask the boys how impossible she can be."

I promptly talked to several photographers. "Remember when the Press Club named Greer Garson as most uncooperative of the year?" one asked. "Well, Greer became a good girl after that, didn't she? That's the way the Press Club girls hope it will be with Esther. They hope she'll be big enough to correct her mistakes of the past. Why, I can remember a time when Esther would have stood on her head to get her picture published. And you wanna know something—as big a star as she is, she still needs to have her picture in the paper because the public likes to see it there! The final verdict always rests with them."

And there you have both sides of the story.



Troops at the Korean war front got this view of cute Piper Laurie on recent USO tour. Writer, actor, director Richard Norris is stage partner



The man behind the mustache is Charles Laughton, with David Wayne on the set of "Full House," adapted from an O. Henry story

(Continued from page 18)

Pink and Blue News: While three-year-old Stephen Humphrey Bogart underwent an operation for hernia, his "hard-boiled" old man paced hospital halls with tears in his eyes. The Bogarts will be rewarded with a second visit from the stork, come August . . . Bette Davis took her little Bee-Dee right back to the Santa Ana Hospital where she was born, for that tonsillectomy . . . Viveca Lindfors, who has two children by her first husband, didn't mind canceling her New York play for director Don Siegel's baby which arrives in July . . . The Howard Keels have until late summer to select another unusual name for the expected brother, or sister, of little Kaiya Liane . . . British ballerina Moira Shearer (who had to bow out of "Hans Christian Andersen") is hoping she has twins . . . The James Whitmores, who have two sons, have requested the stork to make that June delivery feminine gender.

Twinkle-Twinkle: Cal was fooled just like everyone else who visited the "Dream Boat" set. She was wearing a curly brown wig, thick curved eyebrows and a cupid's-bow mouth. Her skirt ended at her knees. She stood next to us, "accidentally" nudged us with her elbow and squealed with delight when we finally recognized—Ginger Rogers! You kids who are too young to remember pre-talkie pictures will get a great kick out of this one. Ginger and Clifton Webb play silent-day movie stars—just the way they used to chew up the scenery. "No one recognizes me in this get-up," laughed Ginger. "Even a wardrobe woman who dressed me for years cut me cold on the lot!" We asked her if she now had her fill of the New York theatre. "Not until I've had a smash hit on Broadway," she answered. Knowing Ginger as we do, it can happen there!

According to Cal: Looks like love between Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, though both still deny it. Vacationing at the same time in Mexico, Joanie looked heavier and happier than she has in years . . . The brothers of Ronald Reagan, Spencer Tracy and Bing Crosby proved that acting talent doesn't run in the family when the boys appeared together on a TV show . . . Sterling Hayden has canceled those divorce proceedings which could mean a reconciliation with the mother of his three children . . . Family opposition or not, Ed Tierney, who used to stand in for his brother Scott Brady, married actress Hanne Axman . . . The same week Abbott and Costello contributed \$15,000 to the St. Joseph's Hospital building fund, the chubby one was ordered to answer to a charge for smoking in a restricted backstage area . . . Marking finis to ten years of marriage to dress designer Oleg Cassini, Gene Tierney is so in love with Argentina, she plans a part-time home there.

It's True That: Happy-hearted, sunny-dispositioned Doris Day, Photoplay's Gold Medal winner, has issued an edict. She didn't appreciate all those crying scenes in "Alexander, the Big Leaguer" and won't turn on the water-works in future films . . . Susan Hayward won the first "Oscar" for 1952. It's a miniature gold replica presented to her by Director Walter Lang, who believes Susie will tote home a real one when "With a Song in My Heart" is released . . . Jane Wyman is giving the most painful performance

(Continued on page 23)

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with genuine diamond set in the 10K white gold safety clasp

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DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY NECKLACE

\$18.75 including Fed. tax





Highlights from Hymie Fink's camera of Patti and Jerry Lewis's seventh anniversary. Top, Tony Curtis, Janet Leigh, Mona Freeman wait for Jerry to appear with Patti, for whom Jerry planned party as a surprise. Patti was so excited when she saw the gang, she began to cry! Upper right, Mona proves she's as big a mugger as Jerry! Above, Janet, Mona's husband Pat Nerney, Mona, Patti and Mrs. Howard Ross

(Continued from page 20)
of her career in "The Story of Will Rogers." Period costumes prohibit that brace Janie must wear to support her floating kidney.

Between Takes: They're getting a kick out of playing themselves with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in "Pat and Mike," but you should hear golf pros Beverly Hanson and Babe Didrikson groan over those early morning calls in the make-up department . . . Everyone at U-I is hysterical over Shelley Winters' experiences in Italy's railroad stations. In answer to her "Me Hollywood movie star—me want ticket," the bewildered Italians threw up their hands, exclaiming: "Wonder why she doesn't speak English!" . . . Remember that super-sexy pin-up picture Photoplay ran of Marilyn Monroe last year? G.I.'s still are tearing it out of the magazine to send to Marilyn to be autographed.

Party Line: Just a hop and a skip from the heart of Hollywood and Cal was

INSIDE STUFF

transported into a world of art, music, good food and fine friends. Honoring the Frank Sinatras, in their studio apartment, were artist Paul Clemens and his beautiful sculptress wife, Ruthie. Beautiful cook is that one, too, so Ava spent half the evening writing down recipes. Mona Freeman and her Pat were there, also the Mark Stevenses. The Sinatras sat together and held hands affectionately all evening. Cal finds it difficult to visualize Frank as antagonistic as reported. Unassuming, humorous and lavish in his praise over Buster Keaton's work on his TV show, Frank filled the room with warmth and friendship.

This Month in Hollywood: Lana Turner, Alexis Smith and Nanette Fabray (Fred Astaire's new dancing partner) held an alumnae luncheon. All three glamour gals went to Hollywood High . . . Every

studio, including Warners, tried to sign Tod Andrews, who so successfully succeeded Henry Fonda in his role of "Mr. Roberts." Tod's talents were once wasted at Warner Bros. when he answered to the name of Michael Ames . . . Like Greer Garson, Tony Martin raided his piggy bank and invested his beautifully-sung-for pennies in seventy-five head of Hereford cattle . . . Maureen O'Hara, who knows her publicity, is staging a one-woman campaign to promote the movie careers of her handsome brothers . . . During Hollywood's recent destructive deluge, brunette Elizabeth Taylor and blond Tab Hunter were stuck in the mud for five hours but Tab (he plays opposite Linda Darnell in "Saturday's Island") says, "It seemed like five minutes!"

Cal Wonders: Why certain Hollywood stars who hope to win an Academy Award bother to hire personal press agents to remind voters how great their performances were. This year it happened again but, instead of helping, it
(Continued on page 24)

Doctor does good Deed

**Good news for women
in the field of monthly
sanitary protection**

*Physician invents Tampax
for internal use*

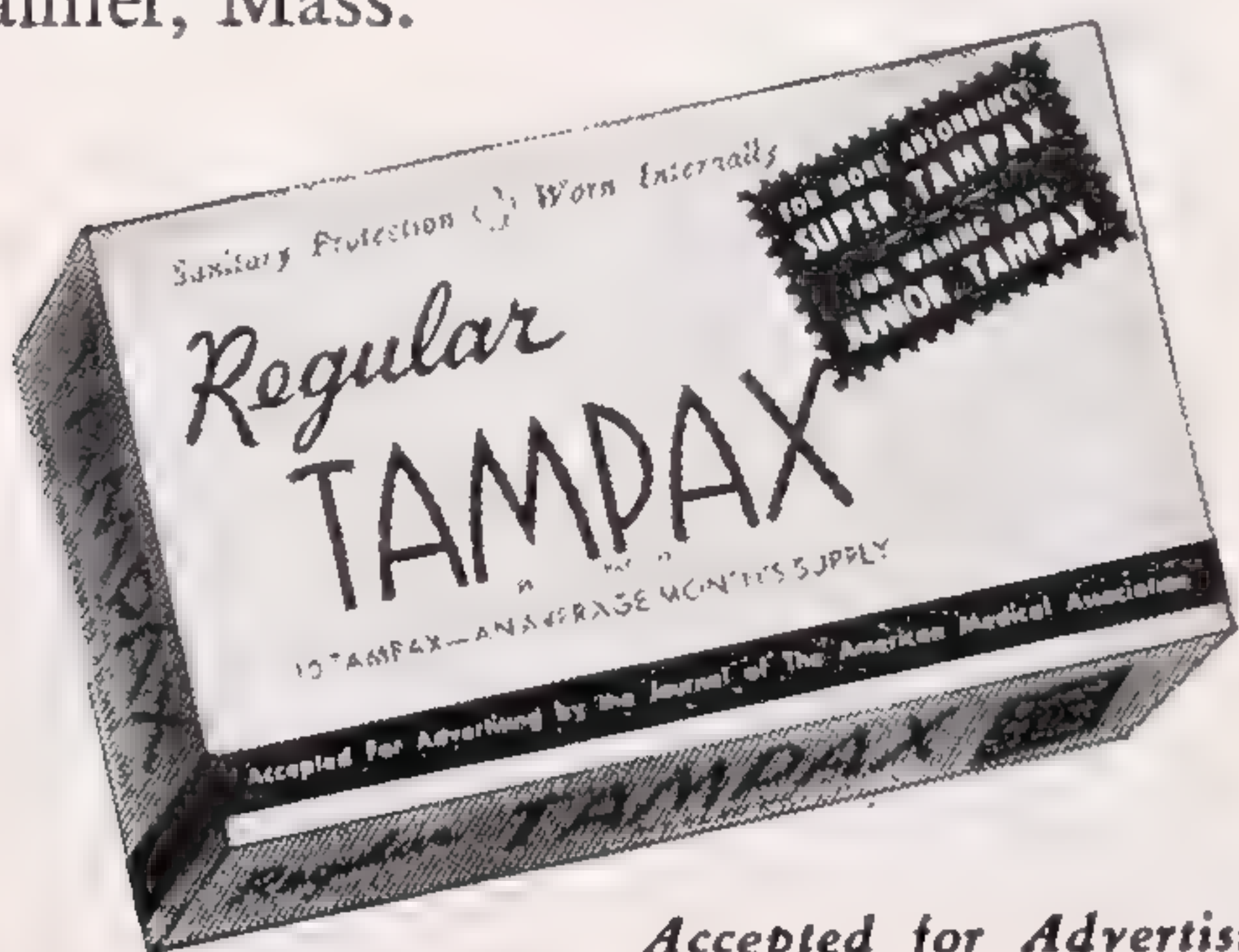
Speaking practically, not many recent inventions have benefited women more than Tampax. Perfected by a doctor for monthly use, Tampax is based on the recognized medical principle of internal absorption. Made of pure absorbent cotton compressed in disposable applicators, Tampax is readily and comfortably inserted. In fact, the wearer cannot feel its presence!



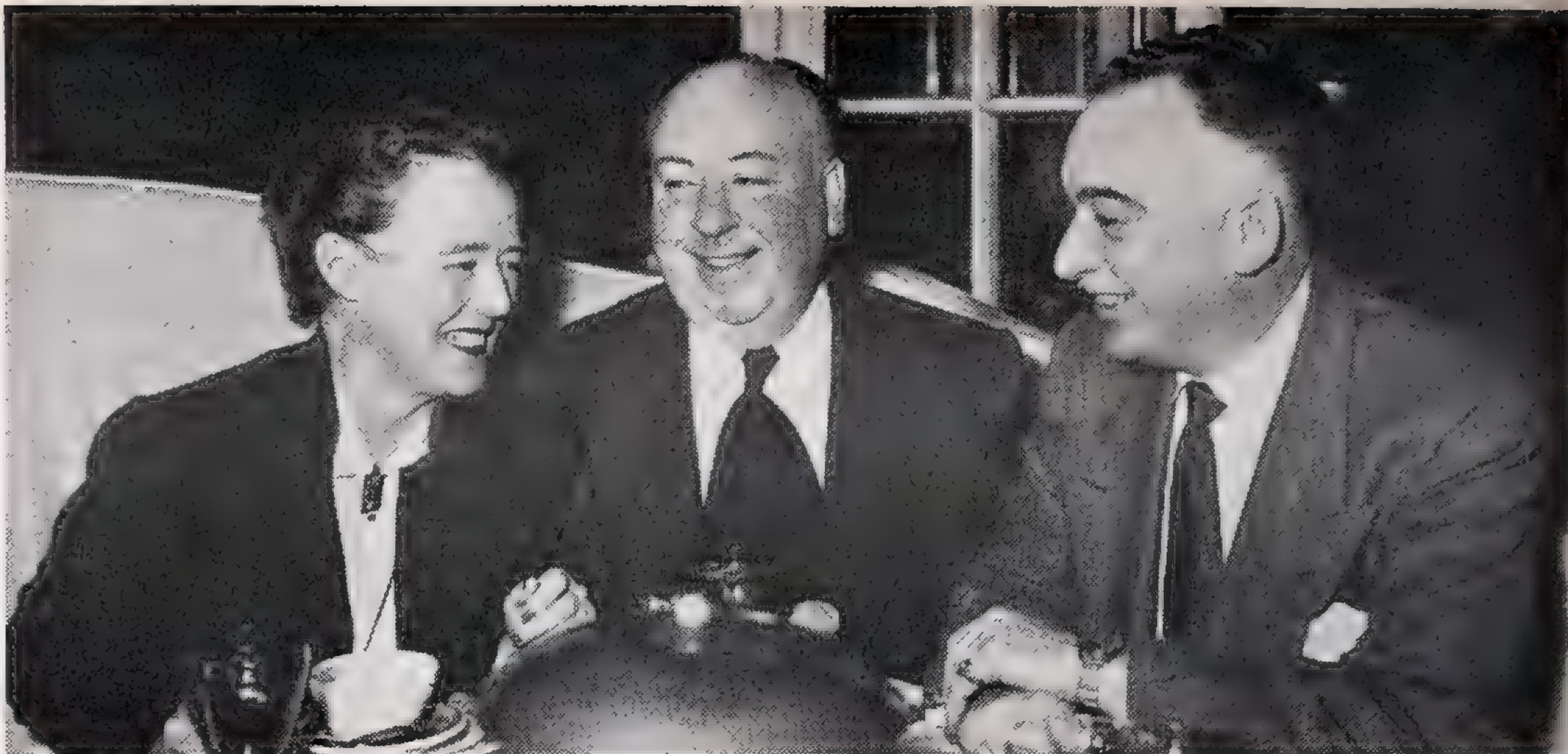
Tampax needs no belts, pins or bulky external pads. With Tampax there is no odor or chafing. Nor bulges or ridges under close-fitting dresses. You can wear Tampax while swimming and during tub or shower bath! It is really a wonderful invention!



The small size of Tampax allows you to carry a month's supply in your purse; also disposal is made particularly easy. So you see Tampax is designed in many ways to take the load off your mind on "those days". . . . At drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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Producer Alfred Hitchcock and wife lunch in Pump Room of Chicago's Ambassador East Hotel with Jimmie Hart, president of Hotel Sherman. Jimmie recently turned actor when he appeared in "Aaron Slick of Punkin Crick," turn-of-the-century story about his hotel

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 23)
actually hindered. Cal was present at several parties where he learned two guilty stars (male and female) lost the votes of everyone in the room just because they were "pushing" too hard. Bill Holden best sums up the situation: "Five personal press agents approached me when I was nominated for 'Sunset Boulevard.' I told them if I couldn't win an Oscar because people thought I deserved it—then I hoped I'd never win it." Cal could be wrong but we believe Vivien Leigh and Arthur Kennedy will walk off with the 1951 statues. Neither star paid out a penny for personal tub-thumping.

All About Bette: There's a "new" Bette Davis and all it took was a short haircut. It not only transformed her into a woman who looks ten years younger, but ten times more attractive. She treated the town to its first look at the premiere of "Decision Before Dawn." Typical of that wonderful Davis humor, here's how she made up her mind. "I'm not a vain person," says Bette, "but I have always had good hair. So even though it isn't worn long these days, I still kept mine. Then Gary and I happened to see Lili St. Cyr at Ciro's. While

everyone else admired her strip-teasing, I kept looking at her smart short bob. The next day I told Perc Westmore to cut quick—before I changed my mind!"

Here and There: Since the crowd roared its applause at the sneak preview of "With a Song in My Heart," director Walter Lang is the white-haired boy on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot . . . Checking off the last item on her "things I want" list, Janie Powell is now the proud possessor of her first diamond wrist watch . . . Handsome Jeff Chandler has such amazing versatility that once when Burt Lancaster was fifteen minutes late for a broadcast, Jeff impersonated his voice and no one knew the difference . . . Red Skelton, who now makes a million dollars a year, can't even keep one tenth of it because of his tax bracket . . . Rival actresses on her home lot, who believe her best performances aren't given on the screen, refer to her as—Betsy von Fooeystenberg!

Sharp Citizen: Fred Allen said it: "When I went out to Hollywood to appear in 'We're Not Married,' my salt-free diet was so tough, I didn't dare go back to New York via Salt Lake City."



Can't help having fun when comedian Danny Thomas is around! He, Monica Lewis and Kirk Douglas are at Kirk's party for retiring UP correspondent, Virginia MacPherson

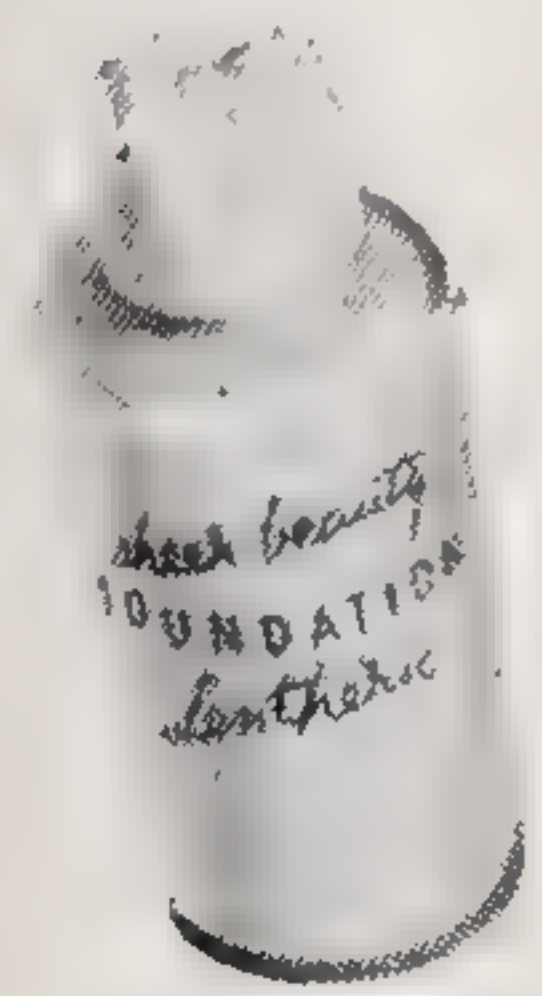
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MADE BY



Helene Curtis

THE FOREMOST
NAME IN HAIR BEAUTY

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 8)
for you to function as a twentieth century woman.

Certainly you should go to work. Your husband is risking his life for you; the least you can do is to be a good partner, to assume the responsibilities of marriage, to face your financial obligations and to assure your family that you are a big girl now.

If you were old enough to get married, you are now old enough to be a woman, and the business of being a woman includes standing shoulder to shoulder with your husband in all things: paying off family debts included.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-six, happily married, and the proud mother of a year-old daughter. My husband is doing well professionally, and we recently moved into a new home where we own all our furniture and appliances. I should be a very happy woman.

Yet I get moods of melancholy and suffer from a sense of futility. Keeping house does not strike me as justification for living; even watching the baby grow (which should be the most rewarding of experiences) is not enough.

My husband works from ten A.M. until seven, six days a week. He drives a great distance, so we are always up early, and try to turn in early. As a result, my days are a succession of dishes, dusting, sweeping, preparing formula, shopping, cooking and such trivialities.

You see, I want to write. I hear a strain of music or an epigram, and I am reminded of my childhood in another country. I want to write about that life. Sometimes I sit down and start to write, but the kitchen floor screams to be scrubbed, or my little girl wants a dolly dressed, or the clock calls me to the stove, and the moment passes. The days go by, and the weeks. The urge collapses into a chronic although vague melancholy.

How can a housewife and mother find any time for creative outlet? Do you know of some method to be used in daily life to make it possible for those of us who reach for something beyond the dishes in the sink to satisfy that yearning?

Estella W.

You have an answer to your problems, although you haven't recognized it. Obviously, you and your husband have learned the wisdom of budgeting, which explains your material welfare.

In your own life, you should budget your time. At earliest opportunity you should make a list of every task required in your household. Then, after experimenting, you should note the time required to complete that task to your satisfaction. Try shortcuts to better your time. Establish routines. Market for several days at a time. Develop lists of menus and essential shopping lists, so you will waste no time making routine decisions.

Then set aside an hour each day—probably your daughter's nap time—to write. Never let anything except natural calamity interfere.

Finally, don't allow futility to enter

your thoughts. If you painted the side of a house for an hour each day, think how much painting you would complete in a year! The same accumulation holds true of writing. Keep at it, a little each day, and you'll be astonished to discover how soon you have a book drafted. Louis Bromfield once told me that the best advice he'd ever had was from Somerset Maugham, who said that anyone with the urge to write should sit down every day at a certain time and go to it—and then do the chores or go about the business of living. He said he accomplished much more that way than burning the midnight oil or disappearing to mountain retreats waiting for the muse to inspire him.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a young girl of twenty-four who works in an office five days a week. My parents are not living, so I have only an uncle and an aunt and they do not live in the town where I live and work.

I am in love with a married man, who is thirty. He is my immediate superior in the company and he and his wife have been very kind to me. I have been a guest in their home many times. That's one of the things that bothers me: I am a friend of his wife. Eleanor is twenty-nine, and a capable woman. She holds a wonderful position and her superior is a man of forty-five or fifty. He takes her to luncheon, lets her drive his expensive car, and has taken her on business trips. Although she gets furious over the gossip, there is gossip.

When I talked about our situation to Jim one night, he said that he would never divorce Eleanor because he had no intention of paying alimony to one woman and trying, at the same time, to support a second wife. He keeps telling me to be patient and have faith in him and everything will work out.

My conscience is driving me crazy. I love him, but I like Eleanor. She is making a big mistake, but I don't think that excuses me. Will you be honest and tell me what you think?

Kimball H.

I'll be honest and I do hope that you will take my opinion seriously.

Pack up your belongings, resign your job and move to the town in which your uncle and aunt are living. Find lodgings near them, ask them to help you find a new job, and cling to them. Usually a family is a tower of strength in a trouble such as this.

Frankly there is something very disturbing in the relationship of this man and his wife. The average husband would be outraged at such a situation, unless he had good reason not to care. Perhaps he doesn't care because he prefers his own compromised freedom: he is safely married, yet he is able to represent himself as an object of sympathy in the eyes of impressionable young women.

Don't let yourself be hurt and your future be compromised by a man who is, at best, selfish and mercenary.

Claudette Colbert

WHEN MICHAEL WILDING TALKS ABOUT LIZ TAYLOR . . .

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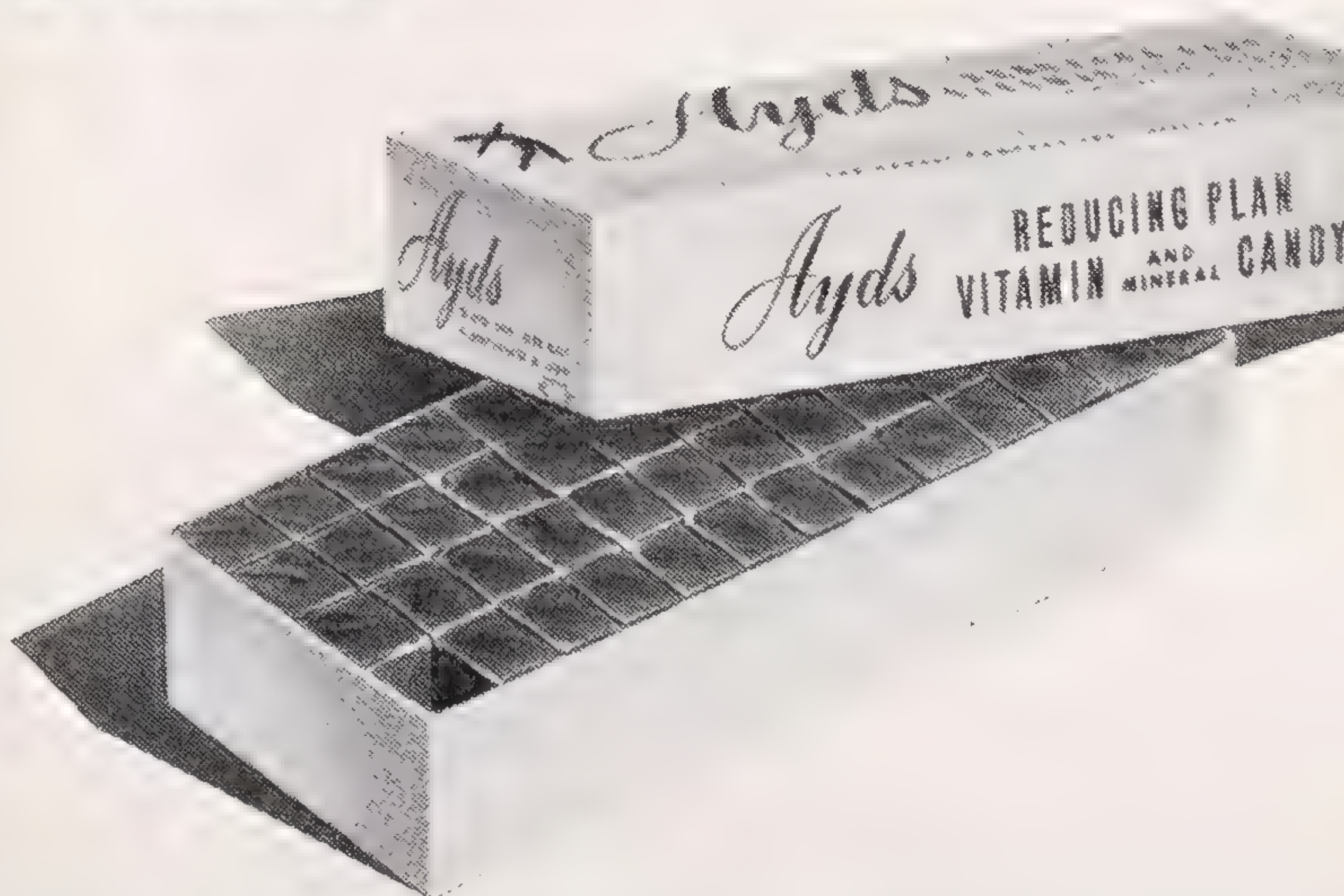
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For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 94.

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 30.

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 13.

SHADOW

BY SARA



Texas uprising: Clark Gable and Ava Gardner join forces to unionize the Lone Star State—and romance and action result—but pronto

✓✓ (F) Lone Star (M-G-M)

TEXAS, suh. And a cast as big and powerful as the state itself, with Clark Gable as the manly hero, Ava Gardner the beauteous heroine, and Broderick Crawford the ambitious villain. According to M-G-M these three play actual characters who were instrumental in Texas coming into the Union. Gable—rough, ready and a bit of a racketeer—was all for it. Crawford, just as rugged, was selfishly against it. Wavering this way and that was Ava, the newspaper publisher they both loved. And, like a lot of things Texan, when the story threatened to bog down, the men put up their dukes and fought things out. The arrival of Sam Houston at a bloody, crucial moment provides quite a lusty climax. Also in the cast are Lionel Barrymore, Beulah Bondi and James Burke.

Your Reviewer Says: Nobody stood still very long, anyway.

Program Notes: *Ava's role of newspaper woman was not too convincing but the pretty tune she warbled will convince you she never sang those songs in "Show Boat." And that's for real sure . . . Clark and Ava, reunited for the first time since "The Hucksters," enjoyed working together. Gable was most sympathetic and understanding to Ava who was in the midst of her heavy romance with Sinatra at the time. Clark's role in "Across the Wide Missouri" proved good experience for all the hard riding he does in this outdoor epic . . . The several years Brod Crawford was buried in minor Westerns gave him that splendid ease in the saddle and quick readiness with gun and fists.*



For love or money: Dorothy McGuire is misled by Van Johnson's motives in the drama of a woman who is given just one year to live

✓✓ (F) Invitation (M-G-M)

SENTIMENT, neatly, tearfully and tastefully wrapped in an "Invitation" to some splendid entertainment. The miscasting of Van Johnson is, perhaps, its one false note—Van being more at home in rugged, outdoor epics. But this is a minor fault in a story of a struggling and unsuccessful architect. Louis Calhern, a wealthy and influential citizen, asks Van to marry his daughter, Dorothy McGuire, who has one year to live. Knowing Dorothy loves Van, Calhern wants to give her one wonderful year of happiness. The inevitable happens as it always does to those who play God and the bleak drama in which the characters suddenly are caught up creates some mighty fine movie moments. Ruth Roman is quite convincing in the role of Van's jilted sweetheart.

Your Reviewer Says: From the heart.

Program Notes: *The change in pace for Van Johnson caused the actor more than his usual moments of uneasiness before shooting. Van, a sensitive actor, had all sorts of qualms that caused him several sleepless nights. Sensing this, the director, aware that Van is always at home on a tennis court, shot the tennis scene first . . . The role of invalid was a sudden turnabout for Dorothy McGuire, as well, after her previous comedy role for M-G-M, "Callaway Went Thataway" . . . Max Reinhardt, son of the late Max Reinhardt, and former producer, turned his hand to directing for the first time and did a bang-up job . . . The beautiful set decorations by Keogh Gleason and Edwin Willis lured as many visitors to the set as the actors.*

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HAMILTON



Tribute to courage: Exciting musical based on true story of Jane Froman, with Una Merkel, David Wayne, Thelma Ritter, Susan Hayward

✓✓½ (F) **With a Song in My Heart**
(20th Century-Fox)

BEAUTIFUL to see and to hear is this story of singer Jane Froman—her rise to fame, her tragedy, and the indomitable courage that carried her through. Susan Hayward radiates a new warmth in the role of Jane. But it's Jane's own voice, beautiful and vibrant, that fills the screen with nostalgic melodies. Slow in getting under way, the story reveals Jane's meeting with David Wayne, who plays her first husband, her rapid rise to number one singer, the plane crash in Lisbon that shattered her right leg, the endless operations (twenty-five in all), her tour of overseas camps while still on crutches and the new, wonderful love that comes into her life. Thelma Ritter plays Clancy the nurse, Rory Calhoun is the plane pilot who loves Jane. And Robert Wagner gives a great performance as a young paratrooper.

Your Reviewer Says: A song of triumph for every heart.

Program Notes: Over and over in the Susan Hayward-Jess Barker home, the records of Jane Froman were played and replayed. Susan's twin sons, seven-year-old Timothy and Gregory, learned the songs by heart . . . Miss Froman, on the set as technical adviser, sent Susan first-day flowers with a card reading, "I'm so glad you're playing me." . . . The femme players gave a long, low whistle when Rory Calhoun walked on the set in his uniform as War II pilot and Jane's present husband, John Burns. After watching a love scene between Rory and Susan, Burns, now a Pan-American pilot, said, "Brother, are the Pan-Am boys going to kid me for not being that handsome."



On the Oregon trail: Julia Adams, Arthur Kennedy, James Stewart travel a dangerous road in this picturesque Technicolor Western film

✓✓½ (F) **Bend of the River** (U-I)

PURPOSE and determination ride doggedly across the mountains and plains of early America to bring into being the state of Oregon. Guiding a party of determined Missourians, whose purpose is acquiring new homes and farmlands, is Jimmy Stewart, former Kansas border raider. With them also is Arthur Kennedy, another raider, whose life Stewart has saved. Reaching Portland, they contract for supplies to be delivered in the fall. The rescue of these delayed supplies from a gold fevered Portland, and Kennedy's treachery, when he attempts to hijack the food and cattle, provides intense action. Rock Hudson, Julia Adams, Stepin' Fetchit (of all people) and Jay C. Flippen round out a splendid cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping outdoor epic.

Program Notes: In his sixteen cinematic years, Jimmy Stewart never faced a more rugged location. In the rarefied atmosphere of the 8,000-foot level of Mt. Hood, with its precarious crossings on horseback, Stewart engaged in a dragged out battle with Arthur Kennedy in the freezing Sandy river. Both actors all but passed out . . . Kennedy was so intrigued with his Western role, he tried to buy the horse he had ridden throughout the film . . . Julia Adams interrupted her honeymoon with writer Leonard Storm for the five weeks' location assignment . . . Stepin' Fetchit makes his third screen comeback after an absence of sixteen years . . . The cast were swung from their Timberland location by a mile-long ski lift to their Mt. Hood site. Several of them found breathing difficult for hours afterwards.

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1½✓ (F) Flaming Feather (Paramount)

BACK in the 1870's, in Arizona Territory, an outlaw known as *The Sidewinder* cut up such a mess of varminty cussedness that both rancher Sterling Hayden and Cavalry Lt. Forrest Tucker determined to get him. A bet between the men, as to who could uncover his identity first, prompted a melee of activity including kidnaping, killings, Indian raiding, romance, and suspense against some mighty purty scenery. The action is heightened by a good cast with such actors as Victor Jory, Richard Arlen, Edgar Buchanan and George Cleveland gettin' their wind up. Arleen Whelan plays a frontier entertainer, Carol Thurston an Indian maid and Barbara Rush the girl Hayden loves.

Your Reviewer Says: The kind of blood and thunder kids like.

Program Notes: *Midway between Prescott and Flagstaff stand the gigantic and ancient cliff dwellings which provided the setting for the story's climax. Much action was photographed on and in this historic cliff. However, the inner compartments, too small to accommodate the bulky equipment, were duplicated on a Hollywood sound stage. These cave walls were sponge-lined to prevent injuries to the fighting hero and villain . . . The Navajos refused to shear their long hair for their roles despite the fact they were in direct contrast to the crew-cuts worn by the Utes.*

✓1½ (F) The Big Trees (Warners)

KIRK DOUGLAS gets himself reformed up among the giant redwoods of Northern California in the year 1900. The fact that you can figure out this obvious conclusion from the time the movie starts proves a story weakness that never is quite overcome. The minute pretty Eve Miller, member of a religious sect, enters the story, you just know they'll end up together "bringing in the sheaves." But at least the giant redwoods are preserved against the greed of man. And that's something. Timber boss John Archer dons the robe of villainy cast aside by Douglas and on him it's quite fetching. Patrice Wymore, pretty barroom belle, Roy Roberts, broadminded judge and Edgar Buchanan as Yukon Burns lend a willing hand.

Your Reviewer Says: Spare those trees.

Program Notes: *For three weeks the company lingered among the impressive big trees, traveling each morning to this location from the splendid Eureka Inn . . . The cabin, crushed by the fall of a giant tree, was especially erected for the scene. People of Eureka gathered to watch this suspenseful scene and to gape at the 75-foot suspension bridge built solely for the fight scene between Douglas and Archer. They were*

Best Pictures of the Month

Bend of the River
The Man in the White Suit
With a Song in My Heart
Viva Zapata!

Best Performances of the Month

James Stewart, Arthur Kennedy in
"Bend of the River"
Alec Guinness in
"The Man in the White Suit"
Susan Hayward in
"With a Song in My Heart"
Marlon Brando in "Viva Zapata!"

amused, too, at the make-up applied to the foreground trees for Technicolor purposes . . . Douglas claims the cliché "easier than falling off a log" is the bunk. His fall off a log resulted in a lacerated leg, arm and side.

✓ (A) Another Man's Poison
(U.A.)

TO BE appropriate, dear customers, wear your deepest black and fasten a jaunty noose around your neck before taking a dose of this other fellow's poison. This is the weirdest, most unrelieved—and at times the hammiest—bit of goings-on this side of a wake. Bette Davis plays a ruthless woman who interrupts her affair with her secretary's fiancé to murder her husband. Gary Merrill, a sort of poor man's Heathcliffe, roams through the story's morbidity looking unshaven, unsure and unhappy. Pretty Barbara Murray plays the secretary, Anthony Steel is her fiancé and Emlyn Williams the veterinarian.

Your Reviewer Says: Histrionics, indeed.

Program Notes: Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Daniel M. Angel formed themselves into a producing company and assigned Mr. and Mrs. Gary Merrill (Bette Davis) in their first co-starring film. It was to ride over the gloomy moors in this movie that Bette and Gary sailed for England, taking Bette's small daughter with them. Bette's first act upon arriving home was to start taking off the extra poundage induced by England's starchy diet.

✓ (F) Bugles in the Afternoon
(Warners)

RAY MILLAND joins the "Westward Ho" trek so popular these days and seems at home in the sagebrush country. He plays a disgraced Army officer (Civil War) who goes west to join the U.S. Cavalry at Fort Lincoln. Here he meets villain Captain Hugh Marlowe, the very man who has been responsible for his Army discharge. Marlowe, continuing his enmity, not only becomes Ray's rival in love but repeatedly and determinedly places Ray in positions of certain peril. The defeat of Custer and the last death charge of the Sioux, provide an exciting climax to the final struggle between the two men. Forrest Tucker and Barton MacLane play cavalrymen. Helena Carter is the beauty sought by both Ray and Marlowe.

Your Reviewer Says: Not too bad giddyap.

Program Notes: Ray Milland, former member of the Household Cavalry in the King's Royal Guards, mounted and rode his horse with such ease and skill that mouths popped wide. Few of the cast remembered Ray's former cavalry experience in England . . . Shot in Technicolor amidst the natural scenery around Kanab, Utah, the film boasted Col. Charles B. Benton, formerly of the 7th and 8th Cavalry Regiments, as technical adviser. Residents of the little town donned uniforms and mounted horses to play soldiers of the fort . . . Real Navajos were brought in from Arizona but the townswomen, all made up, played their squaws and loved it . . . The ingenious crew erected an elevator to haul equipment to the top of the cliff. The sight of the cart moving up the steep cliff had some of the Indians bug-eyed.

✓✓ (F) Scandal Sheet (Columbia)

YELLOW journalism comes in for a shel-lacking, with the accusing finger of justice leveled at the right source—managing editor Broderick Crawford. Ironically enough, John Derek, a gullible yet capable reporter and champion of boss Craw-

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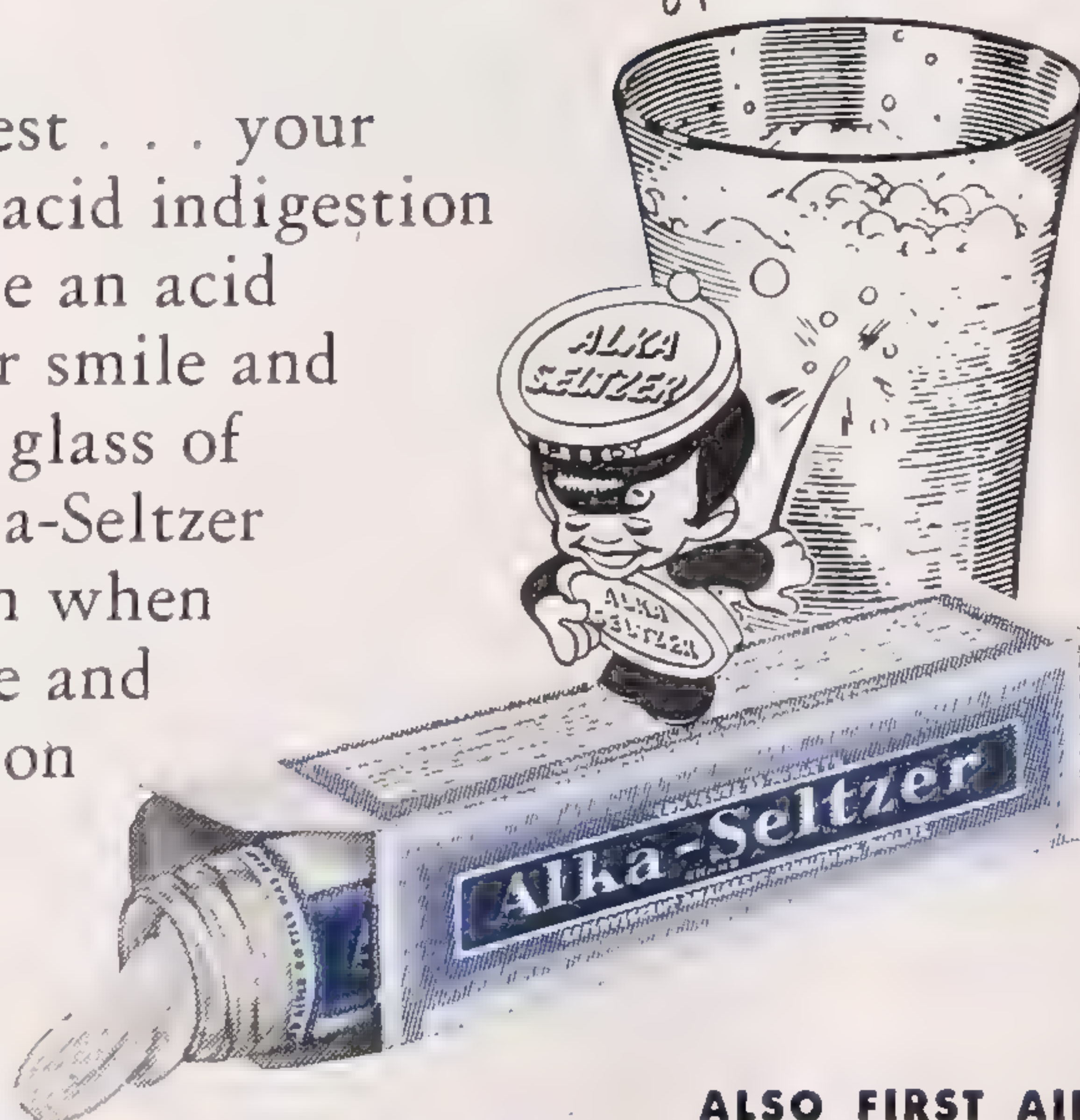


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ford, is the lad who unknowingly exposes Crawford as the murderer. Donna Reed, a sob sister, plays Derek's girl friend. Right from the start the story generates interest and keeps up its goose-pimply pace to its dramatic end. Rosemary DeCamp is excellent as Crawford's ex-wife. Henry O'Neil, Henry Morgan and Jonathan Hale all do good jobs.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth an EXTRA, at least.

Program Notes: The modern newspaper plant constructed on Columbia's Stage 2, was built with such realism and care for detail that visiting newspaper correspondents felt they were having a busman's holiday . . . Both Brod and John visited several newspaper plants in Los Angeles before shooting and made several discoveries. Most reporters fail to use the touch system in typing and very few wear their hats on the back of their heads or their ties askew as so often pictured in movies . . . Donna Reed loved the idea of wearing clothes befitting a working girl, the type a girl could afford on the salary she would be making.

✓✓ 1/2 (F) The Man in the White Suit (U-I)

IF IT'S an Alec Guinness picture, it's come to be the best show in town—or at least among the best in entertainment value. Not since the early days of Stan Laurel or possibly Chaplin has an actor so capably blended pathos and humor in one character. One laughs, but with compassion. Alec, this time, is a research chemist who invents an everlasting cloth that throws England's textile industry into a blooming turmoil. With an all-English cast including Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, Michael Gough and Vida Hope, the story gurgles chemically and explodes scientifically into cheery bits of nonsense but with an underlying thread of much sense, indeed.

Your Reviewer Says: A sheer delight.

Program Notes: Behind the one white suit worn by Guinness, lies a headache not soon to be forgotten by England's leading designers and special effects experts. To create a luminous, dirt-resisting material, capable of sudden disintegration, required weeks of research. In the end the disintegrating suit was constructed of paper tissue strengthened



Jeff Chandler as Apache Chief Cochise, Susan Cabot as his wife, in scene from dramatic story of Indians at war, "Battle of Apache Pass"

at the seams with cotton and tape backings . . . The sounds, replacing music for the laboratory scenes, proved another bit of research headache. When finally achieved, the measured, non-musical music, in strict tempo, four beats to the measure, provided some of the biggest laughs in the picture . . . Foggy-voiced Joan Greenwood began her career as a ballet dancer but her unusual husky tones drew so many screen offers, she quickly forgot ballet.

✓ 1/2 (A) For Men Only (Lippert)

AN OUT-AND-OUT indictment against hazing in college fraternities—the useless, needless and often brutal atrocities inflicted upon boys about to enter a college frat. Paul Henreid plays a defiant professor at a small college who persistently tracks down the culprit responsible for a boy's death. The boy met death as a result of inhuman, brutal hazing. A cast of unknowns support Henreid nobly. Robert Sherman plays *Tod Palmer*, the victim. Vera Miles is his college sweetheart. Russell Johnson is the football hero and fraternity pledge master. Kathleen Hughes is the brattish co-ed and Margaret Field Henreid's wife.

Your Reviewer Says: Not for the squeamish.

Program Notes: Paul Henreid produced and directed as well as starred in the film . . . Several smaller colleges were visited in order to copy a typical small-town college . . . Three of the newcomers selected by Henreid were chosen from Hollywood drama schools: Kathleen Hughes, native of Hollywood, Robert Sherman of Brooklyn and Russell Johnson of Ashley, Pa. To give it an interesting turn, Margaret Field was discovered in the audience at the Pasadena Community Playhouse . . . James Dobson of Greeneville, Tenn., has several Broadway hits and important movies to his credit. Dobson plays Beanie Smith, a fellow pledge.

✓ 1/2 (A) Viva Zapata!
(20th Century-Fox)

VIVA Zapata! offers a grim story, brilliantly directed, acted and photographed. Marlon Brando is excellent in the title role of Zapata, the humble Mexican zealot who gave his life for the land-robbled peons. A hero to his people many years after his death, Zapata emerges an unselfish patriot and proven friend of the humble. Jean Peters plays the Mexican girl Zapata loves and marries. Anthony Quinn is his brother, Margo a loyal follower and Joseph Wiseman the traitor. Alan Reed is seen briefly as Pancho Villa.

Your Reviewer Says: Baffling but brilliant.

Program Notes: Stymied by the endless red tape involved in a Mexican location jaunt, director Elia Kazan and author John Steinbeck found a Mexican counterpart in the canyons of Texas along the Rio Grande and in the countryside near Durango, Colo. The 100-year-old Mexican town of Roma, Texas, with its adobe churches and buildings, was used in the village scenes with 500 of its local citizens donning make-up for their extra roles. A stickler for realism, Brando insisted that make-up men flare his nostrils with plastic rings and glue up his eyelids to a resemblance of the Mexican patriot . . . Margo and Quinn, both Mexican born, were able to contribute to the authenticity of scenes and costumes.

✓ (F) Love Is Better Than Ever
(M-G-M)

LOVE may be better than ever but movie plots aren't—if this is any sample. Three fourths of this story is devoted to Elizabeth Taylor, in brief danc-

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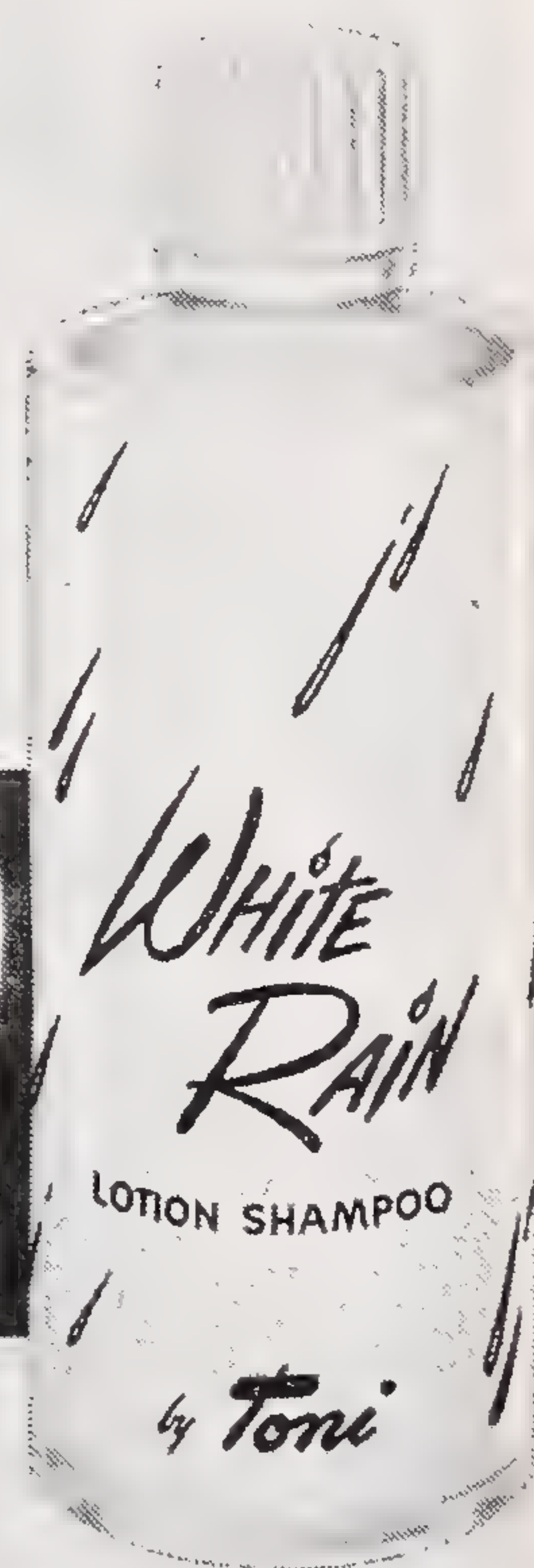
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ing costumes, scurrying around trying to make Larry Parks love her. Elizabeth is a New Haven dancing teacher, Larry a debonair Broadway agent. Just why he should find it so awful to be loved by Elizabeth is never quite clear. People, male people especially, aren't going to believe this. Josephine Hutchinson and Tom Tully play Miss Taylor's parents. Gene Kelly as Gene Kelly is glimpsed briefly.

Your Reviewer Says: Tut, tut, Mr. M-G-M. You know better than this.

Program Notes: This movie, made well over a year ago, was held up because of Larry Parks' admission of Communism before the Congressional Committee... Elizabeth was having troubles of her own during shooting. The explosion of her divorce from Nicky Hilton had given her the nervous jitters. Stanley Donen, the young and handsome director of this film, became Liz's best friend during and after the filming, giving rise to new romance rumors.

✓½ (F) The Treasure of Lost Canyon (U-I)

WILLIAM POWELL, along with most of Hollywood, hits the Western trail in an adult story dealing with a lost treasure and an orphan boy. There are no marauding Indians or fighting cowboys to complicate the already complicated character portrayed by Powell. Adapted from a Robert Louis Stevenson novel, the story tells of a Sacramento lawyer who cheats orphan Tommy Ivo out of his inheritance. A few years later when the boy is adopted by Powell and his wife Rosemary De Camp, the lawyer is exposed as a crook and the boy is revealed to be Powell's nephew. In between are circus renegades, a recovered Spanish treasure chest and a bang-up fire. Henry Hull is the rascally lawyer and Chubby Johnson, *Baltimore Dan*. Charles Drake and Julia Adams are the romantic duo.

Your Reviewer Says: Different kind of story amid different kind of scenery.

Program Notes: Accepting an invitation from the small town of Burney in northern California, to shoot their scenery for a change, the company of eighty took off in two chartered planes. Against a Mt. Shasta background, enhanced by Technicolor, Powell and young Tommy went through their outdoor paces... Fifteen-year-old Ivo's career began when he was four and looked three. Today Tommy looks and plays a twelve-year-old but can swim and ride like a veteran... Handsome Charles Drake plays a hero which evens his score. Drake has eight heros and eight villains to his screen credit.

✓ (A) Something to Live For (Paramount)

DEVOTED wives and mothers who have loved their husbands in adversity aren't going to like this. Can't say we blame them, either. Ray Milland, a former alcoholic and a member of AA, just can't help falling in love with Joan Fontaine, also an inebriate whom he has tried to help. Such things do happen, of course. But it does seem a rum go for Ray's faithful, loving wife, Theresa Wright, who stood by him in his lush days. Ray's seeming indifference to his two boys seems a bit thick, too. But smart wife Theresa copes beautifully with the untidy situation while Joan and Ray work out their "something to live for" design. Richard Derr and Douglas Dick have nothing to live for, so far as this one goes.

Your Reviewer Says: Glum, grim gloom.

Program Notes: The three Academy Award winners, Ray, Joan and Theresa, made the entire story, laid in New York, without leaving Hollywood . . . Director George Stevens and a technical crew visited New York and studied various location sites in the Big Town. As a result, elaborate duplicates of Penn Station, Times Square and even a Broadway theatre were erected on Paramount sound stages with minute detail.

✓½ (F) **This Woman Is Dangerous**
(Warners)

FRANKLY, we thought this type of melodrama went out with Adrian shoulder pads—which Joan Crawford still seems to be wearing. A talented actress who deserves better, Joan plays one of those notorious female hoodlums who is so darned “refeened” and charming that nice men forgive her everything. Said nice man this time is Dennis Morgan, a famed eye specialist who restores Joan’s failing sight. The bad man in her life, David Brian, suspects Morgan of romantic poaching on his property and climbs to the gallery of the operating room to shoot him. Richard Webb, Mari Aldon and Philip Carey are in it up to their necks.

Your Reviewer Says: The familiar garment is well cut, but the chic is gone.

Program Notes: Joan Crawford wears a frock made from a new material aptly named Joan Crawford wool. The cloth combines the appearance and draping quality of silk with the firmness of wool . . . Mari Aldon, who couldn’t drive a car, took a quick series of driving lessons and received her driver’s license the day before she took over the wheel of a car for several long sequences . . . Dennis Morgan bemoaned the fact he had missed seeing his sixteen-year-old son’s prowess on the football field. Dennis made up for it by having his son’s fullbacking photographed on a 16 millimeter camera.

✓½ (F) **A Girl in Every Port** (RKO)

GROUCHO MARX! Marie Wilson! Bill Bendix! A trio that miraculously reaps laughs with unfunny material and unfunnier dialogue. Only please, don’t go asking me what it’s all about. Not even the writers know that answer. In its more lucid moments the story has Groucho and Bill the two oldest sailors in the Navy—and the worst. They get even more terrible when Bill buys a race horse with his inheritance and Groucho attempts to straighten out matters. Hanley Stafford plays the Lieutenant, Don DeFore and Marie Wilson are the frantic romantics and Dee Hartford the gal who loses.

Your Reviewer Says: Just laugh and never mind why.

Program Notes: In navy blues, wearing eye-glasses, a mustache and smoking a huge cigar, Groucho Marx threw visiting sailors to the set into a sea-going panic. Before the camera he broke up Marie Wilson so often the actress was in a real state . . . Bill Bendix took it all philosophically. Bill was more interested in the horses than horse play . . . Don DeFore became a Marie Wilson fan when the pair first teamed in the movie, “My Friend Irma” . . . A real California drive-in was photographed for the long shots. But here’s a secret—the waitresses wore no such scanty get-ups as Marie.

✓✓ (F) **Phone Call from a Stranger**
(20th Century-Fox)

A PLANE crashes! Shelley Winters, Keenan Wynn and Michael Rennie are killed. The fourth member of the friendly group, Gary Merrill, survives. In episodic fashion and with an abrupt change of
(Continued on page 88)

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Chicago 11, Illinois

Calling all actresses

By KATHERINE PEDELL



Students learn every phase of acting—are assigned to a rehearsal group that puts on plays. Here student director Pat Miller coaches tense scene from "Uncle Harry"



No one skips rehearsals at the Playhouse. In early days, students still need that script. But it isn't long before, to their surprise, they are giving a finished performance

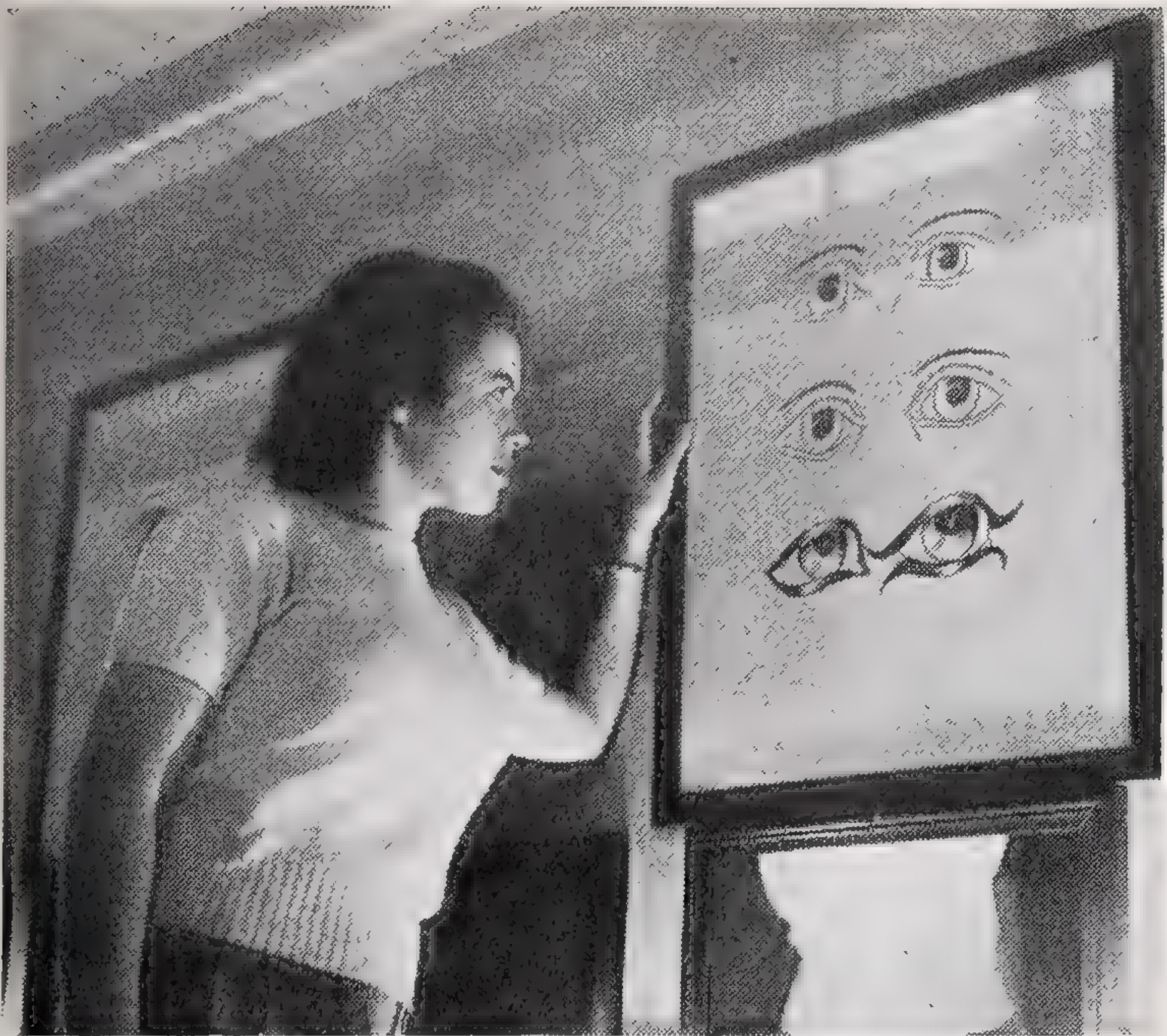
Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Your last chance to make your bid for Photoplay's two-year scholarship at Pasadena Playhouse

DO YOU WANT to be an actress? Are you eager to be a part of every play given by school, church or camp—even if you only work on props? Are you convinced furthermore that, given a chance, you could be a great star?

Photoplay is ready to pave the way to stardom for you.

So if you are a high school graduate or a member of a current graduating high school class and if you will not have reached your 25th birthday by June 1, 1952, the second annual Photoplay Scholarship Contest is your great opportunity.

You can win a full two-year scholarship to the famous Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts, the school where many of Hollywood's most important stars studied and were discovered. The prize covers tuition, room, board, all meals not included in the



Student Becky Bovarie checks eye make-up chart, then goes to work with mascara and greasepaint. There's always something new and fascinating to learn at Pasadena

board, student fees, books, transportation and five dollars a week spending money for two full school years.

Moreover, your training completed, Photoplay will introduce you to the casting directors of leading Hollywood studios. Even now, with only six months of Pasadena behind her, last year's winner, Virginia McGuire, is being sought with contracts by Twentieth Century-Fox and Warner Brothers.

To enter Photoplay's talent search fill out the enrollment blank on this page or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Attach to it the information requested on page 102. Mail the two together, postmarked no later than April 15, 1952 to the Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1811, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

To win this contest you need only talent.

Again this year the three finalists in this contest will visit the Pasadena Playhouse (*Continued on page 103*)



Last year, prestige of being in the top hundred group gave runners-up many offers. Noel Mast, center, won co-starring role in "The Little Foxes" with Eva Le Gallienne, left, on Philip Morris Playhouse radio program

Tear off and mail with answers to questionnaire on page 102, to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1811, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

ENROLLMENT BLANK

Please enroll me in the Photoplay Scholarship Contest. I agree that should I win the two-year scholarship to the Pasadena Playhouse, College of Theatre Arts, I will comply with all student rules and regulations in regard to general conduct, hours, meals, health, studies and other items as set forth by the College. I will maintain to the best of my ability a satisfactory rating in my dramatic work and all academic studies required by the College.

(please type or print clearly)

Name

Address

City State

Name nearest major city State

Distance of above from your home

School last attended Years

Date of High School Graduation

Date of birth Month Year Today's date

Signature

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**TRUE ADVENTURE IN
THE CHRONICLES
OF WORLD
INTRIGUE!**

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PASSION

DESIRE

LUST

"I stole the secrets of the Moscow, Cairo, and Teheran conferences... I sold the time and place of the D-Day landings! For the highest price in history – and a woman whose price was even more!"

20th
CENTURY-FOX
presents

*For her... he
was guilty of
every sin that
had a name!*

5 FINGERS

The Story of the Highest Paid Spy in History! Filmed in the streets of Ankara and the shadows of Istanbul!

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JAMES MASON · DANIELLE DARRIEUX · MICHAEL RENNIE

with WALTER HAMPDEN · OSCAR KARLWEIS · HERBERT BERGHOF · JOHN WENGRAF · A. BEN ASTAR · ROGER PLOWDEN

PRODUCED
BY

OTTO LANG

DIRECTED
BY

JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ

SCREEN PLAY
BY

MICHAEL WILSON

BASED ON A NOVEL BY
L. C. MOYZISCH



THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! "The Greatest Show on Earth" is coming to your town. You will see the circus, close up, as you never saw it before. You will fly with *The Great Sebastian* from the high wire. You will lie on the tanbark with the elephant girl, to watch the elephant's foot descend slowly upon her face.

To make this unforgettable movie Cecil B. De Mille photographed the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus at its winter quarters in Florida, traveling in the gaily painted cars of its private train and playing in cities across the land.

For many years now Cecil B. De Mille has enriched the screen with many magnificent productions. But it was because the editors of Photoplay believe this picture to be the greatest of them all that they honored Mr. De Mille, upon the occasion of this year's Gold Medal Awards dinner, with the Photoplay Achievement Award.

"The Greatest Show on Earth" is a beautiful and exciting spectacle. But it doesn't stop there. It is also—through the magic of Mr. De Mille and stars like Betty Hutton, James Stewart, Charlton Heston, Cornel Wilde, Dorothy Lamour and Gloria Grahame—a human and exciting drama.

The Editors





This no longer is a typical picture of Mario and Katie. It was taken when they were making "Toast of New Orleans." Since then, they've learned to keep out of each other's way

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE KATHRYN GRAYSON - MARIO LANZA FEUD

One little word from Mario and Katie blew her
top. Then Mrs. Lanza got into the picture. And be-
fore the air had cleared—everybody was in the act!

BY HEDDA HOPPER

(Who sparked the fuse)

MOVIE FEUDS, which receive so much publicity—and let's face it, they're great space getters—often begin over nothing at all. A single word I included in the January Photoplay almost started a feud between Kathryn Grayson and Mario Lanza. I quoted Mario as saying, "I'll always have a soft spot in my heart for Kathryn because she was in my first two pictures." He meant, of course, the first two pictures that he had made.

Kathryn, however, put a different interpretation on that statement. And her Irish blew sky high. What did the big clown mean—*his* pictures! Why, she had been a star years before Lanza had ever seen a movie camera. She had helped him through his screen test. She had taught him many tricks of the actor's trade during the making of "That Midnight Kiss" and "The Toast of New Orleans." And now the man was calling them *his* pictures.

Being a girl of more temper than temperament, Kathryn doesn't sulk. She believes in getting a

beef off her mind and forgetting it. So she grabbed a phone and called Betty (Mrs. Lanza) to ask her what that husband of hers implied by his quote. The affair doubtless would have ended right there—because Betty and Kathryn are close friends, and I'm sure they could have talked the matter over and skipped it—but Betty was away from home.

Meanwhile, a Hollywood columnist with a dull day and no headline on his hands contacted Kathryn and needled her with the quote in order to get her to spill an opinion of Lanza. This is a popular method of creating news—also feuds—in Hollywood. Kathryn, still not having heard from Betty and bubbling with anger, boiled over. She let Mario have it, but good. And the columnist, doubtless chuckling up his sleeve over getting such a rise out of her, gave the story a big splash.

When I read Kathryn's blast against Mario, you could have knocked me over with a pinfeather. Less than a week before (Continued on page 84)

S...NEWS...NEWS...NEWS...NEWS...NEW

LET

Judy Garland back—from the way she could go

A black and white photograph of a young man and woman dancing. The man is wearing a light-colored suit and the woman is wearing a light-colored dress with a dark belt. They are both smiling and looking at each other. Other people are visible in the background.



Used to vaudeville hours, she couldn't adjust to movie schedule. So, slowly but surely, she set the pattern for the future. Above, in 1939, with Jackie Cooper



Her marriage to David Rose lasted only three years

JUDY!

BY ELSA MAXWELL



Vincente Minnelli, older, more mature and very sensitive, tried to help Judy



But not even little Liza, whom both Judy and Vincente love dearly, could save this marriage

IT IS PAST time we all stopped being sentimental about Judy Garland. Judy is charming and attractive and gay. And, well aware of all the adjectives that have been used to describe her glowing act at the Palace Theatre in New York, I would add to them. She has a warm magic. She is a great entertainer.

This is exactly why we should stop being sentimental about Judy, and making excuses for her, encouraging her, in other words, to go on the way she is going.

I saw Judy last—except on stage at the Palace—at Cannes. She was playing roulette at the French Casino. "What are you doing here?" I asked, surprised at the sight of her.

"I'm learning to play this darn game," she (Continued on page 106)



Soon Judy will enter a third marriage—with her manager, Sid Luft

Temptations OF

She's young, she's beautiful and she
lives alone. And she knows how to have
fun—and stand clear of gossip

By MARILYN MONROE



LIKE the life of a bachelor girl—including its temptations. It's a lot better life than the one I used to have. I can remember when I was practically a nonentity. What else is a girl who doesn't know much about her background?

Everyone used to tell me what to do and how to do it, with me afraid of myself, always trying to please someone else.

So I find it pleasant now to come and go as I wish, to do what I want to do when I want to do it. However, I wouldn't say the life of a bachelor girl is all roses. There is, for one thing, the matter of loneliness. . . .

Loneliness offers temptations. Girls who live alone can become so tired waiting for someone to ask them out that they look anywhere for excitement, accept almost any kind of date, go on any kind of party—just to go. They come to settle for too little, to take the easy road instead of growing more mature and becoming stronger. To settle for too little can lead to a wrong marriage, to promiscuousness, to self-deceit. I've managed to avoid this danger because my work and other interests keep me mentally and physically occupied. Recently, my days have begun at six in the morning. It's been seven when I got home to have dinner, study my lines and then work on my school lessons. I'm not supposed to (Continued on page 95)

"If you lead a man on, don't expect him to stop when you put up the no-go sign," says Marilyn

A BACHELOR GIRL

"When it's time to go to bed, I'm apt to drop my clothes wherever I am," admits Marilyn. She's currently in "Clash by Night" and "Don't Bother to Knock"



Those who say Lawrence
Tierney can't lick his prob-
lem forget one thing—that Scott
Brady is in there fighting, too

BY ROBERT MACGREGOR

Scott Brady appears
next in "Untamed"



TWO BROTHERS



IT LOOKS, at long last, as if Lawrence Tierney is finding himself—as if he will finally emerge from the illness, frustration and emotional insecurity that have plagued him—and interrupted the career he began so brilliantly. Ask anyone in Hollywood how all this came to be and you will hear a story of brother love that you will not soon forget—a story that might well be the basis of a great novel or a fine movie script.

When Larry Tierney goes for special medical treatment Scott goes with him. It is reported that both brothers have been at AA (Alcoholics Anonymous) meetings.

Scott also has been with Larry when Larry became involved in bar-room brawls and nightclub arguments. For Scott is the one person who can subdue his brother tactfully.

Scott, in other words, is doing for Larry what Scott and everyone else believes Larry would do for Scott if their *(Continued on page 93)*

"Whatever mistakes my brother may have made, he has paid for," says Scott. "He is a great actor and a greater friend." Lawrence Tierney, right, with Charlton Heston in "Greatest Show on Earth"





Rita Hayworth

VALESKA

WHEN, a kid in high school, I was the proud owner of a hopped-up jalopy, I printed on my fenders: "This car slows down for brunettes, stops for blondes and backs up for red-heads." Another kid might have announced his preference in a completely different order. We're not all partial to the same type. But, in spite of this, wherever you go—in any group, in any town—certain women always are surrounded by men. When they're on the dance floor they're cut in on again and again. When they elect to sit quietly men cluster about their chairs. Even at a chance meeting in a restaurant, a man is likely to stop and chat with such a woman when ordinarily he merely would bow and pass on to his table.

For these women have an appeal or an excitement which cannot be denied. They need not be beautiful. And they need not have sex appeal—although I cannot honestly say that these things work as any handicap.

Even in Hollywood, where women are world famous for their attraction, not all have this special quality. The girls who do have it, in Hollywood, as (Continued on page 97)

They are MEN'S

GLOBE PHOTOS



Janet Leigh



Gene Tierney



Barbara Stanwyck



Denise Darcel

WOMEN

What makes some women appealing and exciting to men? It's a variety of things, says this brave star—and he isn't just talking about beauty and sex appeal! ● BY GLENN FORD

BLACKWELL



June Allyson



HER HEART KNOWS

If Jane Powell hadn't

listened to her heart she

never would have grown up to be a movie

star or such a happy wife and mother

By RUTH BRIGHAM



Janie, at 9 months, with her mother. Although she was an only child, she wasn't spoiled—there was never money enough



As a child she helped pay for voice lessons by running errands for tenants of apartment house where her father worked. Above, at 15, when she made debut in "Song of the Open Road"



The failure of her parents' marriage—they divorced two years ago—strengthened Jane's desire to build her marriage so firmly it will last forever

THE TINY, honey-haired blonde strode into her hotel suite, passed through the sitting room and bedroom without so much as a glance about her, and quickly threw open the bathroom door. Then she let out a squeal of delight at sight of nothing more exciting than ordinary bathroom scales. Tossing a triumphant but mischievous grin over her shoulder at the tall, attractive young man who followed, she kicked aside her shoes and stepped on the scales—all five feet, two inches of her. They registered ninety-nine pounds.

But they registered far more than that, for the pretty young girl was Jane Powell, and the smiling young man was her husband, Geary Steffan—and bathroom scales happen to be a mute but potent symbol of the happiest marriage in Hollywood's "younger set." They represent the time Geary laid down the law.

And, while Jane Powell can afford to buy mink coats she can't buy any scales for her pretty Brentwood home. Because Geary won't permit them.

"When Janie and I first started going together she always was worrying about

PHOTOPLAY
FEATURE
ATTRACTION

Jane Powell will soon appear in "The Student Prince"

ENGSTEAD



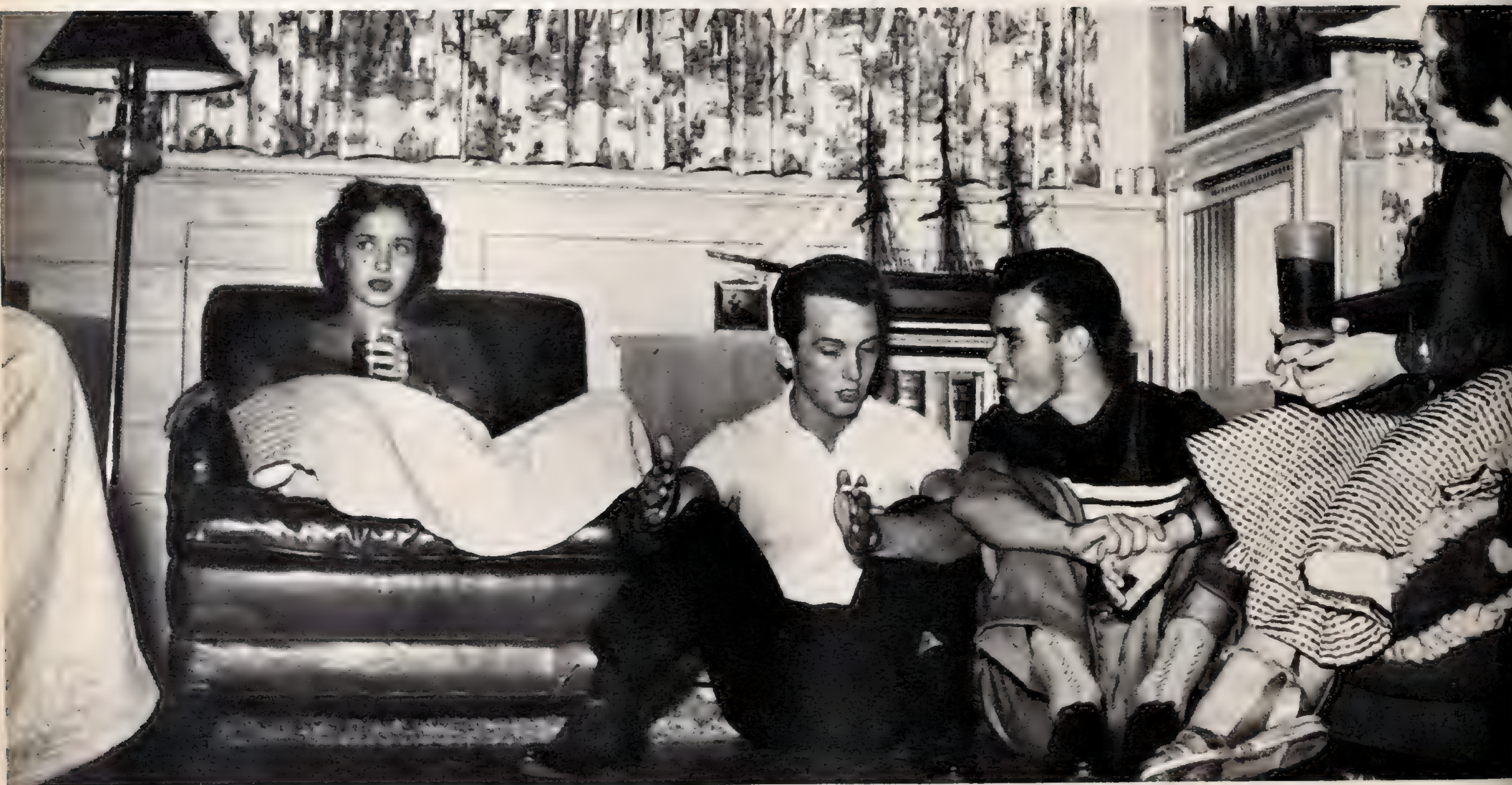
HER HEART KNOWS

B.G. (Before Geary) when Jane, with Johnny Sands, was a popular date with Hollywood boys



A proud mother greets Jane, fresh from her triumph as one of singing leads in '48 performance of "Student Prince" in Hollywood

her weight," he explains. "She stepped on the scales first thing in the morning, last thing at night and at intervals during the day. For a youngster who seldom topped 102, it seemed pretty silly to me. If she gained an ounce she worried about it. A pound extra would bowl her over. If she drank a milkshake, she couldn't enjoy it for wondering how (Continued on page 79)



Contributing factor to Jane's warm charm is her complete lack of self-importance. She was always just one of her gang, never traded on fact she was one of Hollywood's brightest young stars. Above, in 1948 with David Holt, Darryl Hickman, Betty Lynn



"We were engaged for 11 months—we danced together and skied together. We knew so much about each other when we married, we were spared any rude awakening"



"We didn't enter marriage with divorce and failure in the back of our minds, so we don't hold it before our eyes as a pitfall to avoid," says Jane



Happiest reason of all for the Steffans's happy marriage is Geary the III. Jane, recalling her loneliness as an only child, sings him lullabies about the four more little Steffanses she hopes to have some day



An old-fashioned platform rocker is cozily at home in blue master bedroom. Doris had it upholstered in red, white and blue. Sofa is in red and white check



An early Welsh cupboard, selected by Marty, goes well with other informal period pieces in the living room



sunny side up

Take some old pieces, add some modern notes and spray it all over with bright colors
—and you have Doris Day's home

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

WHEN YOU COME in the front door, right away you know this is where Doris lives. Somehow the gay colors, the warm informality reflect her engaging personality. "Only the house isn't finished yet," adds Doris, after a welcoming grin. "Those chairs have to be re-covered. Curtains are scheduled for the dining room. And what do you think I should do with the entrance hall?"

That's Doris, and that's her house. To anyone else it looks good. To Doris, there are a million things to be done. But she's the girl in a hurry, and no time in which to do everything. "If only I had nothing to do but to shop around for fabrics and wallpaper . . ." she moans.

"You'd go crazy," finishes husband Marty Melcher, and Doris laughingly confesses that he's right.

Surely, gradually, the changes will be made, but there will always be something else to do, and that's what makes it fun.

In the meantime, despite Doris's protestations, her house is delightful. It's on a quiet, tree-shaded (Continued on page 104)



Pine lazy Susan table makes a charming centerpiece for Early American dining room, with its cheery red and white Provincial paper, white wainscoting. (Doris is in "Alexander, the Big Leaguer")

Mirrors behind bookshelves give depth to living room. Doris used Provincial shutters with movable louvres at windows



LIZ TAYLOR

*Barefoot girl in a Ceil Chapman gown . . . Champagne
and salt water taffy . . . orchids in a country
garden . . . Cleopatra on Sunset Boulevard
. . . youth on a romantic spree*

Color portrait by Engstead. Liz is in "Ivanhoe"

DALE ROBERTSON

Night ride across the prairie . . . dynamite with a slow fuse . . . sourdough and red wine . . . the lightning flash of a distant storm . . . determination with a drawl

Color portrait by Powolny. Dale's in "Return of the Texan"



A

T O B E Y

"You're a lousy actor," the redhead told him—and Greg and Ken began a friendship that thrived on hardtack and hope and survived one man's leap to success

By IDA ZEITLIN



Four Pecks: Greg may not say "I love you" to Stephen and Jonathan too often—but it comes across just the same. He swims and rides with them, gets down on the floor and wrestles



GRETA KONEN and Gregory Peck were at a World Series baseball game when they decided to get married. "I'll call Tobe," said Greg, but Tobe wasn't in. After the ceremony they stopped by at Greg's place to pick up his things. Every few minutes the groom poked his long neck through the window and presently spied the man he was waiting for. "Hey, Ken!"

The rugged redhead ambling down the

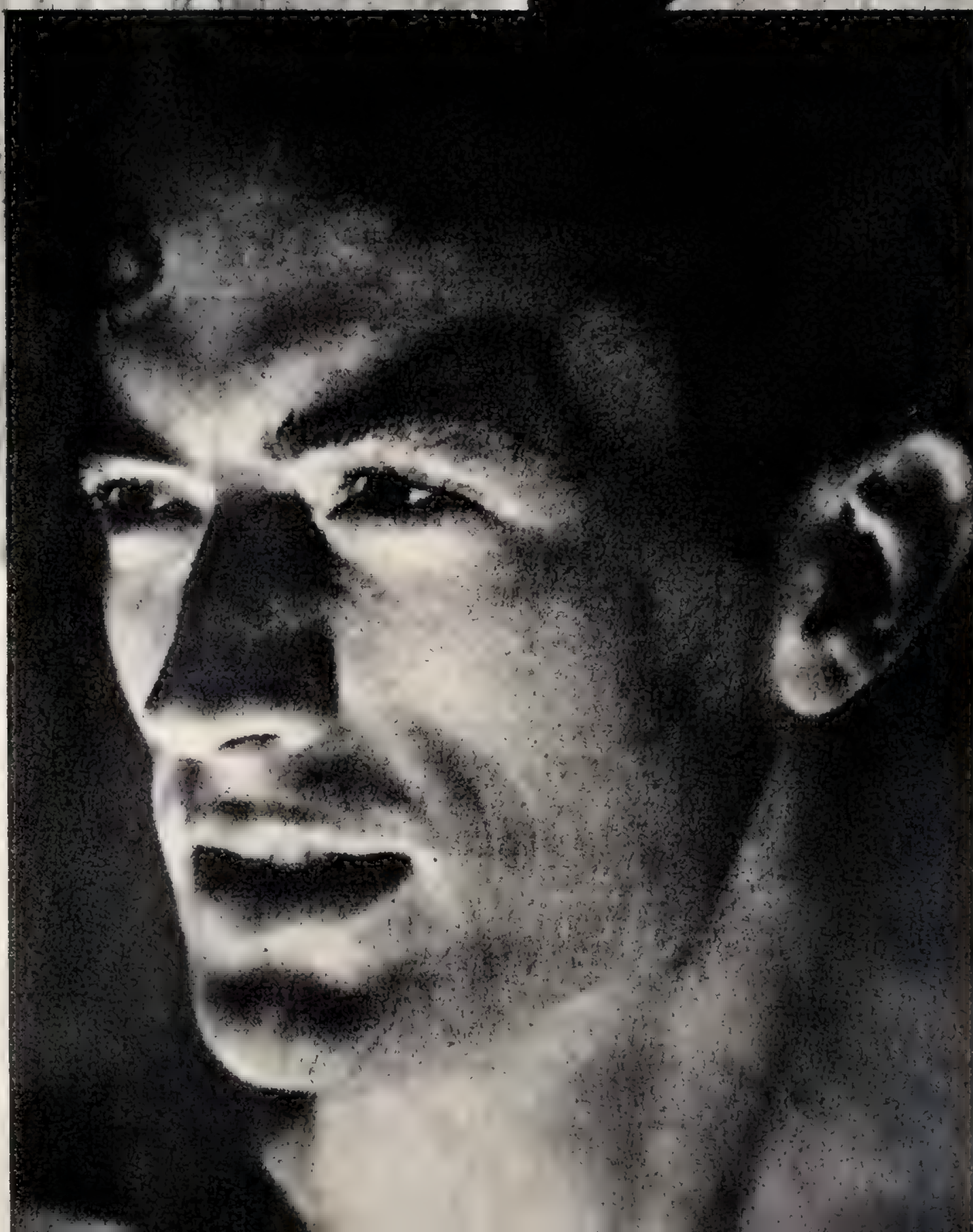
& A PECK



"Essentially," says Ken, "Greg's the fellow I met twelve years ago. More mature, of course. And harder-working." Right, Greg as he looked in '39 stage play "Anna Christie"

street below looked up. Peck's grin broadened. "Hi! I just got married—"

A year ago Kenneth Tobey met Penny Parker, who was singing with a band. "You sing so pretty," he told her. Penny's his wife now. They had planned to be married last August at La Jolla, with Greg as best man. Instead, they found the perfect apartment. "Take it or leave it," said the landlord. (Continued on page 74)



Mario Lanza's in the money now—and having a wonderful time sharing his fabulous new income with his wife, family and friends. He still has to learn how much of it belongs—to Uncle Sam!

SMITH

Lana Turner married a millionaire. But it didn't help her financial picture. She's still singing those March fifteenth blues!



CARPENTER

In get-rich-quick Hollywood, money is often a buy-word. And some star spenders forget that tomorrow will bring—a bill from the tax collector!

If Jean Simmons hadn't kept her head, she and Stewart Granger would still be living in a small palace not meant just for two.

CARPENTER



FLAT on their BANK ACCOUNTS

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

With two big houses on his hands, Van Johnson is going to have to do some fast figuring to make his salary check stretch for taxes, too



FINK AND SMITH



Betty Grable would need some fast horses in her stable to make up money she lost not working. For \$8,000 a week ain't hay!

POWOLNY

GOT THOSE income tax blues? Then move over and make room for Van Johnson, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, Mario Lanza, and maybe Martin and Lewis. Or, maybe you'd rather be financially depressed along with Stewart Granger, Errol Flynn, Lana Turner, Mickey Rooney, Robert Mitchum, or Betty Grable?

The earning ability of these top stars is amazing. But most of them live lavishly from hand to mouth.

Rita Hayworth was so broke when she returned to Hollywood, her agents had to loan her \$100,000 to make a new beginning. The Cinderella star who married the son of the richest prince in the world doesn't even own an auto, much less a home. It may take Frank Sinatra the rest of his life to break even with (Continued on page 90)



Mitzi, describing fiancé Richard Coyle, says, "He's a handsome, prematurely gray, nice man!" They'll marry when she's 21

Life with Mitzi can be dangerous, says her mother, who still panics when Mitzi lifts loaded coffee table with her toes!



they call her sparkle plenty

BY LIZA WILSON

She eats everything in sight except
parsnips . . . calls her leading men "Cuz"
... and can't even put her stockings
on without going into a Gaynor dance

WHEN GEORGIE JESSEL isn't making people laugh at banquets, or making people cry at funerals, he is busy searching for new talent for Twentieth Century-Fox.

"Georgie," said Director Henry Koster, "there's a singing-dancing girl named Mitzi Gerber in 'The Great Waltz' downtown at the Los Angeles Philharmonic Auditorium."

That's all Jessel needed to know. For months he had been hunting for a girl to play the bouncy, bubbling Lotta Crabtree, America's first comedienne, in his production of "Golden Girl."

Next day he reported to the inner circle luncheon group at the studio. "Two minutes after this Mitzi Gerber came on stage last night I knew I was watching the greatest young personality in show

George Jessel saw Mitzi Gaynor dancing in downtown Los Angeles—and knew he'd found his "Golden Girl." Mitzi calls him "Pappy"



they call her



Mitzi, as Eva Tanguay in "The I Don't Care Girl," so impressed the studio that they added two more numbers to make it an even bigger musical



Mitzi says she isn't superstitious, but if anyone whistles in her dressing room she makes him go outside, turn around three times—and spit!

business. Before the first act curtain I knew I had my Lotta. She dances like a dream, she sings like a lark. She made me laugh and cry. She sparkled like champagne. I'll make you a wager, boys, she'll be the next big star in Hollywood."

Following a three-way test (singing, dancing and acting) Mitzi was signed to a long term contract with the understanding that after a warm-up in minor parts in "My Blue Heaven" (as the girl who made Betty Grable jealous of Dan Dailey), in "Take Care of My Little Girl" (as the girl whose mother sent her to college so she'd stop smelling like a horse) and in "Down Among the Sheltering Palms" (as the torrid native dancer who attaches herself to William Lundigan), the studio would star her as

sparkle plenty



Mitzi, who loves people, and is usually knee-deep in friends, is all for leaving that "alone stuff" to Garbo!



She usually has lots to say but when George Jessel told her she was a star, Mitzi merely said, "Well, gosh, thanks!"



Mitzi began doing her famous impersonations when she saw Carmen Miranda on the screen. Oscar Levant, above, is her accompanist in picture

Lotta Crabtree in "Golden Girl" and Eva Tanguay in "The I Don't Care Girl," Georgie Jessel productions. Studios have an unhappy habit of "making over" their embryonic stars, but all they did to Mitzi was change her last name to Gaynor—a name that made millions for them some twenty years ago. So far no one has confused her with the former Janet Gaynor, except a cab driver who picked her up one morning to take her to the studio. "Miss Gaynor," he said, "it's a pleasure to drive you. I have been an admirer of yours ever since I saw you in 'Seventh Heaven.'" Mitzi thanked him.

When Jessel told her that she was now on the Twentieth Century-Fox contract list, along with such names as Betty (Continued on page 99)

photoplay



fashions

Featuring Joanne Dru, star of Twentieth's
"Pride of St. Louis," in junior designs
from the St. Louis fashion market

"Pride of St. Louis" is the vivid life story of one of baseball's most colorful figures—Dizzy Dean. Another pride of St. Louis is the junior fashion market, where young styles have become noted for their individuality and youthful flair

Joanne Dru, left, opens this month's fashion series in a smart navy blue ensemble. Trim dress is sleeveless, with tucked bodice, youthful white linen collar. Separate cape is lined in "Cardinal" red. Red carnation adds an extra dash of color. By Minx Modes, in American Silk Mills crepe, 7-15. Also in navy with chartreuse. Under \$23.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo. Gloves by Hansen. Perfect complement to a spring wardrobe are the Prim stockings in a new Downey shade—a versatile beige

A hit, anywhere, is Joanne's two-piece faille suit, right, with its cutaway jacket, soft full skirt. Separate sleeveless pique blouse is cut like a bellhop's, can be worn tucked in the skirt. By Carlye, in black, brown, navy, 7-15. Around \$45.00 at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo. Benedikt pin. Hats by Doris Originals

FOR OTHER STORES SEE PAGE 71

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGSTEAD



"Pride of St. Louis" photoplay junior fashions

1.80

Reserved
TOTAL 1.50



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGSTE

Joanne Dru scores again in a casual, easy-to-wear skirt and blouse, above. Alternating gores of solid and striped chambray add interest to softly flared skirt. Mantailored shirt has cuffs and collar of same stripe. By Shirley Lee in blue with orange, gray with yellow, 7-15. Blouse \$3.95, skirt \$5.95. At D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La., Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney, Inc., St. Louis, Mo. Hat by Doris Originals

Reserved for special attention is this crisp two-piece dress, left, with sleeveless blouse, full dirndl-type skirt. Easy-action looseness makes it ideal for warm days ahead. A Galey & Lord fabric in woven cotton plaid, in beige, lilac or blue. Blouse \$5.95, skirt \$8.95. By Jo Collins, 9-15, at Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y. and Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo. Belts by Debutante

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Vivacia (top), Interlude (right), Wisteria (left)

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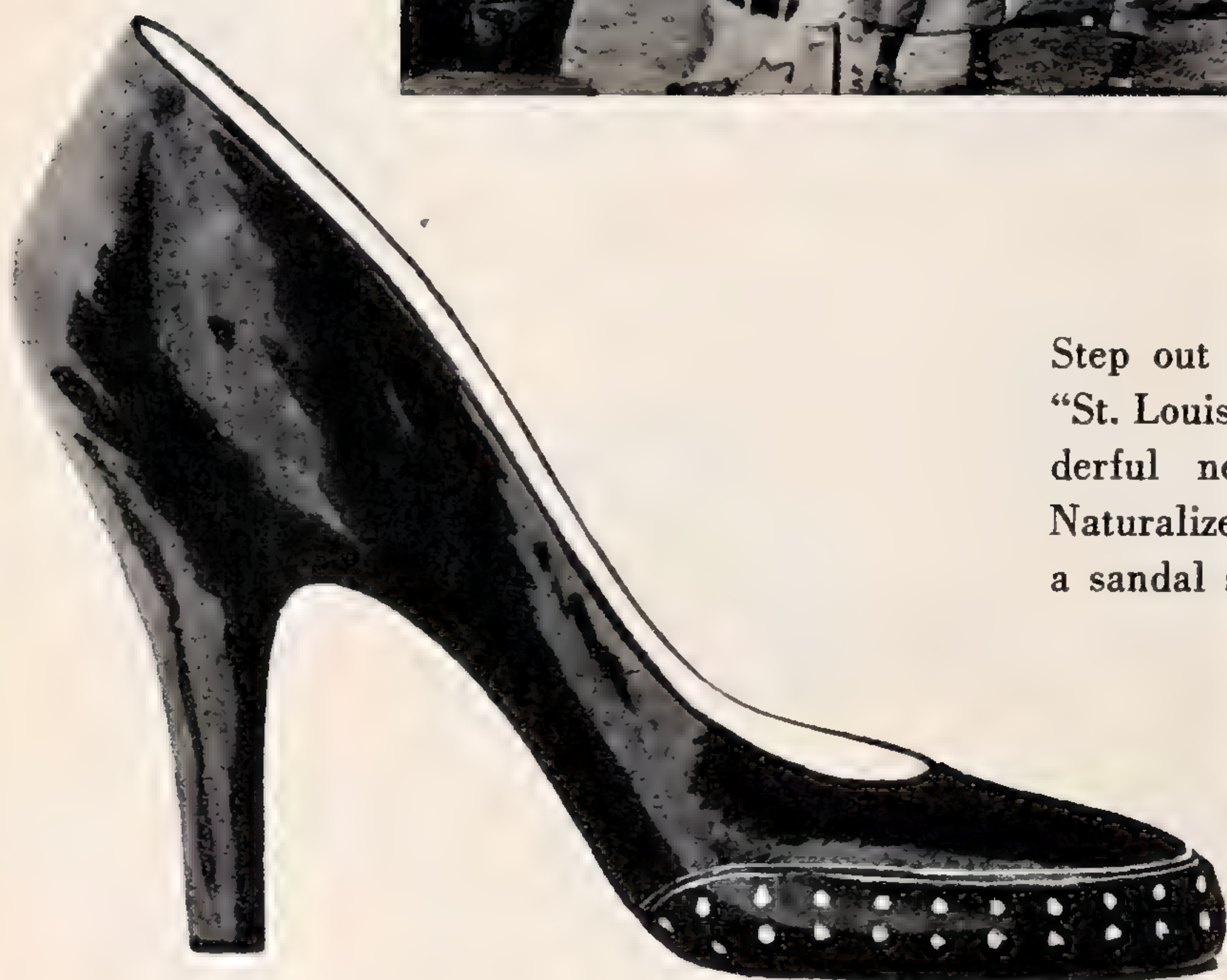
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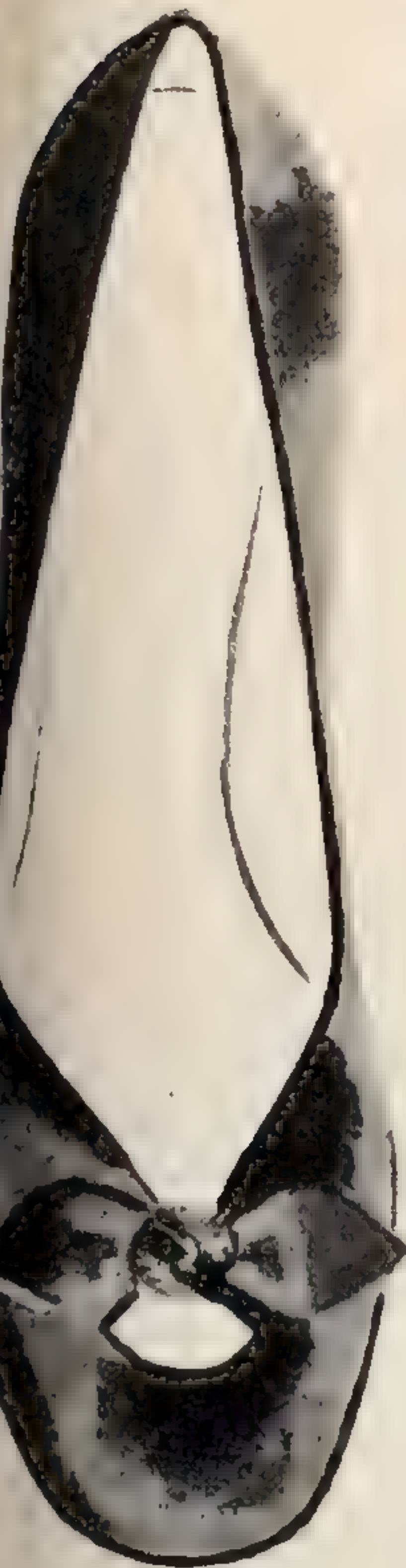
For difference with distinction, a suede and calf pump, right, that goes perfectly with suits. By Jolene at only \$9.95



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BY JOAN CRAWFORD

Star of "Sudden Fear"

Trim your clothes and accessories down to your size and you'll loom larger on the romantic horizon



if you want to be CHARMING



It's Such Sweet Sorrow!

It must be time for the spring thaw. For First Love, as much a spring-time perennial as the first crocus, is bursting the seams of my mailbag these days.

So many of you girls who write to this column are—for the first time—s-o-o-o in love, and s-o-o-o unhappy!

I don't mean to josh about this. I expect you are getting enough teasing from your pals. And I haven't forgotten that falling in love for the first time can be a pretty agonizing experience.

I was particularly moved by a letter from seventeen-year-old Carol. (Carol is not her name, but I want to discuss her problem in some detail, and it might be embarrassing.)

Carol, a senior in high school, has dated one boy on and off ever since she was a freshman.

He has told her, she writes, that "he likes me very much, even *more* than likes me." But he has never said anything about "going steady." He has even teased her about wearing his ring, "how it's getting too small for him. (Cont'd on page 96)

Watch before you leap at him for paying attention to another girl! You won't look so charming if you're in that jealous mood

Shortall



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A Tobey and a Peck

(Continued from page 59)

Since they couldn't support three apartments—Pen's, Ken's and this third one—they took it and flew to Arizona, where you don't have to wait.

That's the story of how Gregory Peck wasn't Kenneth Tobey's best man, and Kenneth wasn't his.

Back in the lean days, Tobey's wedding gift to the Pecks was a Silex. Theirs to Penny and him was sterling silver. "But I guess in each case," says Ken, "the gift meant the same thing."

What it meant was a solid friendship, short on words, long on understanding. The paths of the two men met, ran close, parted and met again without disturbing anything fundamental. While Peck's professional star zoomed to the top of movie heaven and stayed there, Tobey floundered in one legit flop after another. Not till eight years after his friend's spectacular rise did Tobey come crashing through in "The Thing," hitting Photoplay's popularity poll among others. When he got the part, it was Peck whom he called first. "I think he wanted it for me as much as he wanted his own career for himself."

Trying to analyze Peck's special gift for friendship, Tobey takes time to pick his words. "It's a kind of father confessor quality. Yet—maybe that gives the wrong impression, too. Because there's nothing detached or holy about him. But he listens—not just with his ears but with all of him. And somehow, when things get rough, he knows how to put his finger on the sore spot and apply just the right balm. Maybe fifteen minutes later you'll be thinking, 'What am I feeling so good about? I've still got the same problems—' Nevertheless, the warmth remains."

Once, after a protracted dry spell, Tobey lost a very good part at Metro. The contracts were drawn up. He came bouncing in to sign, and went jolting out with a sickening sound in his ears. "Sorry, we'll have to use someone else." Morose was too cheerful a word for him as he bumped into Peck and gave him the sour news.

Greg's eyes studied him. "You've got a lot of guts," he said, and that's all he said. It was enough. It gave his friend the sense that someone was with him, someone who understood, and his burden lost half its weight. "Maybe once in a blue moon," he says, "I've been able to do the same kind of thing for him. Maybe not. He's a hard person to do anything for—reluctant to accept help, ready to give it—"

KEN was a big help at their first meeting. Called Greg a lousy actor or words to that effect. At the University of California, they joined the Thalias, a theatre group. Greg was on stage in a dramatization of "Moby Dick"; Ken was in the audience. Greg, a pre-med student, liked to act for the hell of it. Ken, studying law, was out to acquire aplomb, nonchalance and ease. "Commodities," he'll tell you cheerfully, "that still elude me."

The audience was asked to criticize the players. Ken would have felt lots better with his mouth shut, but that was no way to practice public speaking. Quaking, he rose, fixed glassy eyes on the stringbean with the face of a Near East prince, and in a few ill-chosen words condemned his performance as hammy. The victim took it with composure. Grinned at Ken in passing. "You sure gave me a roasting."

So they started saying hello. Soon the hellos grew more enthusiastic. Ken landed a fat line in a musical. "Peaches, I want my dinner." This struck Greg as so uproarious that he still quotes it. They cast Peck as *Mat* in "Anna Christie." Tobey thought

he did a good job and told him so. Their co-workers rated them as follows: "The movies'll take Greg on account of his looks, but he'll never be an actor. Tobey won't be an actor or any good for the movies."

As if to kick this appraisal straight in the teeth, both boys snagged scholarships for the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York. Dazzled, they chucked law and medicine to the wolves. Greg entered the Playhouse on time. Ken arrived late, detained by the need of earning some dough at the San Francisco Fair. This accident introduced a new feeling into what had been a casual, if pleasant, relationship. Lonely as a barb in a frat house, Ken braced himself for the cool stares of the élite. "Hello, Tobey," said a quiet voice, welcoming, warm—and there stood his fellow Californian.

With interests, tastes and poverty in common, they joined forces. In a way, they complemented each other. Both were self-conscious, but their self-consciousness took different forms. Greg withdrew into himself. Ken found release in a kind of boisterous humor which amused the other. Economically, they were one, splitting whatever funds came their way. Ken bought Greg his first zombie, Greg bought Ken the first New York steak he ever set tooth to. Tobey Senior, acting as custodian of his son's shekels, doled them out by request at the rate of thirty-five

.....
"Most of the things people achieve in this life come to them because they get mad—mad enough to do something about getting what they want."

CLARK GABLE

.....
dollars every two weeks. So much they were sure of while it lasted. Greg did some modeling. No collar-ad stuff, though. Always something rugged like an engineer in overalls. When he got twenty-five bucks, he'd blow it on anyone who needed a meal. Inconsistently enough, it was Greg, the shy one, who promoted eating money when they went broke on Saturday afternoons. "Think we could touch Miss Lewisohn for a loan?"

"Not me, brother—"
"All right then, I will. But you've got to come along for moral support—"

Irene Lewisohn was head of the Playhouse, a lady of dignity, charm and reserve. Fascinated, Ken would watch his partner wind himself up like a electric gadget till the words came blurting out. "Miss Lewisohn, may I borrow five dollars?"

"Why—yes—" Then she'd look at him. "Yes, Gregory—" with the shade of hesitation gone, as if how could you let a guy like this go hungry.

Meantime they were lapping up New York—from concerts to subways, from the top gallery of the Metropolitan to a hill in the Bronx, where they borrowed sleds from a couple of kids and went coasting.

When Guthrie McClintic and Katharine Cornell were taking "The Doctor's Dilemma" on tour, they gave Greg the role of the art dealer. It was one of those miracles that can't happen but does—Shaw, Cornell, McClintic, magic names in the theatre and Peck in the midst of them.

Tobey recalls what happened during rehearsals. Greg was the novice, the greenhorn, naturally anxious to do well, anxious to be liked. One day he came home looking bothered. "What's wrong with me, Tobe?"

Either I've got no humor or I'm dumb. These guys in the cast—Ralph Forbes, Cecil Humphreys—swell people, friendly, been wonderful to me. Only they've got so much in common—background, experience, tradition. So they talk and laugh their heads off while I sit like a goon and can't think of a word to say."

After cutting it nineteen ways, Greg came up with his own answer. "What's wrong with me is, I'm no conversationalist. Okay. When I've got something to say, I'll say it. Otherwise, I'll keep my trap shut. There's no percentage in trying to be what you're not." He talks more easily nowadays, says Ken. But except in the world of make-believe, he's never tried to be anything but himself.

BOOTH men realized with a touch of sadness that Greg's departure marked the end of a chapter. His bags stood at the door. "Well, s'long, Tobe." Then, a very casual afterthought: "Oh, by the way, you got any dough?"

"Sure," said the other, fingering the nickel in his pocket. Keeping only enough for cabfare, Greg shoved some bills at him, picked up the bags and was gone.

His return was memorable, too. Knowing that Greg'd met a girl named Greta who was something special, Ken elected himself a welcoming committee of one. Armed with kazoo, trumpet and toy drum, he descended on Grand Central, spotted Greg's head above the crowd and went into action on his noisemakers. It would have been fine except that, along with Greg and the pretty blonde at his side, walked Cornell and McClintic—two people Ken would have liked to impress, though not as a clown. Turning green, he stuffed the brass in his pockets and tried to pretend that the drum 'round his neck wasn't there. Greta stoutly maintained that the effect was charming, and Ken pledged her his loyal allegiance on the spot.

In a play called "Sons and Soldiers," the friends appeared together on Broadway for the first and only time. It was a nice experience, if brief. They closed after three weeks and again they parted—this time with more finality. Proving the Thalias true prophets in one respect, Hollywood the golden sent for Mr. Peck.

The cliché runs that Hollywood changes people. Tobey thinks it ain't necessarily so. "Friendships are more often spoiled by the friend left behind who carries a chip on his shoulder through envy, oversensitiveness or what-have-you. I speak from first-hand experience. Greg didn't change. I did—or started to—"

He was working, but not steadily. When Greg came to town, they'd go out. For every drink and dinner Greg bought, Tobe matched him. The other's protests hit solid bone, for Ken had grown self-conscious about money as he'd never been when Greg was in the same boat. Resentments began to simmer—so deep he was hardly aware of them till one day his friend plucked them into the open.

"I know how you feel, Tobe. It's human. In your place, I'd feel the same way. And in my place, I hope you'd say the same things to me. Friendship has no room for this kind of competition. Each one should do what he can. In the old days we'd have taken sharing for granted. What's different about now?"

In Greg nothing was different. Gently he had put his finger on the sore spot, and Tobey was healed.

Confident of Tobey's quality as an actor, Peck's idea was that he and the movies should get together. Ken was more than agreeable. In '46 he came out on a courting

visit that netted him a couple of indifferent stares, so back he went to play in "Joan of Lorraine." The spring of '48 brought a wire from Peck. "La Jolla starts soon. If you want to work, get out here." Funds being at ebb, he caught a cheap plane. Greta met him at the airport. "You're staying with us."

He stayed seven months—a notion that would have staggered him in advance. But when the La Jolla season closed, Greg said: "Why don't you stick it out for a while? Maybe something'll break." Greta said: "Please, Ken. You know we have plenty of room." Without piling it on, they made him feel wanted and welcome.

THE first small toehold came in "Twelve O'clock High." Greg was responsible only up to a point. No star, however big, casts his own pictures and his influence is narrowly limited. If you're Peck, you don't overstep those limits. If you're Tobey, you don't want them overstepped. Greg introduced him to the casting director at Fox, and Ken began hearing about this picture. For the first time he made a specific request. "I think if I met Henry King, I might sell myself to him. Could that be arranged?"

Greg took him to the director. "I'd like you to meet a friend of mine," he said, "who's a good actor," and left.

Tobey did the rest. Before the interview ended, he was King's boy. "I wish you'd come sooner. There's only a bit left now—the sentry at the gate."

This scene was the first in the picture. It impressed other people with the truth of Peck's unadorned statement that his friend was a good actor. As more jobs came along, he felt it was time to stop being a guest and moved out to a hotel. The day he left, Greg said, "You'll be needing a car, Tobe," and gave him a check. "Look," he added before the other could register, "when one of our cars went on the blink, you got up at four and waited for traffic to start, so you could bum a ride. That's no good. If you're going to work in this town, you need transportation."

"I feel like a cadger."

"You'd do it for me, wouldn't you?"

With a contract at RKO, Tobey's repaying him now. The contract grew out of "The Thing." "The Thing" grew out of "I Was a Male War Bride," Howard Hawks directing. "Some day," said Hawks, "I'm going to make a picture with unknowns. If you're still unknown, Ken, I'll want you as the lead."

Pleasant words that might mean anything or nothing. Two years slipped by. Then one day the phone rang. Mr. Hawks' secretary calling. An hour later Hawks handed Tobey a script. "We'll have to make a test. That's a Howard Hughes rule. But

as far as I'm concerned, you're in."

"The Thing" bounced Tobey, with his easy performance, his attractive blend of humor and strength, out of obscurity into public favor. They signed him to a long-term. Not the least rewarding moment of those thrill-packed days was the voice of his friend Greg on the wire: "Told you you'd make it."

For a Tobey's-eye view of the Peck of today, let Ken do the talking:

"Essentially, he's the fellow I met twelve years ago—simple, direct, with a courtesy that comes as natural as breathing. More mature, of course. And harder-working. But whatever he does, he throws himself into. Even canasta. Plays a reckless game for pennies, but hates to lose."

"But I guess it's his family life that tells most about him. They say you can judge by kids what the parents are like. If so, these parents, Greg and Greta, can take a bow because the kids are great. Jonathan's seven—dark, slender, serious. Stephen's a sensitive five-year-old and one of my best friends. Carey Paul's still a baby, blond like Stephen and his mother. They've all got Greg's courtesy, Greta's enthusiasm and their own charm."

"I've heard Greg talk about what he wants for them. For the future, to work at whatever they want. For now, love and security and some of the advantages he can afford to give them. But not enough to dull them to what's more important."

"If Jonathan wants to ride, he has to earn that right by keeping his room straight. Riding he loves. Swimming he used to hate. When the swimming teacher came, he'd hide under the bed. Greg neither forced nor shamed him into the pool—just eased him into it with affection. I wouldn't call him demonstrative with the kids. He maybe doesn't say 'I love you' as much as I would. But it comes across just as plain without his saying it. Or plainer. He swims and rides with 'em, gets on the floor and wrestles with 'em."

"He never brushes them off. Jonathan brings his paintings home from school. Every kid brings his paintings home from school. We make a big fuss over the first two or three, then we lose interest. Greg spends as much time on the twentieth as on the first. He gives their trivia the same concentrated attention as his own affairs—offers honest opinions, makes them feel they're somebody—which they are."

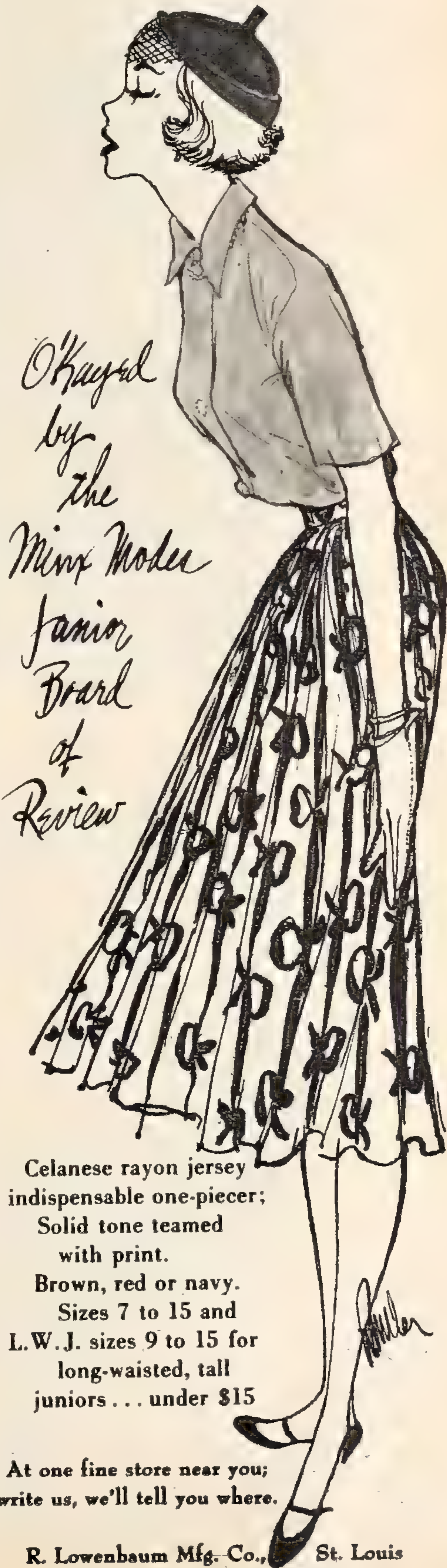
Tobey paused reflectively. "If there's one quality that sticks out in Greg, it's his fierce regard for the individual. Humans really matter to him as humans. Your dignity is as safe with him as his own."

"To my mind," his friend concluded, "that's the measure of a man—"

THE END

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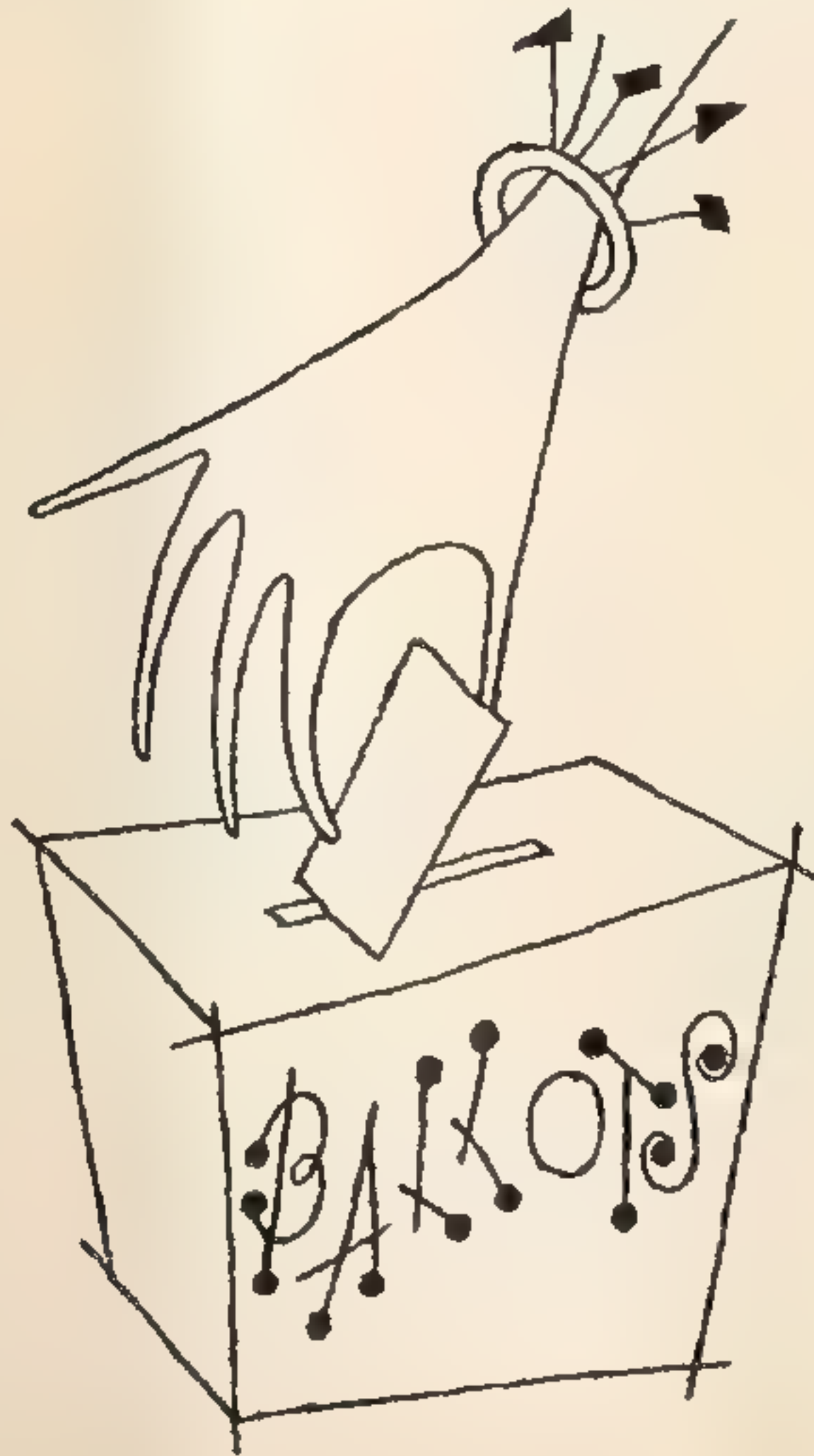
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Shirley Reigane
Fashion Editor, PHOTOPLAY



Wisteria • Slim tapered pump with a sleek, new, perforated mudguard effect! One of the season's really smart shoes.



Danila • The classic pump in rich gleaming leathers with a jaunty piped-bow at the throat. Beautifully comfortable.



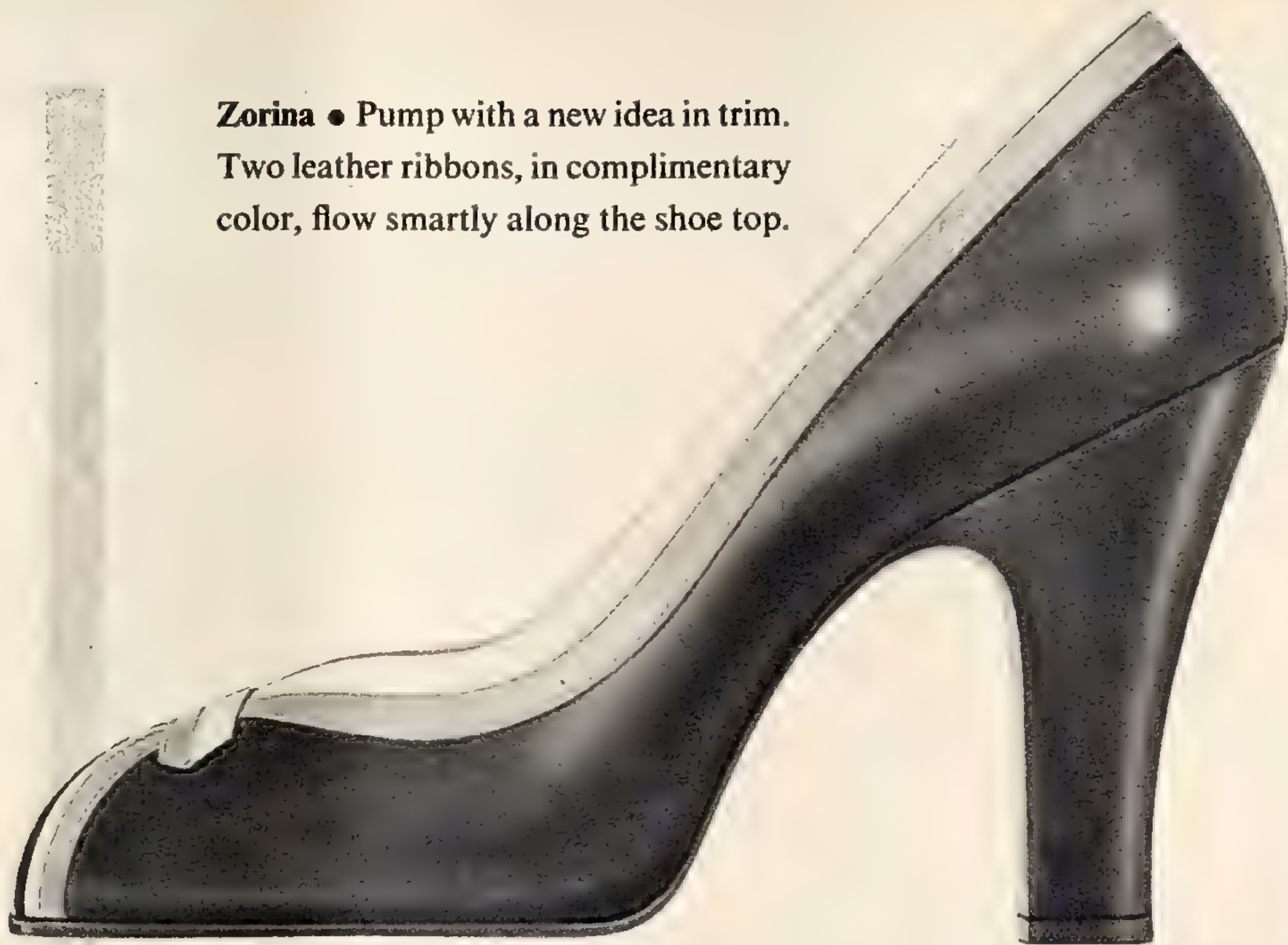
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NATIONAL BOYS' CLUB WEEK

MARCH 31 TO APRIL 6

Her Heart Knows

(Continued from page 52)

much she would gain. Maybe all tiny people are like that, because a few pounds can make a difference, but I told Janie I wasn't going to put up with that nonsense, and before we were married I said we would never have any scales in our house. And we haven't."

So, way back more than two years ago, Geary let it be known that he was going to lay the law down about anything that fretted Jane. And Jane just loved it.

Jane and Geary have not found their happiness by any set of rules. As Jane says, "We didn't enter marriage with divorce and failure in the back of our minds, so we don't hold it before our eyes as a pitfall to avoid."

She's the least star-like person imaginable. Not long ago a small group was sitting around a hotel swimming pool cabana. Bill Pawley Jr., a good friend whom the Steffans inherited from Elizabeth Taylor, joined the party and was reminiscing with one of the men about wartime flying. Others at surrounding cabanas were gazing at the group and Jane told the two men, who were talking rather loudly:

"Say, you two fellows are attracting plenty of attention. Everybody else must be as interested as I am."

I looked to see her kidding grin, but there wasn't even a glint in her eye. She was so fascinated by their stories she sincerely believed that was what attracted others from near by.

JANE never had any burning ambition to be a movie star. She has a glorious voice that she has been using since her mother first arranged for her to take voice lessons—almost as far back as she can remember. Then she was sent out to use that voice on radio and in public appearances back in Portland, wherever she could make a dollar to help pay for the lessons. It was a circle that kept her too busy to indulge in a doll-playing childhood. But she has no regrets.

"I'm glad my mother had ambitions for me, because I certainly had none for myself—and yet I've loved every minute of what it's led to. I like to sing. I guess it's part of me, even if my job is a lot of hard work."

When on tour in personal appearances, Jane has no maid to help her dress or to do her hair. "I don't have a personal maid at home," she says, "so why at any other time?" She's never been spoiled, even if she was an only child, because the family of a Portland, Oregon, apartment house custodian has little money for pampering.

"I've always worked," she says, "I don't remember when I wasn't working. I was singing on the radio back home in Portland when I was nine. Before that—" her voice trailed off.

She doesn't want to say anything that would hurt or embarrass her parents, who were divorced two years ago, just after her marriage to Geary. She adores them both. Undoubtedly the failure of their marriage strengthened—subconsciously at least—her desire to build her marriage on such a firm foundation that it never would topple.

She very definitely doesn't like to talk about her childhood when she earned the cost of her voice lessons by working for the residents of the apartment house where her father was employed.

She ran errands for the parents of the other children, and children can be cruel. Many times, delivering a package and looking in on a tea party to which she hadn't been invited, she must have been hurt. But this she doesn't talk about.

Geary says her background has helped



Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild... leaves
your skin softer, fresher, younger looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the lingering, irresistible
"fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild
too! Yes, so amazingly mild that its gentle lather
is ideal for *all types* of skin—dry, oily, or normal! And
daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring
out the flower-fresh softness, the delicate smoothness,
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Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly... for the
finest complexion care... for a fragrant
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**Cashmere
Bouquet
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—Adorns your skin with the
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gleams as it cleans

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LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO

It's new! It's different! It's not just a liquid . . . not just a cream. It's a combination of the *best of both*. That's Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo.

A deep-down cleanser

Wildroot is a *soapless shampoo*, a deep cleanser that floods away loose dandruff, cuts grease and grime without drying up precious natural oils.

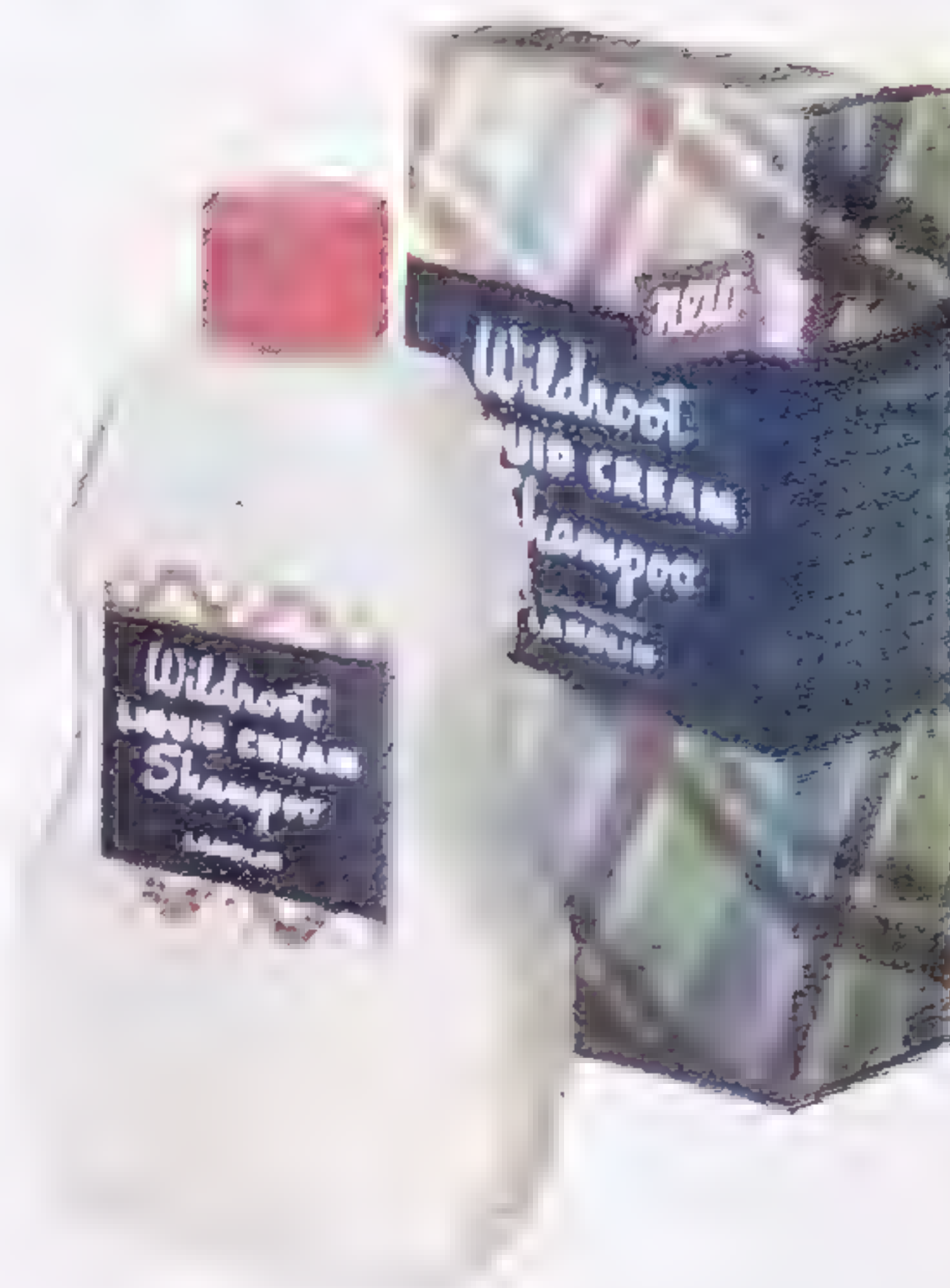
Leaves hair gleaming bright

Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo leaves hair so clean, so springy, so manageable that a set seems to fall into place. Lathers in hardest water. Needs no special rinse.

It's right for your hair

Whether your hair is dry or oily, baby soft or wiry, blond or brunette, try Wildroot Liquid Cream Shampoo *just once*, and you'll agree it's *right* for your hair . . . *good* for your hair. Remember, it contains soothing lanolin.

Soapless Sudsy . . . Lanolin Lovely!



THREE SIZES:

29¢ 59¢ 98¢

(plus tax)

to keep her feet firmly on the ground. And now, when she has everything, she hasn't forgotten what it means to have so little. If she should ever forget, Geary will be there to remind her.

"I didn't know Jane when she was a little girl," he says, "but I do know how hard she worked doing things for other people. I know, too, how little she had. I think that's one reason she is so sweet and considerate. She is also very sensible, naturally. And should she ever get cocky, I'll be there to take her down right quick."

Geary's indispensable to Jane and she knows it. So much so that at first she was miserable when he left her. The first year of their marriage, therefore, had its little ups and downs. But the world never heard about their quarrels because they never occurred in night clubs, and Jane never went home to Mama.

JANE isn't perfect, you can take both her and Geary's word for it. And neither is he. He likes to play tennis. So Jane is often a tennis widow. At first it irked her.

"Janie is understanding about it now," Geary says, "and doesn't fume about my going out for a few sets of tennis with the fellows. She did at first. I'd tell her to come along, if she wanted, but I knew she didn't. She'd want to know what time I'd be home, and I'd say, 'Oh, around two o'clock,' going out about ten in the morning. Well, you can't tell about those things so maybe I wouldn't get in until four o'clock. Then she would be mad. But I soon made her see that recreation was important to me, and that no marriage would last if a man turned namby-pamby. Now, when I play tennis, she is busy about the house and with the baby and I don't think she even misses me."

Also Jane loves to cook. And Geary likes to eat. So this is another important contribution to their marriage. Like all good cooks, she likes to experiment with wines and sauces—and like most American husbands, Geary often fails to appreciate the mystery of the cuisine. It hurts, but he tells her. And she files that dish among her souvenirs. When he does enjoy a dish, which is more often the case, he tells her too. And you should hear him brag about her souffles when she isn't around!

There were numerous other difficulties to iron out that first year. Jane is sensitive, a hangover from childhood, and sometimes feels a slight when Geary is sure none is intended. Once she came home highly critical of a fellow worker and, pouring out her accusations to Geary, she waited for the words of sympathy that she felt sure would follow.

Instead, Geary told her quietly, "You never knew this person before. That's probably just his way of talking. You don't like it. Well, there may be something about you that he doesn't like. Let's have this guy for dinner and play a game of looking for his good traits."

Today, this man is one of their good friends. Together, they've worked out a system of finding something pleasant in the seemingly most objectionable people. And a couple who practice looking for good in others must apply the same method at home—and so avoid that road which leads to divorce courts.

By this time everyone knows that the happiest reason of all for Jane and Geary's happy marriage is little Geary Steffan the third, who will be one year old in July. Jane sings him lullabies and she tells him about the four more little Steffans who she and his daddy hope will share his nursery within the next few years.

Always when Jane talks about the family she wants, a wistful note creeps into her voice. "I was so lonely," she says. "I remember begging my parents for a sister

P. S. To keep hair neat between shampoos use Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing.

to play with—or a brother.” Geary supplied this need for Jane, too, for marriage to him gave Jane two sisters. It was while visiting in the home of his married sister that she and he learned to know each other so well.

“We were engaged for eleven months,” Jane recalls. “We knew so much about each other when we were married that we were spared a rude awakening. Our marriage was more of a transition. We danced together, skied together, tobogganed and skated together. Geary even ate my cooking before we were married. If I advocate anything for a successful marriage, other than being in love, it’s an engagement long enough for two people to learn all about each other.”

Geary, of course, had to learn that—married to a celebrity—he must make adjustments. Fortunately, he was familiar with the entertainment world and so realized the demands that are made on a star. For before Geary married Jane he was an ice skater. Wisely, he turned to a business career, opening his insurance agency.

THEY own their home jointly with all of its contents. Each month they contribute to their far-from-lavish Brentwood household—run with one maid, Gladys—on a fifty-fifty basis.

“Nobody ever can say that anybody carried me,” says Geary proudly. However, he is sensible enough to know that a movie star is required to dress like a movie star. He adds, “Whatever Jane wants to do with her money after we divvy household bills is all right with me. If she wants to spend \$5,000 for a mink coat, I don’t care, but she can’t spend five cents more on the house than I do.”

Jane Powell was a pert young miss of twenty who was doing all right when she met Geary Steffan, but to hear her now you’d never even know it.

“Since I’ve been married to Geary I’m calmer, quieter, and have a lot more poise. I used to talk too much—just prattle—and never say anything. Now I don’t talk unless I’ve got something to say. He made me realize it was nervousness that makes people talk too much and act gay and life-of-the-partyish when they just want to sit and listen and relax sometimes.”

What Geary has given Jane, of course, security and serenity, are things that money can’t buy; such things as keep escaping the Lana Turners, Elizabeth Taylors and many others in Hollywood.

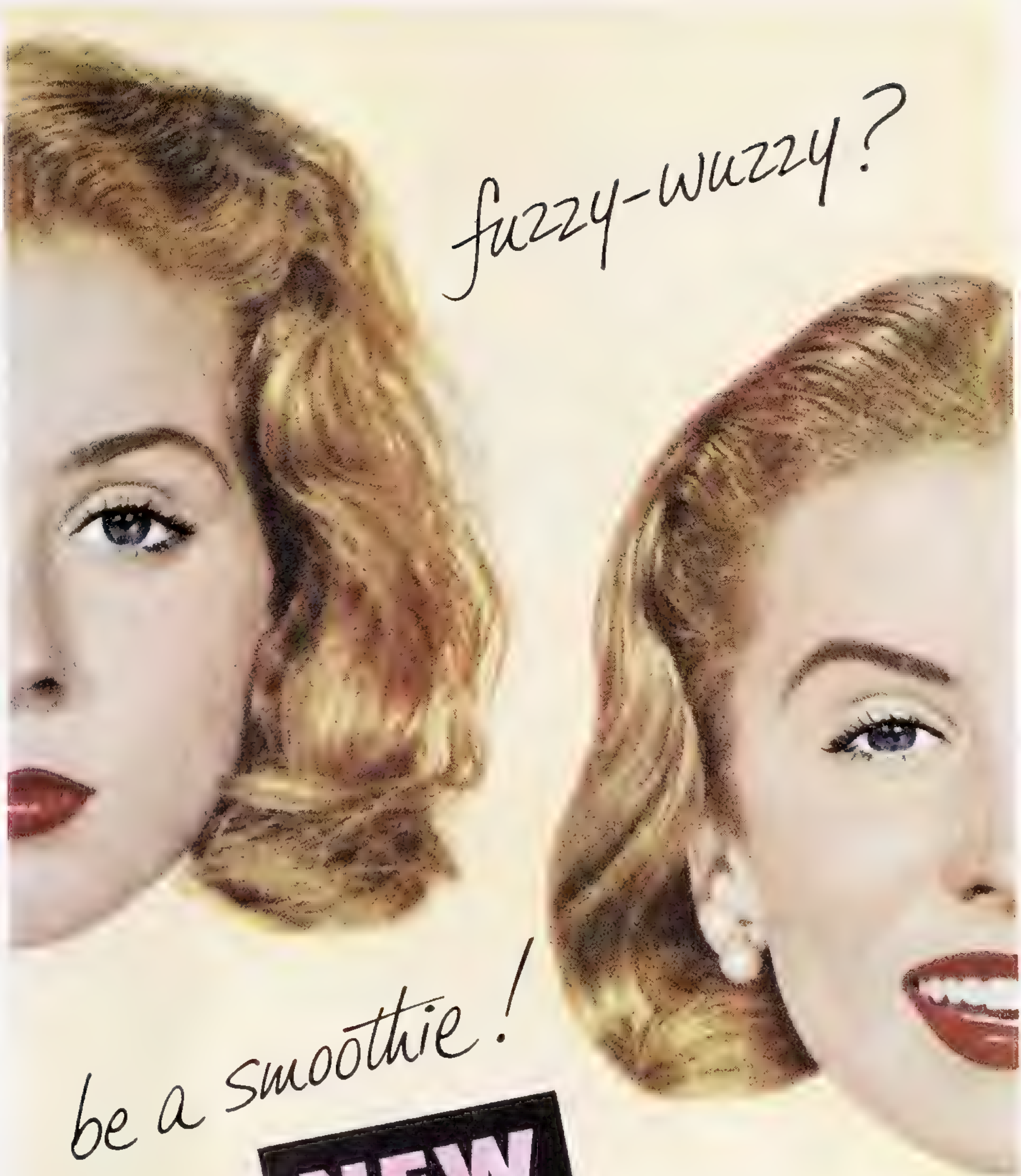
Geary also has given Jane a feeling of religion. When other little girls were raising their voices in Sunday school choruses, she was raising her beautiful young voice over radio and on stages—for pay.

“Every child should have some religion in his or her background, but I had none, was connected with no church,” she says, wistfully. “I went to different churches as I grew older but that’s not like belonging.” And she added with determination, “Our baby will grow up in a church.”

Geary is a Catholic and he and Jane were married at the Church of the Good Shepherd in Los Angeles.

They started out their married life, as so many young couples do, in a small apartment, with Jane doing the housework. She didn’t have to, of course, but it was fun, and she felt closer to Geary that way. When they knew their family was increasing, they moved into their own home, and Jane got Gladys, “a real jewel,” to help her.

“I’m so lucky to have Gladys. She’s a wonderful cook, maid, nurse, housekeeper rolled into one, and how she loves the baby! When Geary and I went to Miami Beach last December, where I sang at the Copa City, Gladys was tickled to death to get me out of the house, so she could have the baby all alone.”



fuzzy-wuzzy?

be a smoothie!

NEW

Lady Wildroot

CREAM HAIR DRESSING

makes your hair behave!

Has your hair lost its sparkle? Is it dry, stiff and hard to manage? To make it behave, rub a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on those fuzzy-wuzzy ends!

Is your hair dry, brittle?

Just pat a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing along the part, at the temples, on the ends . . . and then brush for a neat, natural look.

Is your scalp dry, tight?

Pour a few drops of Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing on your fingertips and massage your scalp gently. You’ll love the way it makes your scalp relax . . . feel so good!

Not sticky . . . not greasy!

Lady Wildroot Cream Hair Dressing is made especially for women’s hair. It contains lanolin and cholesterol to soften dry ends, give hair body, gleam . . . make it behave. It’s delicately perfumed for an extra touch of femininity.



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Personal size 50¢ . . .
Dressing-table size \$1.00
(plus tax)

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Lovely women
instinctively choose this
exquisitely light,
fabulously fine powder.
Only Woodbury, with its
secret blending process and
special foundation-cream
ingredient, offers such
exciting satin-smoothness,
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longer cling. Try it...
see the thrilling difference!

ANN BLYTH, starring in
"THE SECRET OF
SALLY O'MALLEY",
a U-I Picture, color by Technicolor,
wears Woodbury Coquette to
intensify her skin loveliness.
(In Hollywood, stars chose
Woodbury Powder
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new big 50c size...
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try woodbury cream make-up!

Velvetizes your skin...veils tiny blemishes!
Magnificent alone, doubly beautiful with matching
shade of Woodbury Powder. 43c plus tax.



Since the Steffans don't have a "regular nurse" they get up themselves at night with the baby, but they don't spoil him.

"We get up and look at him and if there's nothing wrong, we let him cry, which isn't often," Geary says with parental pride. Thus, they prove again that theirs is an old-fashioned marriage, based on old-fashioned methods, for the most modern way is like the old way, to pick up the baby and comfort him if he cries.

Janie's and Geary's friends are not among the glamour set of Hollywood. And they are not ringside habitués at smart night clubs, even though they like to dance and have their nights out just like young couples everywhere.

But there seems to be more time for everything for Jane now that she's a wife and mother and a bigger star than ever. She has found, through her pleasant, easy way of life with Geary, that there's really no need for hurrying about everything.

"I'm inclined to be impatient, to want everything done at once. Geary never is in a hurry," she laughs, adding, "but he always gets things done."

"Janie was a long time learning that, but it finally soaked in," he kidded her. "When she wants a rug moved or a lock fixed or the baby's diaper changed or anything else—"

"Well, the baby's diaper—" Jane interrupted—

"—must be changed, I know," Geary granted. "But it never hurt the other things to wait a few minutes. I just don't like to hurry. And Janie is learning."

Above all, they're both considerate of others. Once, a young entertainer, with far less of the world's goods than they, asked them to go deep sea fishing. They accepted and agreed to share the cost. When rough waters appeared likely the day before they were to go out, Geary, telling Jane he was afraid she might be seasick, suggested they should cancel their plans. Jane agreed, quickly adding, "Has he made a deposit on the boat? Will he lose anything?"

"I've already taken care of that," Geary assured her with an affectionate pat.

Unlike so many who no longer have to worry about money, Jane remembers that others often do, explains this cheerfully, in fact, by asking, "How can I forget—when I was poor much longer than I wasn't?"

That's Janie. She has the infinite wisdom a woman knows when she listens to her heart. Otherwise, reacting unhappily to the unhappy things that have happened to her, she would have matured with less of all the qualities that have won her stardom and Geary Steffan and the good life she loves today.

THE END



Backing a worthy cause is Doris Day, star of "I'll See You in My Dreams." She'll make a personal plea in Easter Seal movie short to be shown during campaign, March 13-April 13

YOUR PHOTOPLAY

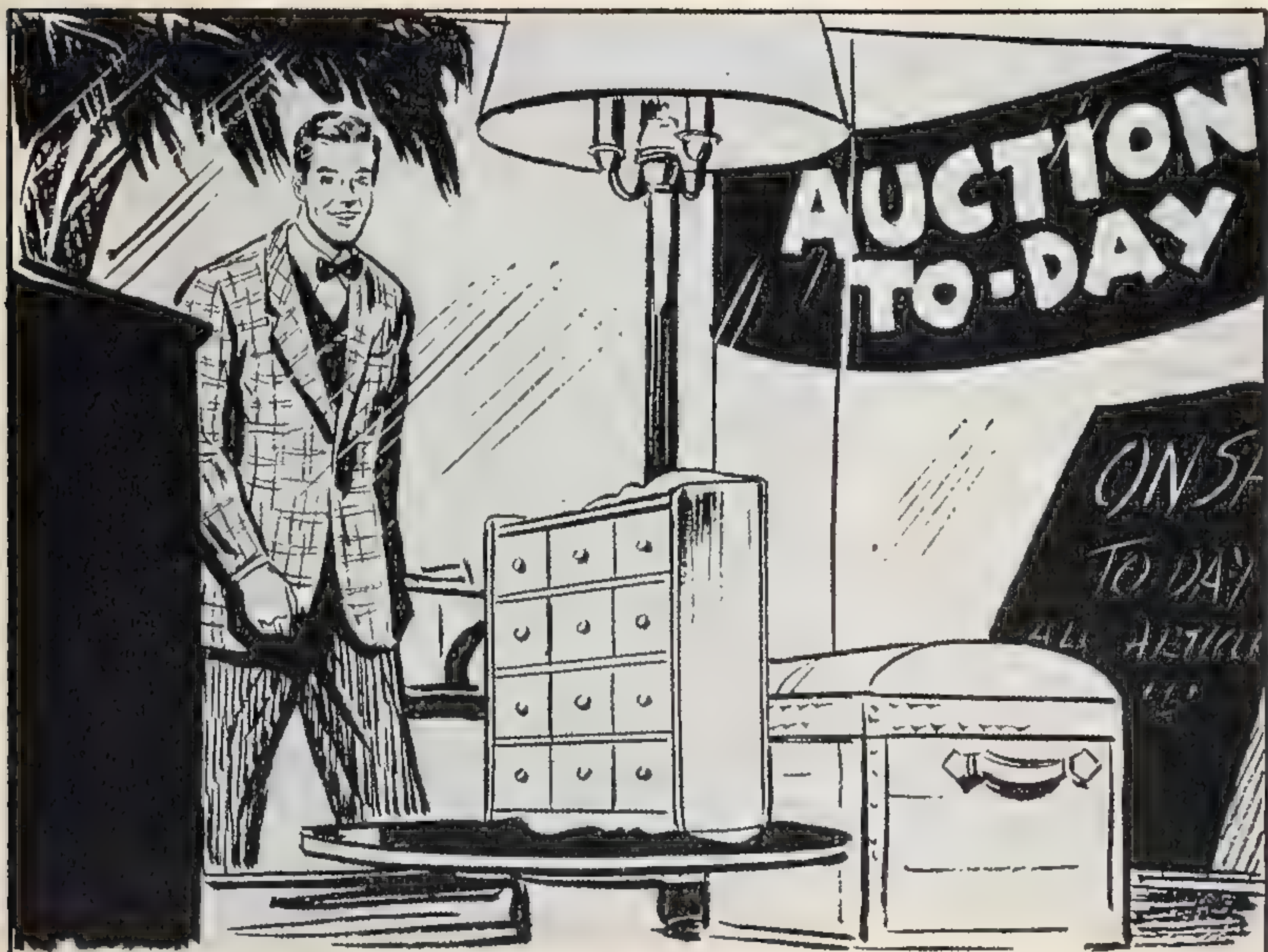
Photo-Plays



Jeff Hunter and his cute wife Barbara Rush are doing all right in their movie careers—he's in "Cry of the Swamp" and she's in "Flaming Feather." But still they have to watch their budget.



Jeff and Barbara had been married nearly a year when they decided—no anniversary presents! The house looked bare—they'd save the money for furniture



But as the day came closer, Jeff wasn't so sure. And when he saw a sign, "Auction today on Early American Furniture," he thought, "no harm in looking!" The first thing he saw was . . .



. . . a spice cabinet. Just what Barbara wanted! Besides, it was furniture for the house, too. When the cabinet was auctioned, Jeff bid \$5—and prayed no one would raise him. But a woman's . . .



. . . voice from the rear called "\$7.50!" Jeff went higher and higher. But the woman outbid him to the bitter end! Indignantly, Jeff turned to glare at her—then froze. For there . . .



. . . stood Barbara, looking at him accusingly. For a minute he looked guilty because he'd broken their bargain. Then light dawned. Barbara was the woman who'd outbid him!

The Truth About the Kathryn Grayson-Mario Lanza Feud

(Continued from page 41)

I had had a lovely visit with Kathryn, Mario, Betty and their children in the Lanza home. At that time all had been as serene as a June meadow. They all couldn't have been more affable toward one another.

I'm used to the chameleon quality in Hollywood relationships, but this one had me puzzled. I called Kathryn to ask what—in the sacred name of M-G-M—had happened between her and Mario?

"That columnist caught me in the wrong mood, and I blew my top," she said. She had enough spunk not to disavow her words or accuse the columnist of misquoting her. Then, having had her explosion, she simmered down to laugh at the whole affair.

Meantime, however, Betty read what Kathryn had said about her husband—and her Irish too went sailing skyward. "Mario asked me to forget the incident; explained that Kathryn, having recently completed a picture, was just tired," Betty told me. "But I couldn't get the damper on my temper." So Betty called Kathryn, demanding an explanation for her tirade against Mario. The two girls had it hot and heavy over the phone; then tempers cooled, apologies were exchanged, and once more serenity descended.

By this time, though, the press had begun to bounce the story around and by the time it reached New York, it had been hypoed into a hot feud between Mario and Kathryn. I'm not saying that the heat is entirely off at this writing. But I do know that all parties concerned have given logical answers for their actions and are complimentary toward one another.

Betty, for instance, made it clear that Kathryn was absolutely not at fault when Mario got in Dutch with his fellow workers by failing to sing at a party given by studio technicians. This incident, as I have explained before, is regarded as the start of Lanza's much publicized troubles at Metro. On the day of the party he had been working in water for hours in a "Toast of New Orleans" sequence. His voice was hoarse. It was decided by the higher-ups that he had better rest rather than sing at the studio party. Kathryn was to give full explanation for his absence.

This she failed to do, merely announcing that Mario wouldn't be there. Later the implication was given that Kathryn had deliberately withheld the facts to antagonize the technicians against Mario. "This is completely untrue," Betty told

me. "A studio representative was to instruct Kathryn in exactly what to say. He neglected to do so. Kathryn only knew that Mario wasn't going to be present so that was all she could tell the guests."

Kathryn, on her part, pays tribute to Mario's voice at the mere drop of a half-note. But to say she claims him among her favorites as a person would be an overstatement of the year. However, she does have an impish regard for him and his antics that is a form of affection. "Life around Mario never is dull," she says. Unless angered or goaded, she doesn't elaborate upon this statement. But a wry smile and a twinkle in her eyes imply that she could a tale unfold about the big boy that would make fascinating reading.

LANZA is never noted for a surplus of inhibition; nor Kathryn for a lack of high spirits. A saving sense of humor enables them to work together. "A singer has to be positive or the voice would wobble," Kathryn said to me. The studio cautiously puts their dressing rooms on opposite sides of the sound stages to lessen the possibility of fireworks. They keep out of each other's way when the cameras are not grinding.

Once, however, Kathryn was trying to take a nap when Mario began a favorite form of exercise, weight-lifting, near her dressing room. After taking the grunts and bumps as long as she could, she went out, picked up the barbell, and hoisted it above her head. "Now," she said, "will you get over to your side of the sound stage?" The startled Lanza complied. An awed technician later told Kathryn the barbell she'd lifted weighed 110 pounds.

Even when the cameras are turning, the two have a spirited relationship. Remember the Butterfly sequence in "The Toast of New Orleans"? One scene required Mario to hold Kathryn by the arm and for her to slap him. During rehearsals, he gripped her arm so tight that he left blue marks on the flesh. "Take it easy," she whispered. "I've got to play it this way," he whispered back. He did. "And," said Kathryn, "when the time came for me to slap him I brought my punch all the way from the floor."

But Kathryn still wasn't through with her vengeance. At the finish of the sequence she and Lanza had to run up a flight of stairs. It was an ordeal for Mario, who even then was overweight. So Kathryn deliberately fluffed the scene so the stair-running would have to be done over and over again, much to the discomfiture of

the puffing and panting Lanza. "I can be twice as mean as he can be," Kathryn once told me with that impish grin.

By such methods she keeps the exuberant Mario under control.

Movie feuds are usually confined to verbal snipes; but occasionally they reach the state of fisticuffs. Mark Stevens slugged director Irving Reis after an argument on how a scene should be played. Cornel Wilde punched cameraman Leon Shamroy during the filming of "Forever Amber."

The current meowing between Corinne Calvet and Zsa Zsa Gabor, though based on fact, has the odor of a publicity bonfire. However, both girls have sharp claws and know how to use them. So, if needled properly by the press and publicity department, Corinne and Zsa Zsa, who began their tiff playfully, may wind up scratching.

Rarely does Shelley Winters make a film that I don't hear she's feuding with somebody on the set. Most of her trouble stems from insisting on playing scenes her way. When she was making "A Place in the Sun," I said to director George Stevens, "Keep your foot on Shelley's neck, and you'll get a good performance from her." He replied a bit grimly, "Don't worry. She'll do as I say." Obviously she did, because she came through with a performance worthy of an Academy Award.

Frank Sinatra was not so successful in controlling that willful Winters girl when they made their new picture, "Meet Danny Wilson." A clash between the two was inevitable, because they're both headstrong, quick-tempered, outspoken personalities who are not short on ego. Tension on the set during the shooting often had the lesser lights looking for places of refuge in case the storm broke. When Frank went to Nevada later for night-club engagements, I'm told he used "Pardon the expression" before mentioning Shelley's name on his show.

Most of the current comedy teams are too closely knitted together in the public mind to risk disruption. What would Abbott be without Costello or vice versa? True, Lou and Bud have battled plenty with their studio over money matters; but they also fight together. All is not peaches and cream between the boys in private life. Frequently reports of their private differences reach me; but they never let the difficulties interfere with their work.

Nor do Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis. They admit to having been really mad at each other only once since they formed a team. The tiff came when Dean reproved Jerry for speaking too harshly to an assistant. "I could be with Dean every day and still love the boy," Lewis once said to me. "But not our wives. So to keep harmony, we don't see too much of each other socially."

Such a-feudin' and a-fussin' is to be expected in an industry that deals in high pressure, high salaries, and high opinions of oneself. It goes on all the time in Hollywood, with the Kathryn Grayson-Mario Lanza feud, if such it can be called, most recently taking the spotlight. When I'm making the rounds of a studio lot and the studio publicity man accompanying me turns ashen as we approach a certain sound stage—when he explains that so-and-so is not working today, or the set is closed, I have a faint suspicion that somebody's blowing a gasket inside. Usually I'm right.

Kathryn Grayson is currently in "Lovely to Look At," Mario Lanza is in "Because You're Mine."

THE END

"It Really Is 'My True Story'"



say countless listeners when they hear many of their own problems dramatized on radio's "My True Story". You see, "My True Story" presents in vivid form *true-to-life* problems—taken directly from the files of True Story Magazine. You'll meet *real* people—people like yourself, your friends, or your neighbors. And you'll hear them solve real-life problems involving love, hope, fear, jealousy, and many others.

TUNE IN

"MY TRUE STORY"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING STATIONS

she's engaged!

Dorothy Mabry to Richard Petty
Theirs was a campus romance—at the University of Southern California. To give Dorothy the ring he wanted for her, Dick worked all his vacation in a lumber camp! They will take their vows this summer in the First Presbyterian Church in Los Angeles—with Dorothy a most *adorable* bride!

she's lovely!

She is a *darling*! With the happiest blue eyes, and a complexion that is luminous rose pearl—Dorothy Mabry's entrancing face shows you immediately the sweet charm of her Inner Self. No wonder you love her the instant you meet her

she uses Pond's!

"You get such a happy feeling when you look your prettiest," Dorothy says



Dorothy's ring

Dorothy Mabry has the velvety complexion other girls would love!
"Pond's Cold Cream is *divine*," she says. "I use it every day."

Isn't it delightful—the confidence that comes to you when you know you *look* your very nicest?

Dorothy feels the most important point on a girl's beauty program should be a sparkling-clean, smooth skin. Her own complexion is enchanting. "You couldn't catch me going to bed without cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It makes my skin feel heavenly."

Your skin can "speak out" with a magic new loveliness, too, when you give it this very special Pond's care.

Every night and morning, *cream* your face with Pond's Cold Cream as Dorothy does. *This is the way:*

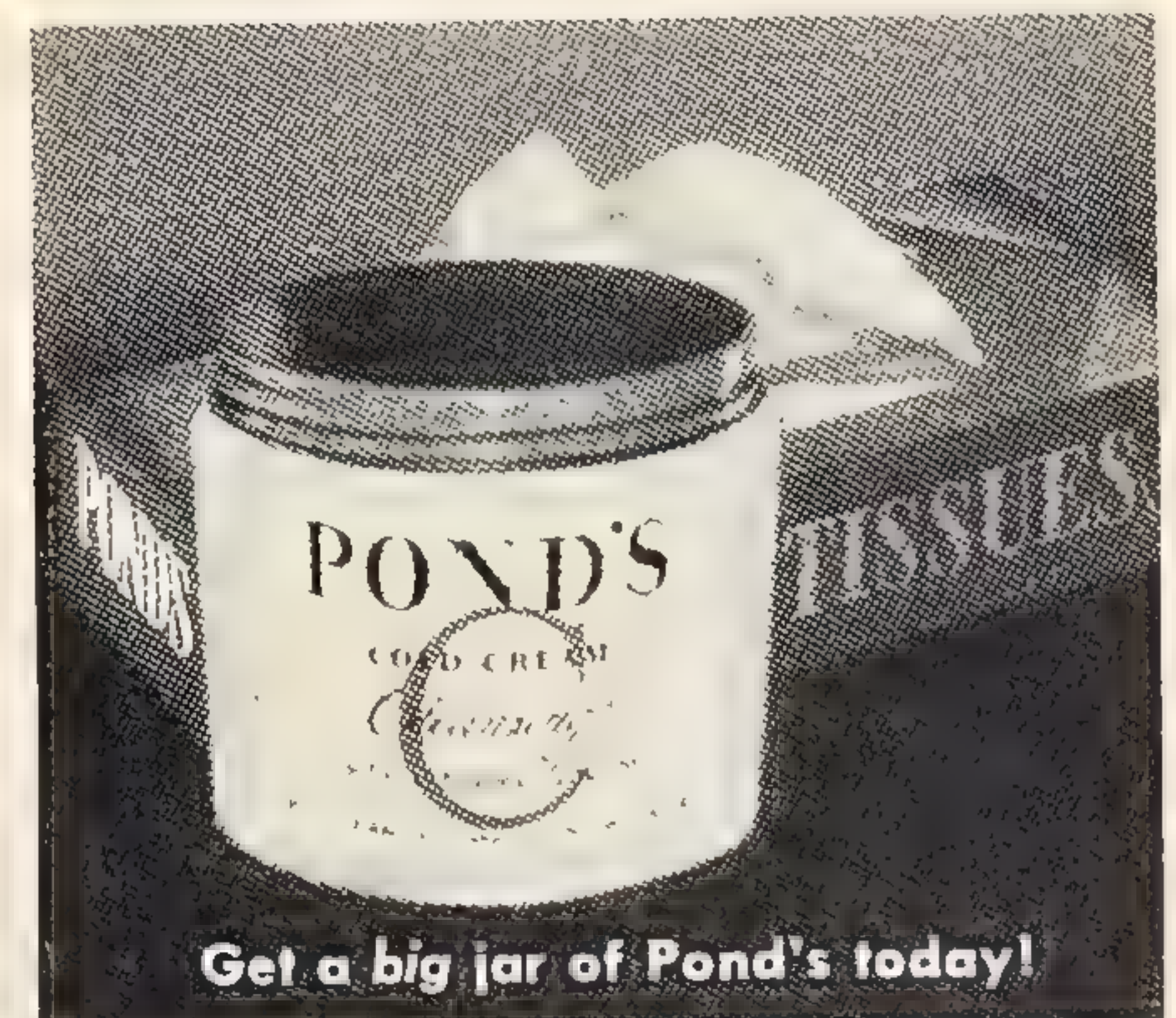
Hot Stimulation—a good hot water splashing.

Cream Cleanse—swirl light, fluffy* Pond's Cold Cream over face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's now, to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now— isn't it marvelous the way your skin looks so smoothed and refreshed? And doesn't it feel soft, *beautifully* clean?



Get a big jar of Pond's today!

It's *not* vanity to want to look your prettiest. When you are happy with the way you look, a captivating confidence sparkles your face, attracts others to you *on sight*!

START NOW TO HELP YOUR FACE SHOW A LOVELIER YOU!



After a dance number, what's your next step?

- ☐ Thank him and retreat ☐ Do a repeat

As the music stops, 'tween numbers—maybe you're plagued by a passel of doubts. Such as—might Pete prefer the next whirl with some other girl? Should you retreat to Wallflowers' Roost? Or high-sign the stag line? 'Course not! Continue with your partner 'til a gent cuts in. If *problem-time* doubts beset you, you can vanquish them with Kotex, for those flat pressed ends rout revealing outlines. So prance through the prom undismayed!



Does writing letters help to improve—

- ☐ Knock-knees
☐ Your romance ☐ Your chatter

Bet this stumped you! Any hoo, you *can* whittle fat from the inner knee thusly: Lying on back with leg straight up—"write" letters of the alphabet with your big toe. Repeat with other leg. Get plumpish knees in shape for summer playtogs—and for comfort on certain days, get Kotex: this new softness *holds* its shape!

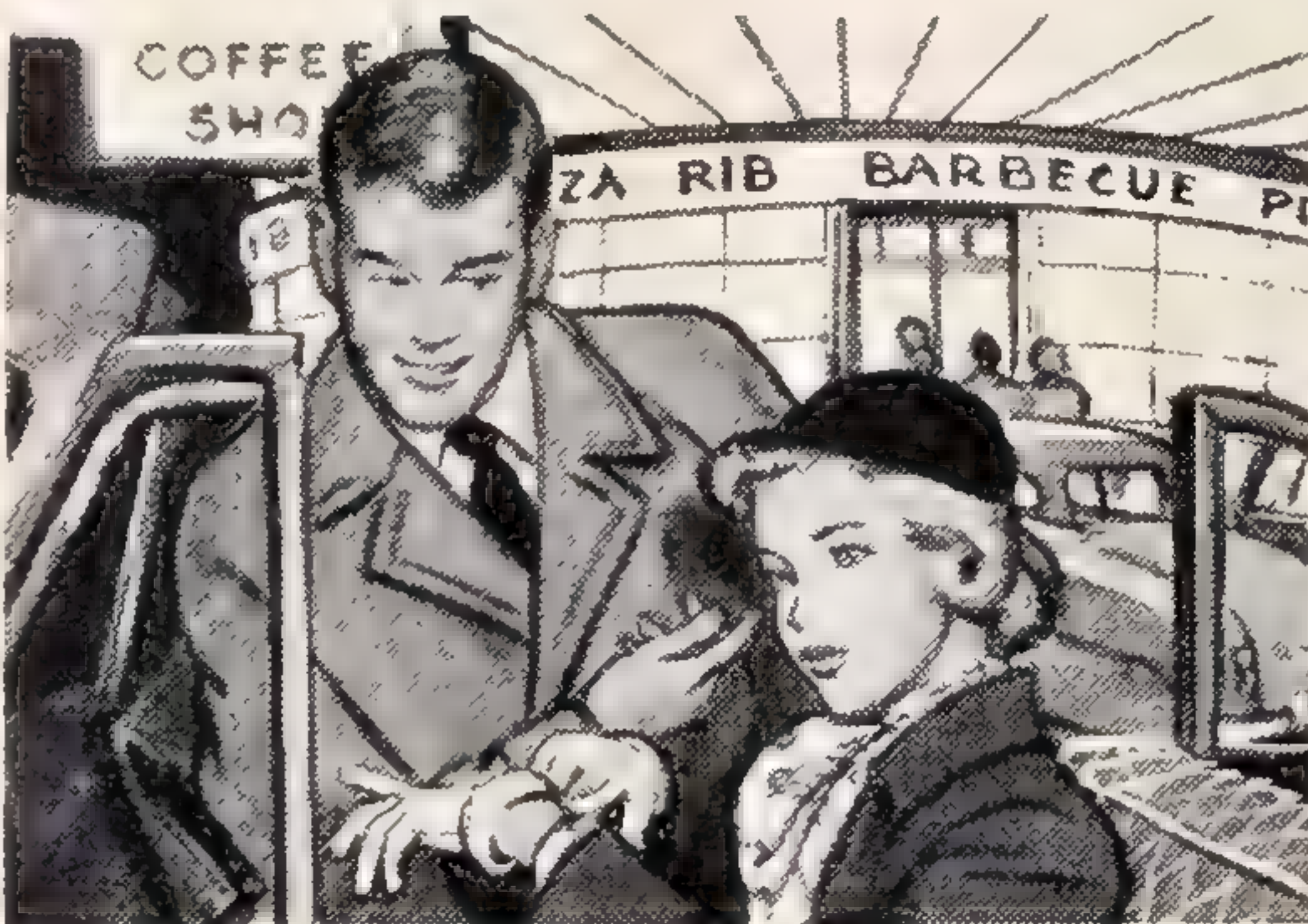


How to prepare for "certain" days?

- ☐ Circle your calendar ☐ Perk up your wardrobe
☐ Buy a new belt

Before "that" time, be ready! All 3 answers can help. But to assure *extra comfort*, buy a new sanitary belt. Made with soft-stretch elastic—this strong, lightweight sanitary belt's non-twisting . . . non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. *Dries pronto!* So don't wait: buy a new Kotex belt *now*. Buy *two—for a change!*

Are you in the know?



When to tell him your dating curfew?

- ☐ When starting out ☐ Play the waiting game

He planned to top the evening off with a real special eat-treat. But *you're due home*—as of now! Why wait 'til your dating deadline? Break the curfew news when you're starting out. Likewise, when listing sanitary needs, don't wait 'til calendar time to choose Kotex. That special *safety center* gives *extra protection*. Try all 3 absorbencies.



More women choose KOTEX*
than all other sanitary napkins

* T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

LAUGHING STOCK

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

(See Erskine Johnson's "Hollywood Reel" on your local television station.)

G.I. to Bob Hope: "Do you know where Jane Russell was born?"

Hope: "I dunno, but wherever it is, it's a whistle stop!"

After seeing "A Place in the Sun," a Fitchburg, Mass., theatre owner wrote director George Stevens:

"Next time you make a picture like this have Montgomery Clift kill the society girl instead of the factory girl—goes over better with these milltown audiences."

In "Clash by Night," Barbara Stanwyck marries Paul Douglas and then discovers she's in love with Bob Ryan. The studio sent the spicy love triangle plot to the censors for approval. The censors asked for only one change—they said Barbara couldn't smoke in bed!

Vic Mature, back in Roman armor again for "Androcles and the Lion," had this grinning explanation for his many sheet-metal wardrobe roles:

"I'm the only man in Hollywood who can carry eighty-seven pounds of uniform."

Someone asked Roy Rogers how he did in the Bob Hope movie, "Son of Paleface": "Terrible," said Roy. "They gave me dialogue."

Talking about her TV appearances, Zsa Zsa Gabor said: "Every week they put on more and more make-up and take off more and more clothes. I love it."

Day after Buddy Baer "killed" a bull with his bare hands for one of the big thrills in "Quo Vadis," a prankster sent him a steak with a note: "This is from the bull you killed." Buddy returned the steak with a note: "Sorry, I refuse to eat a fellow actor."

Current explanation of why Hollywood is making so many Biblical films: The producers want to show a prophet.

A professional wrestler named "Bomber" Kulkovich, working in a fight scene with Gregory Peck in "The World in His Arms," was asked by the director to give it a little more expression.

"Sure," said the wrestler, "which one of my expressions do you want—hurt, double-hurt, triple-hurt or the super-colossal I-can't-stand-it?"

Busy film executive to his secretary: "Where's my pencil?"

Secretary: "It's behind your ear."

Executive: "Come, come, I'm a busy man. Which ear?"

Jane Russell went to bathing-suit designer Rose Marie Reid and said she wanted a couple of suits for her personal wardrobe. "As you know," smiled Jane, "I have a problem."

"On you," replied Rose Marie, "it's no problem."

Look lovelier offer!

Yes, lovelier looking skin in 10 days
with Doctor's Home Facial . . . *or your money back on special offer below!*



Dry skin. "Noxzema has helped my skin look so much softer and smoother," says Val Lewis of New Orleans. "It's fine for rough, dry skin."



"Creamwash." "My skin looks smoother since I 'cream-wash' with Noxzema," says Phyllis Riggs of Brooklyn. "I recommend it to all my friends."

MORNING:



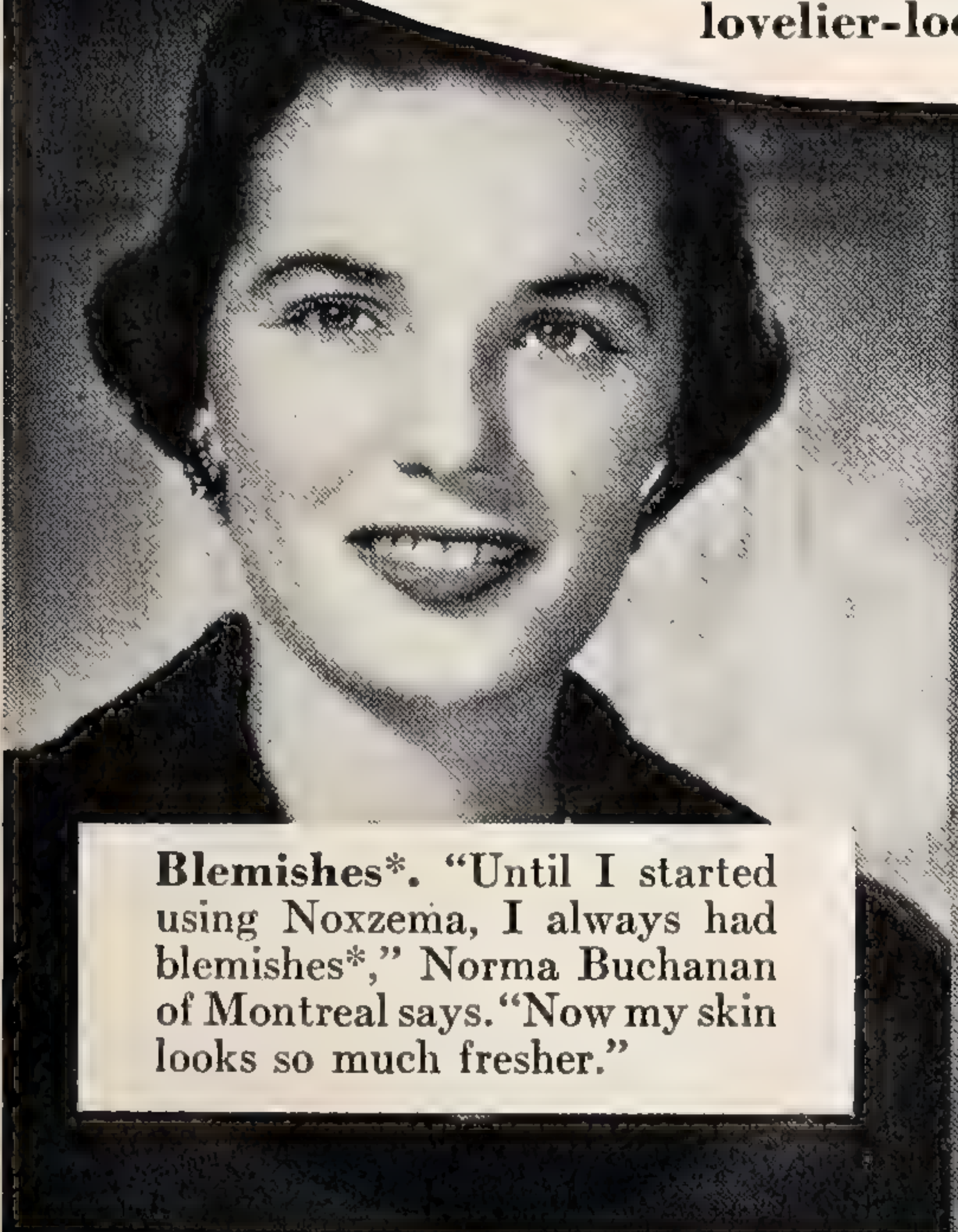
1. For thorough cleansing, "cream-wash": Apply Noxzema liberally to face and neck. Then with a cloth wrung out in warm water "creamwash" with Noxzema instead of using soap. How fresh and clean your skin looks! No dry, drawn feeling!
2. Apply Noxzema lightly as powder base. It helps protect your skin all day long.

EVENING:



3. "Creamwash" again with *medicated* Noxzema. See how completely it washes away make-up and dirt.
4. Now apply Noxzema as your night cream to help skin look softer and smoother. Pat a bit extra over any blemishes* to help heal them. It's *medicated*—that's one secret! *Greaseless*, too. No smeary face! No messy pillow!

Follow these directions for a lovelier-looking skin!



Blemishes*. "Until I started using Noxzema, I always had blemishes*," Norma Buchanan of Montreal says. "Now my skin looks so much fresher."



Make-up base. "I always use Noxzema under my make-up and I'm delighted with the way it helps heal blemishes*," says Paulette Hendrix of Savannah.

See for yourself how quickly the new Noxzema Home Beauty Routine can help your skin look smoother, lovelier.

This simple routine was developed by a noted skin doctor. In actual clinical tests, it helped 4 out of 5 women to have lovelier-looking complexions—often within two weeks.

Surveys show that all over the United States hundreds and hundreds of women like those pictured here are switching to this sensible skin care, shown at the left.

Read how it helped Val Lewis of New Orleans who had rough, dry skin. Read how delighted Phyllis Riggs, Norma Buchanan and Paulette Hendrix are with the way Noxzema helps heal externally-caused blemishes and keep skin looking smooth and lovely. Hundreds report similar results.

See how it can help you. No matter how many other creams you have used, try Noxzema. It is a *medicated* formula. That's *ONE* secret of its effectiveness!

If you have problem skin and have been longing for a complexion that wins compliments—that looks softer, smoother—just give Noxzema's Home Beauty Routine a 10-day trial.

Noxzema works—or money back! If not delighted with results, return jar to Noxzema, Baltimore. Your money back! For inexpensive trial, take advantage of LOOK LOVELIER OFFER today.

**externally-caused*

CLIP THIS COUPON AS A REMINDER!

look lovelier offer!
Get 40¢ NOXZEMA

only **29¢** plus tax

1. Use this trial jar—see how much lovelier it helps your skin look
2. then save money by getting the **GIANT 10 oz. JAR** only 89¢ plus tax!

At any drug or cosmetic counter.



True Romance

More Stories . . .

More Color . . .

More Pages . . .

in the exciting April

TRUE ROMANCE

at newsstands now

In this bigger, better-than-ever April issue, you'll find an extra 8 pages, 2 heart-warming full length novels instead of one and, to add to the already powerfully human pictures, TRUE ROMANCE will bring you wonderful full-color! If you've enjoyed reading this stirring magazine of life, love and romance in the past, you'll get twice the satisfaction when you get your copy of the thrilling new April issue. Don't miss it!

Get your copy of April

TRUE ROMANCE

on sale at your local newsstands today!

(Continued from page 35)

pace, the story then follows Merrill's visits to the homes of the deceased. Each visit provides a little drama of its own, sometimes tragic. Bette Davis is seen briefly in the final episode. An arresting film, expertly directed and beautifully acted, it manages to hold one's interest despite the leaping or idly meandering plot. Rounding out the story are Evelyn Varden, Warren Stevens, Beatrice Straight, Craig Stevens and Helen Westcott.

Your Reviewer Says: It will linger in your memory.

Program Notes: Mr. and Mr. Gary Merrill (Bette Davis) lunched each day in their dressing room from a picnic basket . . . On the set the phone rang constantly—Farley Granger calling Shelley Winters who was then his best girl. Finally director Jean Negulesco suggested the picture be re-titled, "Phone Call from a Granger" . . . The cast figured that during the shooting, Shelley had consumed twenty-one cartons of chewing gum . . . Craig Stevens and his wife, Alexis Smith, invited the entire cast, with their husbands or wives or sweethearts, to a pool party at the completion of the picture.

✓ 1/2 (F) The Las Vegas Story (RKO)

WHAT a lot of whoop-de-do this is with a helicopter chasing a murderer all over the Nevada countryside. It all starts when Jane Russell, a former singer in The Last Chance gambling spot, returns to Las Vegas with her new husband Vincent Price, a reputed millionaire. Here Jane again meets Victor Mature, the man she loved and jilted. Well, in no time at all, Jane discovers she still loves Victor and Vincent is just a broken down old embezzler who suddenly finds himself accused of murder. The real murderer, in the meantime, abducts Jane. Victor, in the helicopter, is on his tail for an exciting finish. Hoagy Carmichael plays the piano.

Your Reviewer Says: Better roll the dice again, kids.

Program Notes: The white bathing suit worn by Jane in the picture evoked louder whistles than the Super Chief coming into Chicago . . . Victor Mature enjoyed the Las Vegas location but kept away from those games of chance. Vic just is not the chancy type . . . The diamond necklace worn by Jane was the real thing, created for the film by Cartier of New York. Its price? \$150,000. . . . Hoagy Carmichael's new tune "The Monkey Song" was sung and played for the first time by Hoagy himself.

✓ (F) Actors and Sin (U.A.)

PRODUCER-writer-director Ben Hecht brings two separate stories to the screen in one film. The first story concerns a worshipping father, Edward G. Robinson, whose actress daughter, Marsha Hunt, meets a just fate. The writing, directing and acting are all good. The second story, however, goes hog-wild in an attempt to kid Hollywood, with the story idea itself somehow getting out of hand. Eddie Albert is an agent, Alan Reed is the big producer. Jenny Hecht is the nine-year-old prodigy who writes a screen epic.

Your Reviewer Says: Search me. I still don't know what to think.

Program Notes: Marsha Hunt went on tour, after completing this picture, with "The Cocktail Party," replacing Pat Neal who played in the original La Jolla production. Now Marsha's back in Hollywood for "The Happy Time." Edward G. Robinson also made a return to the stage taking over the Claude Rains role in "Darkness at Noon."

WITHOUT RISKING A PENNY!

YOU CAN
QUALIFY
TO

WIN \$17,000.00
(SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS)

500
PRIZES
GIVEN

in the 2nd Annual 'GOLD RUSH' Contest

In this fascinating puzzle game, you can easily qualify to win a fabulous Cash Award. Here is a money-making opportunity for you... an opportunity to earn \$3,000.00; \$5,000.00; \$10,000.00 or EVEN AS MUCH AS SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS cash, and without leaving the comfort of your own home.

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ENTRY!

In this FUN puzzle game, you are required only to rearrange the 20 "Names in the News" shown in the panel, so that all the blank squares will be filled with letters to spell these 20 words correctly. Could anything be easier than that? The detailed instructions given below are "crystal clear" and easy

to follow. No dictionaries, encyclopedias, picture puzzle books or other reference books are needed. You know exactly what to do. There is no uncertainty. Send your puzzle solution quickly and some day you may say "that was the luckiest day of my life."

\$42,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES

This Huge Distribution of Contest Cash is offered by the COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER of Indianapolis. This nation-wide non-sectarian campaign is being conducted to acquaint you with our activities as well as to enlist your support, so that the splendid work carried on for many years among the underprivileged children of this great city may be maintained and extended.

HERE'S HOW TO SOLVE THIS PUZZLE

Starting on the chart with the name "INDIANAPOLIS" fill in ALL the blank squares, each with a separate letter, to spell a "NAME IN THE NEWS." Spell from left to right and from top to bottom. Use only names found in the list of names shown in the margin of the puzzle chart. Every name must be used in solving the puzzle and no name can be used twice. All names must be connected or interlocked. One letter only may be used in each letter square and the name "INDIANAPOLIS" must remain on the chart in the position shown.

When the 20 "NAMES IN THE NEWS" in addition to "INDIANAPOLIS" have been used, filling in all of the squares with the letters properly connected or interlocked, you will have finished your solution. Spelling must be the same as in the word list. For example, starting with "N" in INDIANAPOLIS, it's easy to see the correct name to use is "NEHRU."

EARN
\$1000
EXTRA

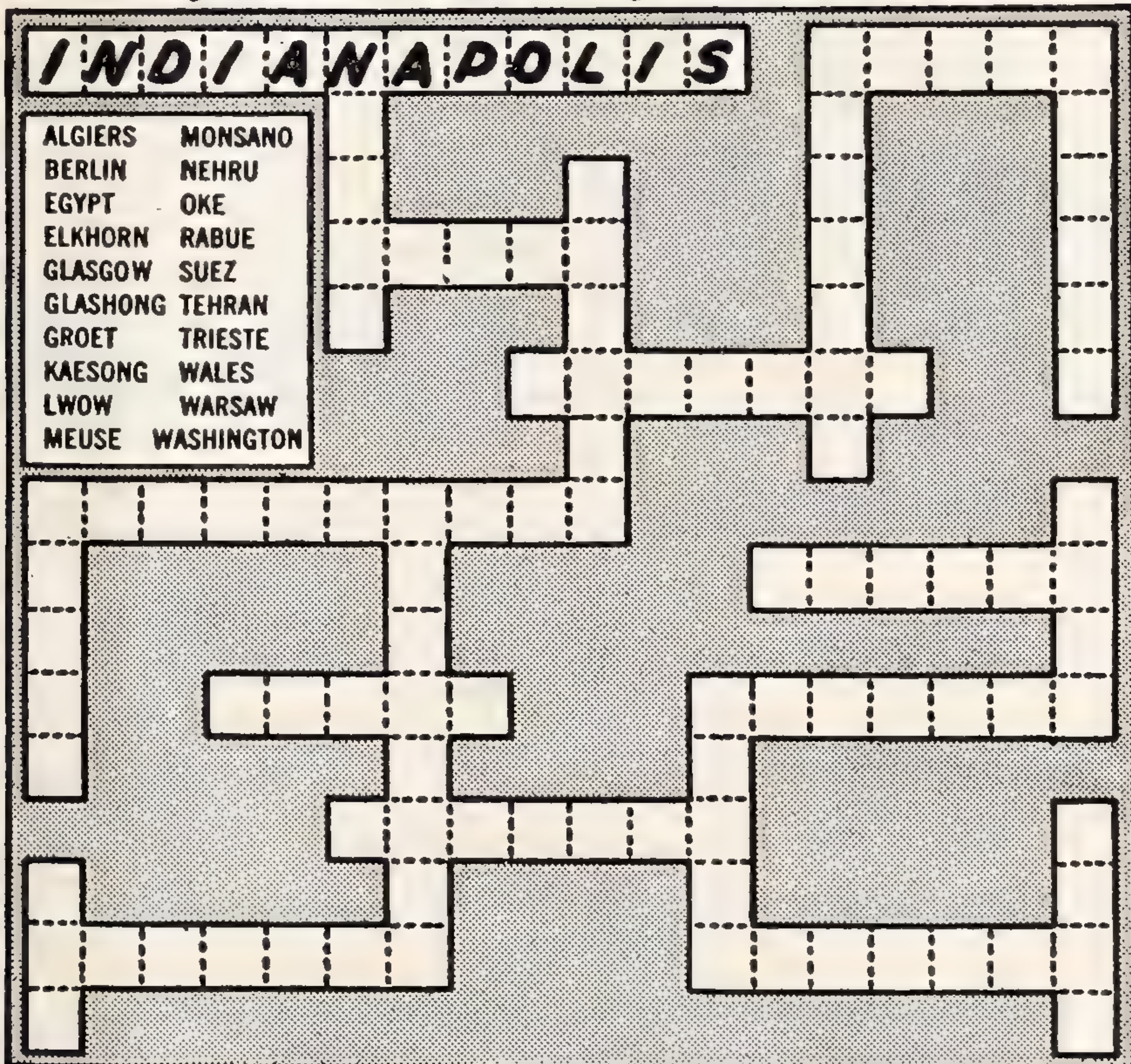
When mailing back your entry, write on a separate sheet, the names and addresses of two persons you know who enjoy working interesting puzzles and who you feel sure would like to enter this money-making puzzle competition. Should either of these friends win any of the three top prizes, you will receive \$1,000 EXTRA as your reward.

Rush FREE Entry Now!

After you have filled in all the blank squares with the proper names, correctly spelled and joined together, clip out the puzzle chart with coupon, print your name and address and mail to COMMUNITY YOUTH CENTER, 44 South Capitol Ave., Indianapolis 4, Ind. SEND NO MONEY. That's all you need do to be eligible.

The same day we receive your entry, we will reply, telling you how easy it is to proceed and win one of the 500 generous prizes, including the Grand Award of \$17,000.00. Mail your entry and make certain you have taken the first step which can lead to prosperity. COSTS NOTHING TO TRY. When you receive our letter outlining the next step in this fascinating game—you will be under no obligation to go any farther unless you want to continue in the contest. Residents of the United States, Alaska, Puerto Rico and Hawaii, who are 18 years of age and over, are eligible to enter contest.

Names in the News PUZZLE



I have filled in the above chart with 20 connecting names. Tell me how I may NOW proceed to win up to \$17,000 GRAND AWARD in your 2nd ANNUAL GOLD RUSH CONTEST. I am at least 18 years old.

Name.....

Address.....

City or P. O. State.....

Mail to INDIANAPOLIS YOUTH CENTER
44 South Capitol Ave., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Y

P

If you are *smallish* or just *in-between*,



You need *Hidden Treasure* to look like a queen!

*Hidden Treasure**

adds fullness without pads or puffs

Suddenly your curves are fuller, rounder, excitingly in line with fashion—and only *you* know the reason. It's Hidden Treasure—with the amazing patented MAGICUP! The built-in contours can't ever wash out. No wonder fashion-wise women ask for Hidden Treasure by name more than any other bra. Regular, plunging and strapless—about 3.50 to 5.00

Extremely small bust? Ask for Peter Pan Tripl-Treasure. Plunging and strapless—about 5.00 and 5.95

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Flat on Their Bank Accounts

(Continued from page 61)

his bank account. At last reports Lana Turner still owed the Internal Revenue gents \$160,000. Robert Mitchum, who earns \$4,500 a week, tells me he still must borrow every year to meet the March 15 deadline. Van Johnson lives from check to check. Miss Grable's collateral is controlled by an H—for horses. And if there is anything more unpredictable than a nag, don't tell me.

As for the new terrific million-dollar movie men, Mario Lanza and Martin and Lewis, when you get an eyeful of their mode of living, you'll wonder, as I do, whether they possibly will be able to live on the right side of the ledger when the glory and the glamour are just a memory.

Rita Hayworth's contract at Columbia reads like the dream her marriage to Prince Aly wasn't. It's a straight seven-year deal. The first two years Rita receives \$4,500 weekly. Next two years \$5,000 every seven days. Two more years at \$6,000. The last year, it's up to Rita to decide how much.

I first learned of Rita's present impecunious state when she rented a lawyer's

"To borrow a famous man's way of saying it, 'A good speech is like a lady's dress—just long enough to cover the subject and just short enough to be interesting.'"

GEORGE MURPHY

home in Beverly Hills. He wanted to sell it. But Rita didn't have the down payment. So she agreed to rent at \$850 a month, with a vague option to buy. The swank Lincoln car she drives belongs to her studio, who change it for a new car every year, registered in their name. That's a nice deal, but personally I'd rather own my own car, so I can raise some cash on it when and if things get tough. And they are tough for Rita.

Even the house she did own B. A. (before Aly) was sold by order of Aly through his horse trainer. The \$50,000 received for the house was expressed to Lloyds in Geneva, and used, according to a good source, to pay some of Aly's more pressing gambling debts. Aly, I'm told, is in debt to every bookmaker in England.

While Rita was still living with the supposedly billionaire Moslem Prince, she was sued by her Hollywood business manager of many years, for unpaid salary. I hear that Rita still is in debt. The big house, with two nurses and three servants, is expensive to run. And how can Rita save for a future rainy day with an income tax bracket of ninety cents on every dollar?

Frank Sinatra makes between half and three quarters of a million every year. You and I could be very happy on that. We might even retire after a year or two or three. But Frankie daren't stop working for more than a month. It isn't so much what he has to pay Nancy—one third of his salary up to \$150,000 and 40 per cent on anything over that—it's the way Frankie has become accustomed to living that cuts the bottom from his money hope chest.

His "shack" at Palm Springs cost him \$160,000. When he tried to sell the place recently, \$60,000 was the highest bid received for the white elephant. He decided it would be cheaper for him and Ava to live there. His courtship of Ava meant a big revenue for the airlines—and set him back plenty for transportation. Also that emerald and diamond necklace he bought Ava, didn't grow on any tree.

If Frankie confined his generosity to his

family, he might have a chance of breaking even one day. But he gives so much to so many people. One Christmas he gave away five cars as presents. I heard him tell a member of his crowded entourage—"Go down to the barber shop, find out the name of that manicurist who's leaving on her vacation tomorrow . . . I want her to have the best rawhide luggage you can buy." The four pieces came to \$900. "That's just what I wanted," said Frankie. This, for a girl whose name he didn't even know!

Only Mickey Rooney has spent so prodigiously for the ladies—and this includes his three wives. I'm told that each mating cost the Mick \$100,000. The birds and the bees do it cheaper. Wife number two, Betty Jane Rase, invested her hundred grand in a string of motels managed by her mother. She's doing fine. I've never asked Ava what she did with hers. I hope she socked it away. She may need it with Frankie. Martha Vickers is taking hers at the rate of \$2,000 a month, with \$10,000 in cash for a down payment on a house.

Mickey received \$75,000 for his Bob Hope picture. He gets \$100,000 for three pictures from Columbia. But to save him from his mania for spending, the studio pays him at the rate of \$1,000 a week over six years. I use the word "mania" advisedly. At one time Mickey had *ten* cars in his garage, and a hangar housing a \$35,000 airplane! There was a car for his butler and one for the nurse! His favorite piece of literature is *The Racing Form*. He's trying hard to cut down on the horses. But not long ago, I saw him place a \$400 bet on each of the eight races in one afternoon. That adds up to an expensive three hours. Even a millionaire would pause. And with the astronomical income taxes of today Hollywood stars are a long way from joining the millionaire fraternity.

MARIO LANZA's intake for 1951 touched the million and a half mark. For nine months of RCA recordings Mario received a check for \$401,000. In addition to his income from movies and radio and concert tours, he owns a tungsten mine, a ball-bearing works and a song-publishing company. He won't have to borrow to pay his income tax this year. But his over-all fortune easily could be stunted on the present regime of spending.

Mario, generous to a fault, recently bought his wife Betty an \$18,000 silver-blue mink coat. Betty has only to open her mouth to ask for something, and it's hers. Last week, for instance, Mario came home with two love birds—a mere \$400—chicken feed. Mario also was willing to spend \$250,000 for the Arthur Lyons home on Sunset Boulevard. But he was spared the \$125,000 a year maintenance cost of this place when Betty spoke up and said it was silly, because Mario plans to spend six months of each year away from Hollywood, giving concert tours in this hemisphere and in Europe.

Mario's a good son and a good friend. With his first bonus, he bought a \$25,000 house for his parents. He gave ex-Marine Dale Goodman \$20,000 to start a chicken farm in Oregon. His trainer, Terry Robinson, was gifted with a Chevrolet convertible.

For himself, 29-year-old Mario likes expensive clothes, rare gold watches—he has one \$1,500 watch intricately inserted inside a \$20 gold piece. And cuff-links of precious stones. He loves people and likes to entertain. The house in Beverly Hills is crowded from morning until night. Mario has a good business manager, and I assume the latter is socking away a dollar for every dollar Mario spends with such joyful fortissimo.

No one knows for sure how much Martin and Lewis are making. But the young

Too vital a matter for 'guess work' among young wives



(only two minutes' reading time may end all your confusion)

For a number of years there has been great confusion as to just what to use for internal feminine cleanliness. Women are certainly fully aware how necessary internal hygiene is to their health and married happiness. They realize how important it is to douche after their periods and to guard against offensive odor. But WHAT to use has long been the bewildering question.

In the past, many women were forced to use harmful poisons. Then next, women foolishly went to the other extreme and used weak, ineffective home-made solutions. Imagine any up-to-date fastidious woman taking such chances with the most intimate concern of her life! But fortunately the advent of ZONITE has put an end to all this confusion.

Developed By Famous Surgeon and Scientist

The ZONITE principle—developed by a renowned surgeon and scientist—

was the first in the whole world to be *powerfully effective yet absolutely safe* to tissues. Scientists have tested every known antiseptic-germicide they could find on sale for the douche and no other type proved so powerful yet harmless as ZONITE. It is positively non-poisonous, non-irritating. ZONITE can be used as directed as often as needed without the slightest risk of injury. And it does the job!

What ZONITE does . . .

ZONITE gives you BOTH internal and external hygienic protection. It keeps your person so dainty and clean. ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. It's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract, but you can depend on ZONITE to kill every reachable germ. An ideal solution for effective feminine cleanliness. Inexpensive, too!

Ideal 'All Purpose' Antiseptic-Germicide For General Home Use

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NEW! FREE!

Mail coupon for FREE book (never before published). Reveals intimate facts and gives complete information on feminine hygiene. Write Zonite Products Corp., Dept. PP-42, 100 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.*

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Address.....

City..... State.....

are YOU that
one girl
in a million?



Perhaps as you read this YOU may be the girl on the threshold of a new, exciting life. YOU may be that someone among our millions of readers who will be chosen as Miss TRUE STORY for 1953. The winner will have her picture appear on the covers of TRUE STORY Magazine, she will receive \$1,000 in cash for her services as a model and many handsome gifts. She may even follow in the footsteps of lovely Elaine Stewart, this year's Cover Girl, who is now a professional model and screen starlet living in Hollywood. She may be YOU!!

This is the opportunity of a life-time. You can't afford to miss it.

For Complete Details on the wonderful
Miss TRUE STORY 1953
Cover Girl Contest

be sure to get MAY

TRUE STORY magazine

on sale at newsstands Friday, April 11th

comics, unknown a few years ago, chalked up something in the neighborhood of one million smackeroos for the fiscal year ending this March. It's fun to spend money when you're young. And Dean and Jerry are having fun; Jerry more than Dean, who is slightly handicapped with alimony payments of \$36,000 a year to his former wife. A payment of \$36,000 requires an earning intake of nearly half a million dollars. That's what Dean has to make before he starts paying for his second family.

Jerry paid cash for his \$125,000 home. He owns two Cadillacs as does Dean. He supports his own and his wife's parents. He took up golf a month ago, and promptly bought thirty sets of clubs for his friends. He gives watches to all of his acquaintances. When Dean sees anyone with an unusual watch, he says, "That must be a friend of Jerry's." And young Mr. Lewis has the most expensive hobby in town. He makes full-length movies for private viewing. A conservative estimate of Jerry's camera equipment is \$30,000. The film alone for his last, "The Re-Enforcer," cost \$2,000. Add a dozen lawsuits since Jerry and Dean hit the fame jackpot and you'll see why income tax day could be a problem.

Lana Turner was in debt when she married reputed millionaire Bob Topping. And, like Rita Hayworth, she came out of her marriage poorer than when she went in. I'm told it's her money in the Turner-Topping honeymoon mansion in Bel-Air—\$95,000 worth. She is disposing of the pretty show place for something more in keeping with her pocket.

Lana spends her salary the way stars used to in days of no income tax. I hope she has signed her new Metro contract by the time you read this story. It's supposed to take care of the fortune she owes Uncle Sam.

Van Johnson, like Stewart Granger, borrowed a big hunk of dollars to pay for a lovely home after his marriage to Evie. Van's place cost \$125,000. Granger's, with all the additions, cost nearer \$150,000. When you figure these people are lucky if—with a quarter million dollars a year salary—taxes leave them with \$30,000 a year, you realize how tough it can be for them to pay back a loan of \$100,000.

When Van, with Evie's two boys and a daughter of his own, outgrew the first home, he moved into another more practical but just as expensive place in Beverly Hills—without waiting to sell the first. And Van was the boy who was so scared of getting into debt, he lived in one bedroom—before his marriage, of course.

The Grangers have come down to earth too—with quite a bang-bang. Stewart wanted only the best for his young bride,

Jean Simmons. But the little lady gasped—in dismay, when her handsome husband carried her over the threshold of a small palace after she married him fifteen months ago. Now they're looking for a nest to call their own, and hoping desperately for a buyer to take the big house, and take them out of the red.

There was a story that when Betty Grable changed agents, the new ten per centers loaned her \$40,000 to tide over a financial difficulty. Betty denied the story at the time, but the agents who were jilted told me the story was true. It's a common practice. Stars who need ready cash are tempted to switch to agents who will make money advances. There is no risk involved and the agent always collects. If Betty is hard up—and she lost eight months of salary at \$8,000 a week last year, on suspension—you could put it down to the horses again. Unless you win consistently, the sport of kings is very expensive. Like owning a yacht.

Which brings us to Errol Flynn. Errol wants to sell the famous "Zaca." He earns \$200,000 for every picture he makes at Warners. But his yacht costs \$1,000 a month to maintain. Add to this \$12,000 a year expense there's \$30,000 it costs him to support his first wife, the gal he calls Tiger Lili (Damita). There's also the \$550 a month he pays for his two children, with Nora Haymes. All of which, plus his non-stop lawsuits, doesn't leave much over for the future. Errol hopes to get away from it all one day and settle on his ranch in Jamaica. I hope he can swing it.

If Robert Mitchum stays out of trouble, he should break even in the financial department by 1953. He has paid back half of the \$50,000 he borrowed from boss Howard Hughes to finance his home and swimming pool. He lives quietly with Dorothy and the boys, with no lavish parties, so that faithfully every week he can diminish his debts. He still has to make up the money he lost when a former business manager bilked him of something like \$70,000. A business manager took Linda Darnell for the same amount. Me, if I ever make a lot of dollars, I'll manage it myself.

Dan Dailey is playing it safe. "I get \$75 a week for spending money and food," he told me recently. "The rest goes into stocks and bonds and annuities." Dan waited to buy a swank make car, until he could put every dollar on the line. No deferred payments in Dailey's life.

They say the man with all the money in town is Bob Hope. I'll match him with Fred MacMurray and Joel McCrea, both of whom parlayed their movie earnings into big fortunes. And when you can do that, in these high taxable days, you are a genius.

THE END



HELP

... police find the fugitive criminal named and described on the "True Detective Mysteries" radio program every Sunday afternoon.

\$1,000.00 REWARD

... is offered for information leading to the arrest of any one of these criminals. Hear the details about this \$1,000.00 reward on "True Detective Mysteries".

"TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES"

Every Sunday Afternoon on 523 Mutual Stations

Two Brothers

(Continued from page 47)

positions were reversed.

The only person who really could tell this story in its dramatic entirety is Scott Brady. But there's no chance he ever will tell even a part of it. If anyone, in fact, so much as suggests that Larry has been a source of sorrow, Scott's eyes become steely slits.

"Larry," he flares, "is as good as they come. Since he is both sensitive and intelligent he has paid with his own suffering for whatever mistakes he may have made."

More than this he will not say. His admiration and devotion for his brother is great. His gratitude, if possible, is greater. In a way, he owes his success to Larry—so what if he lately has assumed the greater portion of family responsibility? He is only doing what Larry did before him.

IT WAS seven years ago that Scott, discharged from the Navy, made tracks for Hollywood. His family had moved there from Brooklyn following Larry's success in the studios.

Not that Scott entertained any thought of becoming an actor. Like every man who came back with his hide whole Scott wanted only to laugh at life and to spend his terminal leave pay recklessly.

But one day when he and Larry were lunching at Lucey's Restaurant, producer Hal Wallis, sitting at the next table with Photoplay's Sheilah Graham, called him over and offered him a screen test.

That did it. Scott was convinced Wallis had a few marbles missing. But not Larry. Larry promptly proceeded to coach Scott at home. And he finally induced him to enroll in a school for acting on his G.I. Bill

of Rights. Moreover, whenever Scott appeared in a school play, Larry would plant himself in the audience. And when, at last, he believed Scott to be ready, he induced agent John Darrow to see one of his performances and to sign him.

"Larry wouldn't have let me quit if I had tried," Scott will tell you. "He worked with me. And he made me work. And he was always shoving me forward, kindly and unselfishly—until at last he made me believe in myself."

.....

"Whenever I see a young actress who is carried away with herself, I'm reminded of the fly riding on a wagon wheel who looked backward to remark, 'My, my, look at the dust I'm kicking up.'"

... MARJORIE MAIN

.....

Soon enough after Scott started acting the gossips went to work . . .

"He thinks he can become a star by imitating Larry's cocky walk and tough-guy mannerisms," they used to say, utterly ignoring the fact that Scott had changed his name so he would not trade on Larry's success.

Then, as Scott forged ahead, the story changed. "Larry," they said, "sure must be jealous of Scott's success."

Neither brother paid any more attention to that gossip than they pay to gossip today when those, determined to be vicious and destructive, announce: "Looks as if

Scott's playing the binge circuit with Larry."

Far and away the majority know that Scott travels with Larry hoping to help him circumvent the unfortunate publicity that has dogged him recently. Far and away the majority know also that between Scott and Larry lies such a story of brother love as is unparalleled in Hollywood history. And there also are those close to Scott who feel, although they know better than to mention it, that he sometimes carries his sense of devotion and responsibility too far.

You don't, if you wish to stay healthy, interfere with the Tierneys from Brooklyn. "They may," a family friend observes, "have tempestuous moments amongst themselves. But they stand staunch and firm as a unit."

It was late last year that Larry appeared for his thirteenth intoxication trial in seven years. At this time he accepted a three-year probation in exchange for his word of honor to abstain.

"I give you my word of honor I won't drink again," he said, "And I've never given my word of honor before."

Scott said nothing. But it soon became evident that he believed Larry meant to keep his word—and that he was going to do everything he could do to help him.

However, he wants no bows for anything he has done. And anyone stupid enough to ask questions is answered, all too eloquently, with a frozen silence.

"Scott understands Larry better than anyone else," friends of the Tierneys say. "If Scott believes it is going to work out all right, it will."

With all our heart we hope so.

THE END

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**WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—20th Century-
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Temptations of a Bachelor Girl

(Continued from page 45)

be the type, I know, but I've been taking a literature course at UCLA. I've gained much from it.

Dates, too, are a problem for the bachelor girl—if she allows them to be. But not long ago when I could think of no one I knew well enough to ask to take me to a party, I went alone. And had a wonderful time.

Another night, dateless, I was pretty depressed. I called a couple of friends to ask them over, but they were busy. I tried listening to records, but wasn't in the mood. Finally, I got in my car and drove down to the beach. I got over the bleak mood, but I felt like every other bachelor girl—it would have been so nice to have someone to come home to.

A few men may have rather strange ideas about a bachelor girl's character, feel that because she lives alone she must be a little careless of her reputation. A girl can give this impression, or she can make her moral principles quite clear.

I once heard a bachelor girl say, "You know, it's so difficult living alone. You have to be twice as careful in what you do and say so as not to give people—men especially—the wrong impression."

I didn't waste much time in disagreeing with this character, in telling her, "I see no reason for worrying about what other people think or say about me as long as I can face myself. I owe no apologies to anyone and have no intention of going around making explanations."

Some bachelor girls, of course, act as if they were carrying a sign reading, "The pure of heart." There's no point in this attitude either. If you're going to be on a tightrope when you go out for fear you'll

say or do something that will give the wrong impression, you're better off at home. Some girls, of course, adopt the pure in heart attitude after spending most of the evening leading a man on. Then, when he reacts accordingly, they're oh! so shocked!

A man will take a cue from a girl every time—whether she's a bachelor girl or not.

On dates, there may be the problem of letting a man know that the evening stops at your front door. However, when a man puts his foot inside your front door and wants to come in, just thank him for a nice evening and—close the door!

I have confidence in men—and their more noble, as well as their baser, instincts. A man wants approval. He won't force his attentions on you if you make it clear that said attentions are unwelcome.

"I do the hardest work of the whole day before breakfast—getting up!"

MONTGOMERY CLIFT

If he doesn't go for the quiet explanation of "keep out," if he argues, gets belligerent, can't understand why he can't come in for "a few minutes," then I lose all interest in protecting his manly feelings. If he asks for a door to be closed in his face—he deserves it.

Some people, I know, disapprove of a bachelor girl entertaining a man at home. I entertain men at home—usually for dinner or for an evening of record-playing. I don't leave my door open and I don't have to know a man for two years before I invite him to my apartment. Neither do

I say, "Come on up" to someone I've just met.

Before I think seriously of marriage, the goal of most bachelor girls, there are, I know, things about myself I'll have to change.

First I'll have to do an about-face on my would-be present independence and start establishing some roots. This, I think, will not be difficult since I adapt easily. There's also my personal carelessness. I come home from the studio, kick off my shoes and leave them where they fall. I may pick them up later and I may not. I go into the kitchen, fix a hurried meal, and sit on the floor by the fire and listen to records as I eat. When it's time to go to bed, I'm apt to drop my clothes wherever I am.

This might not do if I were married. With a husband as careless as I am we'd have quite a place. But carelessness is a habit we bachelor girls get into.

I'll also have to learn to share more before I quit my bachelor girl estate. I'm used to making my own decisions and taking care of my own problems. I'd have to be on guard not to be quite as efficient around my husband. I doubt that any man appreciates a wife who wants to pay all the bills, carve the roast and mix the cocktails.

There's also the matter of being on time. Because there's no one around me to keep me posted on my appointments, I often forget to arrive on time. This I understand is something which no husband appreciates.

I don't plan, however, to put these changes into effect just yet. I'm going to stay a bachelor girl for a while. It's a wonderful life—in spite of all the temptations.

THE END

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If You Want to Be Charming

(Continued from page 72)

He even put it on my finger once, and then took it right off, grinning for all he was worth."

That hurt. It wasn't that Carol wanted the ring so much. "I just want *him*. Period." She loves the boy.

She loves the boy; she *thinks* he loves her—but she's not sure.

And, quite understandably, she's miserable and, she confesses, "terribly jealous of him." It happens everywhere—even, need I add, in Hollywood.

An attractive out-of-town girl came to the last dance Carol's crowd gave, a formal, and "her" young man paid marked attention to the newcomer.

Carol seethed on the sidelines. Was he just leading her on? She even wonders, at this point, if she should reverse "the old jealousy routine," go out with another boy just to "show him." Oh—oh.

See what happens? When jealousy comes in the door, love flies out the window.

Anger, malice, wishes for revenge—there's nothing loving in a combination like that. And nothing—remember, this is a *charm* department—even faintly charming.

You may get your man, girls, by invoking the old jealousy routine—but you won't keep him. Remember all the sad stories you've heard about broken marriages in Hollywood, *and* in your own home town.

Be feminine—and loving; be patient—and charming. I'll bet on charm over conquest any day of the week.

They're Either Too Young, etc. . . .

Another touching letter came from Kay, who is twelve, but looks and *feels*, she says, fifteen. Her best girl friends, who are older than she is, have dates—she's too young.

"I'd give anything," she writes, "to be as old as I look or look as old as I am."

I'd like to have a long talk with Kay, the sort of talk I often have with my own daughter, Christina, who, like Kay, longs for "grown-up" privileges like high heels and earrings and unchaperoned dates. It seems only yesterday, I would tell her, that Elizabeth Taylor was twelve.

Kay feels her life is "all mixed up." But she should cheer up. Time will take care of her problem very soon.

Wilma laments that all of the boys in her crowd think of her as "a big sister," and Joan is just as unhappy because the special boy in her life treats her "like Dick's little sister." Which she is.

Wilma thinks the solution of her problem is in meeting new people, and I suspect that she's right. When all the boys you know start confiding in you about their troubles with other girls, then it's time to get to know some other boys.

Joan wants to know if maybe she should "try and act lots older." I'm afraid it wouldn't work. No matter how successfully she did it, it would still be an act. You have to be yourself to establish any kind of meaningful friendships, whether you're fourteen or forty. But even little sisters have a habit of growing up. Joan's solution, like Kay's, I think, lies in the lap of time.

Tips for the Too-Thins

I talked with Katharine Hepburn soon after she returned from Africa, and picked up some wonderful tips for all you too-thin girls who have written me that you just can't gain weight.

Katie dropped fifteen pounds—which she couldn't spare—during the rigorous production of "The African Queen" (such a

wonderful picture!) and came back to face an ultimatum—for once the doctors and the film producers were in complete agreement—that she had to get it back before she went to work again before the cameras.

Diet, I was interested to discover, is secondary in any program designed to put on pounds.

You can, of course, have cream with your cereal at breakfast, and an extra pat of butter for your baked potato at dinner. You can even have a double malt in the afternoon if you promise to be a good girl and eat your dinner all up in spite of that sweet, sickly feeling it leaves.

But adding calories won't do the trick unless you first defeat the tension and fatigue—the real villains in your particular struggle.

Katie's doctors emphasized rest—at least nine hours unbroken sleep at night. No big parties, no late hours. And, this was new to me, a half hour's rest after each meal, morning, noon, and night. You can read during these siestas, if you like, but stay off the telephone. You *must* relax.

Another secret of quick gaining, I learned, is regularity. You must eat three meals every day, and at exactly the same time every day. You too-thin girls will have to give up the idea that you can have a standing-up breakfast and make up for it with a big lunch. Your temperamental stomachs won't stand for it.

As for exercise, while this building up process is going on, settle for unhurried walks in the open air. And take it easy. You can swim and play tennis a few months from now, and be of good cheer. With the extra pounds you're putting on you'll be looking much better in your shorts and bathing suits.

As Time Will Allow

Briefly I'd like to answer three more quite specific questions.

Pat is plagued with excess perspiration. Her clothes are being ruined, and none of the commercial deodorants seems to work.

I would like to suggest that she try exercising for about an hour a day in the open air. This would eliminate most of the perspiration by getting it out of the system.

Evelyn is unusually short and is particularly worried about what sort of gloves she should wear. They all seem to look huge.

Shorties are the answer, the briefest possible gloves, and in colors which blend rather than contrast with the rest of her costume.

My advice to stick to the diminutive goes right along to take in all of her other accessories: small bags, small jewelry, small belts, and scarves. So long as she keeps accessories to scale, they will minimize rather than accentuate her figure problem.

Edalina has been trying without success to copy the short, soft curls which Elizabeth Taylor wears so becomingly, and wants to know what she has been doing wrong.

Elizabeth's hair, of course, is naturally curly, and I expect, if she sets it at all, she rolls it up in big, fat, loose pin curls with very little water, and brushes it out before it is completely dry. Straight hair would have to be allowed to dry completely before brushing, but in any event I think a few big curls rather than many skimpier ones would give the naturally curly effect.

THE END

They Are Men's Women

(Continued from page 48)

everywhere else, certainly never lack masculine attention. For any man to name the exciting women in his home town is dangerous business—but here goes for Ford: In my book, the Hollywood girls who belong in this group, not listed in order of preference, are June Allyson, Rita Hayworth, Barbara Stanwyck, Gene Tierney, Denise Darcel, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Ethel Barrymore, Janet Leigh and, if I'm not prejudiced, Eleanor Powell. You sometimes read how the Hollywood girls, lacking dates and escorts, sit at home lonely with a book. Well, these stars never did unless that was what they wanted to do. And it's my guess they never will.

JUNE ALLYSON is a doll. Not because she's beautiful. On the contrary, June's beautiful—in her individual way—because she's a doll. Genuinely friendly, with a warm informality, she puts men immediately at ease and makes them yearn to please her as impulsively as they would seek to please a beguiling child. Including, after six years of marriage, one Richard Powell.

June never is inhibited by manners. Not that she ever is rude, noisy or inconsiderate. Far from it. But if she happens to be sitting on the dais at a big important dinner—as she often does happen to be, always being feted or awarded something or other—and she sees a friend, she waves. It's a little wave, but it's also warm and enthusiastic.

June never is submerged by anything. Always she's herself. And men like that better than almost anything else I know, providing, of course, the woman is essentially a nice human being.

Rita Hayworth I've known for a long time. When we were kids, we were neighbors. Rita was Margarita Carmen Cansino, twelve years old. She and her family danced at a floating night club off the coast. And I ran a water taxi out to it.

Rita and I began our screen careers at the same time. She was the first leading lady opposite whom I ever worked. She was the first girl to whom I made love on the screen. Of all the pictures we made together, "Gilda" stands out in mind. Because to me Rita is *Gilda*.

She has the same exotic beauty and the same great sex appeal. These things, as I said before, are no handicap. But men



To Glenn Ford, his wife Eleanor Powell is still the most exciting woman in the world. "Although Ellie gave up her career, she never has become bogged down by domestic routine"

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also are attracted by Rita's shyness and idealism. It is these qualities that keep her from being the cool, self-assured, self-sufficient woman she otherwise might be—a type which makes men feel uncomfortable.

There aren't too many girls like Rita around since women discovered they can look out for themselves, often quite handsomely. So I suppose it's natural that men should gravitate towards her in the very way that anyone who is a little cold seeks a warm, bright fire.

One day, I hope I'll make a picture with Barbara Stanwyck. I know it will be a happy experience. When you work with "Stanny" you come to know the electricians, grips and prop men on the set much better than you know them usually. They come in and down from their posts to sit around and talk with Barbara—about their wives, their kids, the house they've bought or are building, the second-hand car they've fixed up so it's really better than any of the new jobs, the night courses they're taking.

Men accept Barbara the way they accept another man, but they don't feel the same way about her. She's forthright and honest. In her scheme of things there's no time for phoniness or idle flattery. If she has something to say, she says it. It will be, more likely than not, something pleasant. But if it isn't it's always so honest and fair that you find yourself nodding your head like mad in agreement.

GENE TIERNEY, another man's woman, is exciting looking. And she dresses with a sophisticated flair. Just like two dozen other actresses. However, the others don't have the special attraction that Gene has—because they don't know as much as Gene knows. She's that rare breed who is an intellectual but never makes you feel you have to sit and listen to a lecture. Most men—in spite of a corny theory to the contrary—admire intelligence in a woman if they are not made to feel they should bow to her intellect! If Gene didn't know as much as she does she couldn't listen the way she does, with her ears and eyes and mind, actually with all her body. She bends towards you, just a little, when you tell her something. And if she interrupts you don't mind because she asks interested, pertinent questions.

Gene also has gumption. She doesn't—as she could, so easily—take advantage of the fact that she's a very smooth package. I remember a scene we did together in which we had to ride, full speed, over a cold, dirty, rough hill. As we neared the top, Gene fell. But there were no tears, no protestations. She just got back on the horse and kept riding.

That movie, which was "Secret of Convict Lake," introduced me to another woman who has ranked as special wherever she has traveled in the world. And today, over seventy years old, she is as exciting—if not more exciting—than she was in her youth. Ethel Barrymore! Miss Barrymore makes women who fret about growing old seem very dull dishes. Her heart is still young. She still enjoys living. When she is around everyone instinctively has better manners. Not because she holds court. She doesn't. Her bearing is regal and her features are patrician but her glorious sense of humor never allows her to dramatize these things. In manner, she is outgoing. Easily and kindly she turns a tense situation into a laugh. And often, for the sheer joy of it, she clowns.

Denise Darcel is like spontaneous combustion. Working with her in "Young Man with Ideas" was a great experience. The set bounced and bubbled when she was around. She was so full of life she could make the oldest man feel like sixteen. Not only that, she was a great ambassador of good will in that she made every man want to go to France. Denise has a way of bringing youth, gaiety and laughter to everyone—and what could be more exciting than that?

NO list of Hollywood's exciting women would be complete without Joan Crawford. Joan is what all women would wish to be, a glamorous personality who dresses beautifully, who has earned wealth and fame and who, in her exciting and aggressive search for all these things, never has overlooked the importance of children, a home, friends over for dinner and all the other things that women were meant to enjoy.

Greta Garbo hasn't made a movie for ten years. But she's not forgotten. And she never will be. She will become, I think, even if she never makes another picture, a Hollywood legend. It is, most frequently, her artistry that Hollywood loves to talk about. But even as we sit around and yak about her artistry it's the woman she is whom we think about. Men especially are intrigued by her mystery, a product of her intense shyness. For, as long as there's anything about a woman which a man cannot quite understand, he will seek her.

Always I'll remember a scene I did with Janet Leigh. I had to carry her across a threshold and we were supposed to be laughing. Before the director called, "Action," she whispered, "Glenn, tickle me so I'll laugh." Well, I went along with the gag—and once she got going she had quite a time stopping. So did everybody else. There's something infectious about Janet's laughter—because she has the gaiety of youth, because she's a walking testimonial that life is wonderful and that if you want to be happy all you have to do is have a happy attitude. A man would have to be a complete dolt not to find Janet exciting.

If I place Eleanor Powell, also known as Mrs. Glenn Ford, last on my list it is because it might seem bad taste for me to put her above the rest. When Ellie and I married, she was a brilliant dancing star. Once she had two opening nights at once on Broadway, premiering as the star of the big musical hit "At Home Abroad" at the same time her picture "Broadway Melody of 1936" opened across the street. Never have I quit being amazed that Ellie chose to drop her career to become strictly a wife, mother and homemaker. In this she has found great happiness and contentment. It is, she says, what she always wanted. However, Ellie never has become bogged down by her domestic routine, never lost her sense of humor, her nervous energy or her vitality.

To me she is a combination of all the good qualities in all women.

(Glenn Ford is in "Affair in Trinidad" and "Young Man with Ideas"; June Allyson, "The Girl in White"; Rita Hayworth, "Affair in Trinidad"; Barbara Stanwyck, "Clash by Night"; Gene Tierney, "Way of a Gaucho"; Joan Crawford, "Sudden Fear"; Ethel Barrymore, "Deadline U.S.A."; Janet Leigh, "Scaramouche"; Denise Darcel, "Young Man with Ideas.")

THE END

"An honest woman is one who doesn't lie about anything except her age, weight and her husband's salary." . . . ROSALIND RUSSELL

They Call Her Sparkle Plenty

(Continued from page 65)

Grable, Anne Baxter, Jean Peters, Linda Darnell, Gene Tierney and Jeanne Crain, Mitzi, who is usually volatile and voluble, merely gave out with a limp, "Well, gosh, thanks."

Mitzi, who since then has won Photoplay's "Choose Your Star" poll, lives with her mother in a two-level, rented, furnished house in the Hollywood hills. She drives a black Mercury, wears red nail polish—red is her favorite color—collects ballerina dolls, eats everything in sight except parsnips, and sleeps in gaily flowered silk nightgowns. She saves motion picture magazines, and there are stacks of them all over the house. "I like to see how the stars live," she says, "who their friends are, and what they are doing. I guess I'm star struck."

She claims she is not superstitious, that it's just that she doesn't take chances. But if anyone whistles in her dressing room she makes them go outside, turn around three times, and spit before they come back in. If she drops a mirror she swears and spits to take off the curse. Her favorite swear word is "77" in Polish. "Because," she says, "it sounds so marvelously awful, and everyone looks so horrified." She loves talking over the telephone, while balancing on one foot, and does arabesques during the conversation. Her mother says she even dances while she dresses. She never pulls her stockings up as other girls do. Instead, she gets the foot of the stocking on, then points her toes toward the ceiling, and pulls her stockings down. She puts on all her clothes, including her hat and gloves, and then steps into her dress.

Life with Mitzi can be dangerous, according to her mother. "As a dancer," she explains, "Mitzi is constantly exercising her feet, so they'll be exceptionally strong. I believe she can do everything with her feet she does with her hands except write. One of her favorite exercise tricks is to lift the coffee table, complete with china and knickknacks, from the floor with her toes. She's been doing it since she was eleven, but she panics me every time."

Mitzi and her mother are great pals. "I couldn't exist without my mother," she says. "She is right about everything." Mitzi plays the piano by ear, and her mother writes poems for the magazines. Together they are composing a song called "Little Dingle," inspired by the San Francisco cable cars. Mrs. Gerber is definitely not a movie mother. Very few people at the studio have ever met her.



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The biggest thrill in Mitzi's life (even her exciting new career takes second billing) is her romance with Richard Coyle, who is an expert in negligence law and defense attorney for big corporations. Mitzi described him to a friend, "Oh, he's okay, I guess, if you happen to like handsome, prematurely gray, brilliant, amusing, nice men." She first met her "ideal man" when she was sixteen and playing in a Los Angeles production of "Naughty Marietta."

Mitzi, Hungarian and impetuous, was all for leading Richard to the altar as quickly as she could get him there, but Mrs. Gerber, a very sensible mother, suggested that she wait until she's twenty-one. "It isn't that she doesn't approve of Richard," explains Mitzi, "on the contrary, she approves of him so much, and thinks he is such a fine person, that she wants him to have a wife who is grown up enough to make him a good wife." And she adds, with the wisdom of the ages, "A girl can get away with things in her teens. People say, 'She's so young she doesn't know better.' But not in her twenties."

MITZI believes that if a girl has her eye on a man there is no point sitting at home staring hungrily at the telephone. She should do something about it, but in a subtle sort of way. "Look who's talking," says Mitzi with a laugh. "Now that I think about it maybe I wasn't too subtle with my first crush. It was while I was in Junior High. He was the school's leading athlete. I must have been an Annie Get Your Gun sort of character. Every time I saw him my mouth fell open. I was never late for classes that year for fear I'd miss a moment of his company. I even studied hard so I could show off in front of him. And I was always finding some excuse for strolling past the football field."

"I finally persuaded my girl friend to give a party so I could invite him to take me. And what happened—I had to go to a ballet class! Always, I had to go to a ballet class. That's the horror of being a professional teenager. Months of maneuvering your man and *boin-n-n-ng* classes. But I mustn't feel too sorry for myself. There were other crushes. Several at the Powers Professional School. It's part of being a teenager. Crushes for the teens—marriage for the twenties."

"I learned a lot from my first crush," Mitzi continues. "I learned that boys at Junior High scare easily. They're at that skittish age. So a girl should never be overanxious around them. There's a fine line between anxious and overanxious. True, I strolled by that football field until my feet almost wore out—but at least I never popped up in the boys' locker room and said to my dreamboat, 'Why, fancy meeting you here.'"

"Most of all I guess I learned: Never let a man know you are about to sink your claws in him."

Women always have been aggressive, Mitzi thinks, but if they showed any signs of it in the old days they were immediately classified as "bad girls" by the overworked Mrs. Grundys. But ever since women left home and fireside, and especially the kitchen sink, thanks to modern gadgets, and went into business, manners have changed considerably. The male still wants to do the pursuing, and it's his prerogative, but there's no reason why, if he's a mite dimwitted, or maybe just shy, he shouldn't be given a gentle, but determined push.

"The best way to get to know a boy,"

Mitzi advocates, "is to invite him to a party. As there will be quite a few other boys there he can't suspect that you have ulterior motives. If you have on your prettiest dress, your highest heels and your flashiest smile, you're in business, sister. Perhaps you can't have a party at your home, then persuade one of your girl friends to give a chip-in party: every girl will bring a part of the refreshments and her own date."

"Also it could be that a good friend had to leave town suddenly and gave you two tickets to a football game, or to a popular play, and you were just wondering. . . . Naturally you bought those tickets yourself, but there's no point in saying so. That just might be the little nudge he needs. Next week he'll take you to the game—and it could become a habit. There's nothing wrong in calling a boy if you have a good manufactured excuse. But be sure it's good. Maybe you borrowed his handkerchief to get something out of your eye at a party, and of course you want to return it to him. The hostess gave you his phone number. Or maybe you discovered, just a block away from his office, that you have lost your change purse and haven't even a dime for bus fare. He'll loan you the change, and you'll have to return it, etc., etc. It's corny, but you can always run out of gas just a block or so from where your dream man lives. You appear at his door looking very helpless. It's really the girl who does the choosing and the chasing; she always has, but don't ever let the man know. You're a dead duck if he suspects you. And don't think, ever, that the worthwhile kind of man is easy to interest."

IN the land of the inflated ego Mitzi is probably our least conceited star since Baby LeRoy. But there was a time. . . . "I joined the 'Song of Norway' company in Philadelphia after a run with 'Gypsy Lady' in New York. I was a big mad professional and quite impressed with myself. But I was the newcomer in a very tightly knit group, who had all been together for three years on Broadway. To put it mildly, I wasn't accepted immediately. Later we all became good friends. But it took a little time. They taught me a valuable lesson."

A gregarious young person, Mitzi is all for leaving that "alone" stuff to Garbo. Wherever you find Mitzi at the studio you find her knee deep in friends, who call her, incidentally, "Sparkle Plenty." "Oh, I'm not saying that the 'Song of Norway' experience cured me completely," she says. "I still have my moments of being pleased with myself. But somebody quickly comes along and cuts me down to the size of a postage stamp."

On the set Mitzi is always bouncing, bubbling and clowning. "I'm the noisiest person in the world," she tells you, and proceeds to prove it. She's a great one for calling people nicknames. Her nicknames, like her impersonations, are never unkind. She calls her leading men "Cousin," often shortened to "Cuz." Her two best girl friends on the lot, Jean Peters and Jeanne Crain, she calls "Pete" and "Dreamface." Georgie Jessel she calls "Pappy." One of her own nicknames is "Tootie." Richard, however, is Richard. Never Dick, or Rickie, or anything but Richard. That's a must. Mitzi is always hungry on the set, and between takes snatches nibbles from the workmen's lunch boxes. Unable to be inactive more than a few moments at a time, she romps

"A mother is a person who sees there are only four pieces of cake for five people and says she doesn't care for any." . . . RED SKELTON

around the stage entertaining with imitations and puns. The imitations are wonderful. The puns are dreadful.

About the only way to make Mitzi lose her temper is to tell her that you hear that the studio is grooming her to take over Betty Grable's pictures. It's no secret that Betty, who has been on the screen almost twenty years, is far more interested now in her home, family and horses, than she is in her celluloid capers. But when a columnist wrote that Mitzi was a threat to the Grable throne, that young lady fairly blew her top. "That's ridiculous," she shouted. "No one can take Betty's place. She's in a class by herself."

Mitzi is an only child ("Can't you tell?" she asks) and was born in Chicago on September 4, 1931. Inasmuch as her father was a musical director and her mother a dancer, Mitzi took to ballet slippers like a duck to water. Before she was out of her teens she was a ballerina. But she is nothing like the traditional ballerina. She isn't temperamental, violent, capricious or vain. Since the age of eight she has studied ballet, first with her aunt, Francine Woodbury, who showed her the basic ballet positions. She first studied seriously with Kathryn Etienne as her teacher, then later with Mia Slavenska, Anton Dolin and David Lichine. So when you see Mitzi dance, don't think that's just a little something she learned over the weekend. It's the result of years of study.

WHEN she was quite young her family took her to see Carmen Miranda in "The Streets of Paris." That started her off on her impersonations. During World War II she entertained at USO shows with her impersonations of Carmen, Danny Kaye, and any celebrities who happened to amuse her. She was also featured comedienne-dancer of the special Air Force show which played all bases between Los Angeles and Charleston, South Carolina.

Mitzi attended Tilden and Chandler Grade Schools in Detroit, and later Le Conte Junior High School and Powers Professional School (which is run by Mala Powers' mother) in Hollywood. While playing in a long run of an operetta in San Francisco she was tutored by a Mrs. Mack. Mrs. Mack recently came backstage to see her former pupil when Mitzi was in San Francisco making personal appearances with "Golden Girl."

"Mitzi," said Mrs. Mack, beaming with relief, "I despaired so of your arithmetic. But I won't worry about it any more. After seeing you on the screen this afternoon I know now you'll always be able to pay people to add and subtract for you."

Mitzi made her debut with Edwin Lester's Civic Light Opera Company at the age of fourteen (she said she was sixteen), in "Roberta," and subsequently in "The Fortune Teller," "Gypsy Lady," "Song of Norway," "Louisiana Purchase," and "Naughty Marietta." It was during this show that Lester saw her clowning during rehearsals and decided to produce "The Great Waltz" with the comedienne part especially written for Mitzi. Choreographer Aida Broadbent devised a comedy ballet which was the highlight of the show. And that's where Jessel discovered her.

"I'm afraid," says Mitzi apologetically, "that I make very dull copy. I've never had a single handicap in my life. My family has always encouraged me. I have never been shy. I have a wonderful mother. And on September fourth I'll be twenty-one years old and I'll marry the man I love."

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RULES

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- Entrants must be young women high school graduates or members of the current graduating high school class and under 25 years of age on June 1, 1952. They must have maintained a grade average of "C" during their last school year. Entrants must reside within the continental limits of the United States. They cannot hold membership cards with any of the following organizations: American Federation of Radio Artists, Television Artists, Actors Equity or the Screen Actors Guild.
- The contest is composed of four parts:
 - To enter**—Fill in enrollment form on page 37 or a reasonable facsimile thereof. Mail this together with the answers to the questionnaire printed below and two candid snapshots of yourself—one close-up of your face, one full-length. This entry must be postmarked no later than April 15th. Those qualified to compete in the next stage of the contest will be notified by May 15th.
 - Voice Recordings**—Contestants notified by Photoplay by May 15 will be asked to submit recordings postmarked no later than June 15th. Contestants will be asked to record one of the passages printed in the May Photoplay, together with a passage of their own choosing. The combined length of the two passages should be no longer than four minutes. Contestants who pass the recording stage and qualify for the audition stage will be notified by July 15th.
 - Auditions**—Those candidates notified by July 15th will be invited to audition before local boards of judges appointed by Photoplay. These auditions will take place in major cities throughout the country during the weeks of August 1-16. The top contestants at each board will be asked by the board to submit a photostated copy of their high school and college record if any, plus two letters of recommendation from outstanding members of their community. The three national finalists chosen from these auditions will be notified by September 2nd.
 - Finals**—Three finalists will be invited to attend the California auditions at Photoplay's expense, during the week of September 14-20. At this time the winner will be selected by a board of judges, to be named in the April Photoplay. The winner will be announced in the December Photoplay.
- All material submitted becomes the property of Macfadden Publications, Inc. and cannot be returned.
- The decision of the judges is final. In the event of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded. This contest is not open to employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., or to members of their families. This contest is subject to all State and Federal regulations.

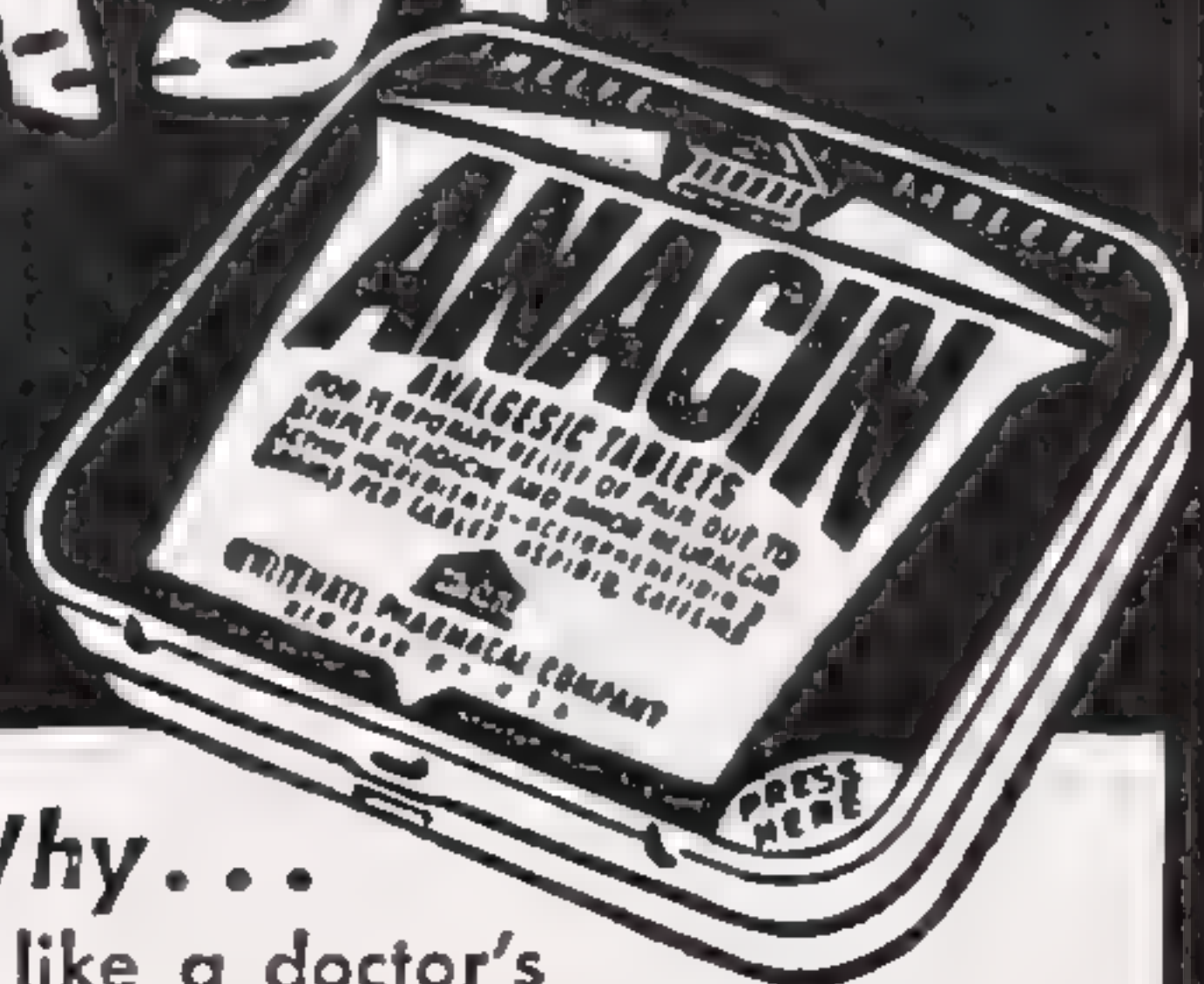
QUESTIONNAIRE INSTRUCTIONS

Please type all answers, double-spaced on standard white paper no larger than 8½ x 11 inches. Your name and address must appear in the upper right-hand corner of each page submitted. Print clearly your name and address on the back of each picture submitted. Be sure you have attached all the information requested: pictures, enrollment form, questionnaire. Mail all material to: Photoplay Scholarship Contest, Box 1811, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

- Write in 300 words or less a letter on: Why I want to be an actress. Tell why you think you can act. State your reasons simply. Your letter will be read for content, not literary style.
- Next to acting, what would you like to do most if training, money or time were not a problem? Be as brief as possible.
- List all schools attended since grammar school. Give dates, addresses, diplomas or degrees received. Explain any gap between non-consecutive school years telling what you did during that time.
- List any art, dancing, music or voice lessons you have had and time studied.
- What school offices have you held? Give titles, length of time you were in office; state your duties.
- List all honors, medals, awards you have received. Give details.
- If you have had any theatrical training, state same in detail. List the name of each production you participated in and exactly what you did—act, direct, produce, scenery, costumes, or whatever. List all roles you played. State whether this was a school or outside activity. If outside activity, give details.
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Calling All Actresses

(Continued from page 37)

next September at Photoplay's expense. For one exciting week, they will live at a Playhouse dormitory, tour Hollywood, be given money for spending while there and auditioned before the final board of judges: Barbara Stanwyck, actress; James Stewart, actor; Dore Schary, producer; Mark Robson, director; Charles Prickett, Pasadena Playhouse; Lyle Rooks, Hollywood Editor, Photoplay.

And this year also the two girls who are the runners-up will meet the casting directors of major studios, be introduced to stars and will appear on radio or television programs.

It is not, however, only the three finalists of Photoplay's Scholastic Contest who gain recognition and prestige. The winners of the local auditions, which will be held this year during the weeks of August 1-16 from coast to coast in approximately 100 of America's largest cities, are brought to the attention of important actors' agents, producers and directors of radio and television shows, summer theatres and little theatre groups.

Last year, the prestige of placing within the top hundred group brought such offers as a full tuition scholarship at the Apprentice School of the Show Shop in Canton, Connecticut, and two full tuition scholarships to the Pioneer Playhouse in Danville, Kentucky. The Grove Theatre in Nuan-gola, Pennsylvania, is now searching among this group for a young lead and an ingenue. The casting director of NBC in New York offered to interview every girl on the list who could visit him at his office. And in many cities producers and directors have interviewed local contestants. As a result of these interviews, many girls have been offered jobs. One girl, Noel Mast, appeared with Eva LeGallienne on the Philip Morris Playhouse. Ruth Jung, of the top hundred group, will soon appear on ABC's Hollywood Screen Test TV show. Every day, in fact, Photoplay hears of other new doors swinging wide for other contestants.

Enter the Photoplay Scholarship Contest now. The complete rules are on page 102.

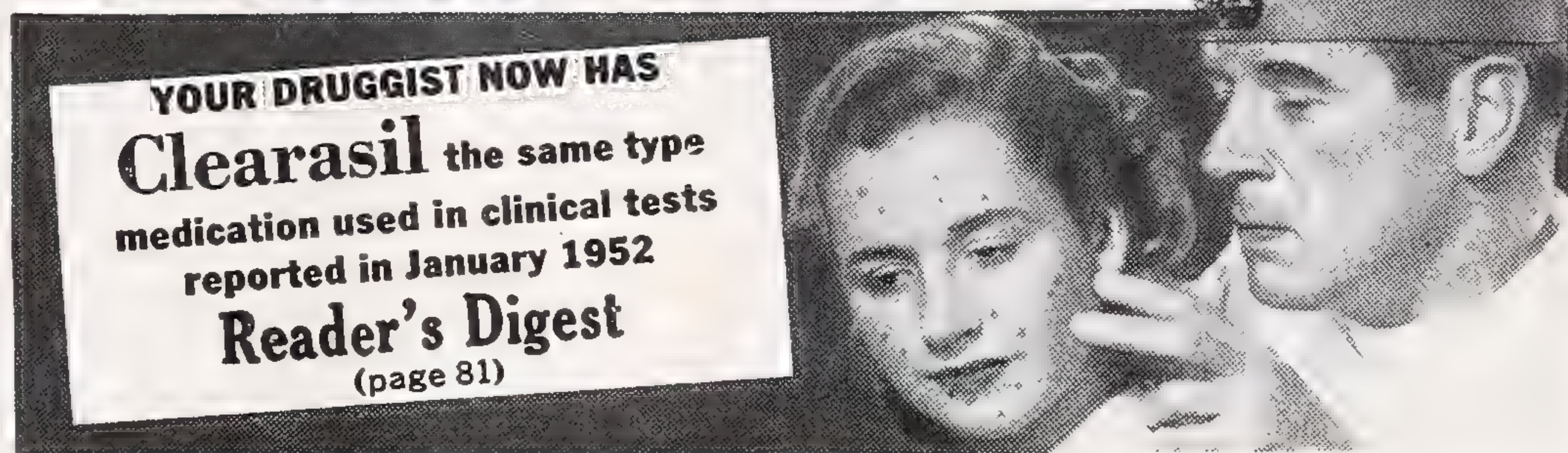
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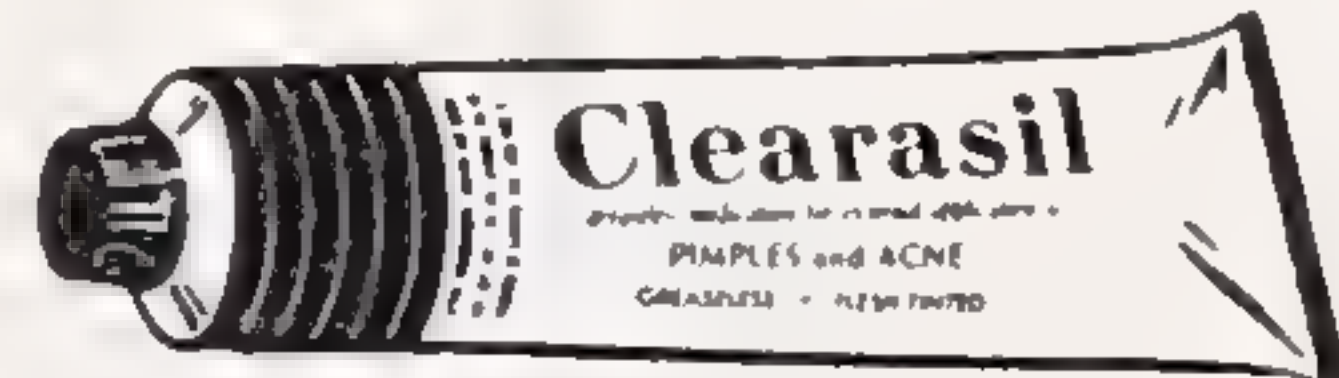
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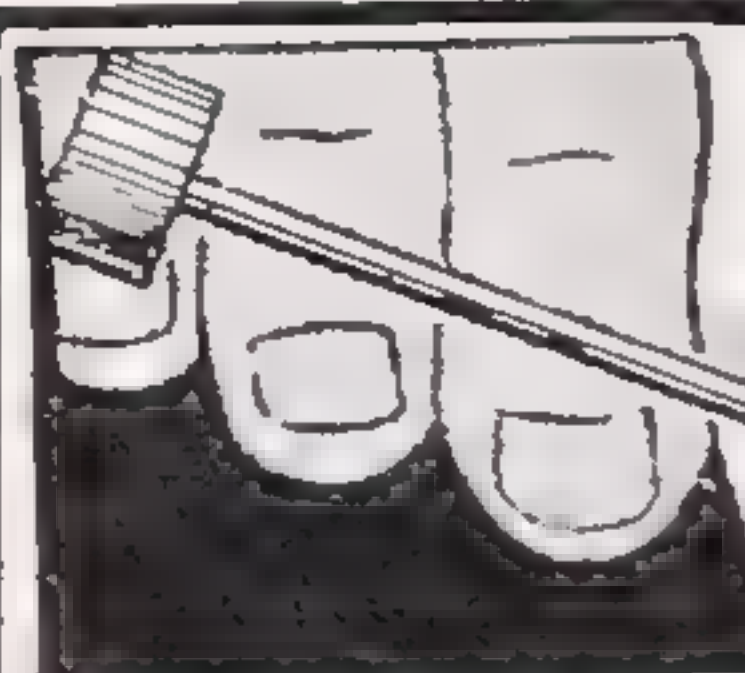
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Sunny Side Up

(Continued from page 55)

street, the white Georgian Colonial exterior, with its green trim, offering a dignified welcome. The small entrance hall echoes the dignity, but, instead of the usual balustrade, a white partition topped by a plant-box frames the landing for the stairs that lead to the second floor. It's successful, because the stairway has a wall on either side, and the landing makes a square turn two steps up from the hall.

To the left of the hall is the living room, and at the right a door opens into a bar. "We don't drink," said Doris, "so we planned to take the bar out, but that would be very expensive. We have to consider resale value, you know." So the bar stays, and Doris is doing it in red, green, black and white. The red, green and white are combined in a plaid paper for the walls, and the black is in two chairs surrounding a round pine table on which stands a tremendous Vat 69 bottle, made into a lamp and topped with a red linen shade. Doris brings the black into the room again through dime store frames which she has painted and uses for pictures of people with whom she has worked. These line the wall behind the bar. Valances made of red moire, which she bought in the basement of a department store, top the shuttered windows, and two green leather chairs are on either side of a pine trestle table.

IT'S an inviting room, but not any more so than the delightful living room. From her previous house, Doris brought two Chippendale wing chairs covered with printed cotton, a sporting scene in gray, blue, yellow and touches of red against a cocoa-colored ground. And two French Provincial cabinets flank the cherry red antique satin sofa, bearing attractive little pewter pitchers which Doris had made into lamps.

Jot down in your idea book the thought of using cabinets beside a sofa or chair instead of tables, particularly if your room is small. The cabinet, you see, provides storage for those extras that clutter up a house, and also serves as a lamp table.

Speaking of lamps, there's something else you can borrow. Make your own lamps from pitchers, as Doris did, or from a pair of vases, or from a couple of copper tea-kettles. You can buy the fixtures and wiring at any hobby or hardware shop, and by drilling a hole in the bottom of the accessory, make the conversion. Be sure that the lamp, from finial to base, is at least twenty-seven inches high so that it will provide proper illumination.

For her living room Doris chose a contrasting color scheme; green chenille carpeting and a deeper green for the walls, crisped with white ceiling and woodwork, perfect foils for the red sofa. A gold textured cotton lounge chair and ottoman tie in nicely, and echo the spot of yellow found in the print.

A contrasting scheme means that two colors opposite each other on the color wheel are chosen. To be successful, one must be used in larger proportion than the other—in this instance, green—and a third color may be brought in for accent, such as the yellow. An individual with exuberant personality, such as Doris, demands an exciting combination of colors, which is one of the reasons that this living room reflects her personality.

A door on one side of the white fireplace opens into the den and shelves march up the wall on the other side. Doris lined the back of the shelves with mirrors, so that you get the impression that you're looking through the shelves into another room. It's a neat trick that works wonderfully well, if you have a need for it.

Occasional pieces in this room blend together, even though Doris has two French Provincial end tables beside the sofa; a round oak coffee table complemented with bowl of flowers, ash tray, Ronson lighter, but still leaving plenty of room for party refreshments, in front of it; an Early American Welsh cupboard against one wall, and a pine Early American table against the other. Why do all these pieces, despite their various heritages, go together? Because they're all in formal styles. You can mix periods and have a successful decorating scheme but you cannot mix formal and informal style.

Actually, the round coffee table belongs to no period. It's just nicely designed. But you can achieve the same type of piece if you keep a sharp lookout for old, round dining tables. When you find one that has the diameter you want, buy it, then cut it down to coffee table height by eliminating the middle section of the legs. To give it a new finish, buy a good paint remover. Then after you have cleaned and scraped the surface down to the wood, sand it to satin smoothness, then stain it or wax it depending upon the finish you want. If it stain you choose, clear shellac adds a protective coat to your table, but if you object to the gloss, cut it down with steel wool and a final application of paste wax.

The shutters of the room please Doris particularly. "They're so informal," she says, "and actually, you don't miss draperies with these at the windows. But I'm getting draperies as soon as I have a little time," she adds hastily.

ONE of the reasons Doris likes this room is that it's filled with the things she loves. For instance, one day she and Marty had a semi-spat over the furnishing. Finally Marty, when the argument reached climax, growled under his breath and made a dramatic exit. Half an hour later Doris was called to the phone. "Honey," said Marty, "I've found a really terrific something or other—some kind of a cupboard."

It was a perfectly beautiful Welsh cupboard, complete with spoon rack and spice drawers, and the only furnishing piece that Marty has ever selected by himself. Nothing could tempt Doris to part with it!

"This green thumbprint pitcher," Doris indicated on the shelf, "belonged to my great grandmother. And my father sent me this little coffee maker which was left in an apartment which he owns. This Russian wooden bowl belonged to my aunt, and the Pembroke table in the hall came from an old woman who worked for my grandmother. It was an ugly green, but we stripped it down to the wood, and see how lovely it is now." Of such things is a home made.

Vibrant as is the living room, the den offers a complete change of pace, being done in practically a monotone. Sculpture beige carpeting echoes the wood tones of the paneling on all four walls, and natural leather sectional sofa practically matches. A green leather chair offers a bit of contrast, however, as do the subdued floral draperies in a heavy repp weave. Here, too, is a television set, plus a pine trestle table bearing a huge copper lamp. Needless to say, here's where son Terry and his friends hang out, watching their favorite shows and indulging in games of canasta from time to time.

Because the living room opens onto the dining room, Doris chose the same color scheme of red, green and white, but used the colors differently. The red's on the wall in a wonderful, little Provincial print paper above white wainscoting. Woodwork and ceiling are all white, and the green carpeting's the same as that in the living room.

For furnishings, though, Doris stayed with Early American, in a round pine dining table topped with a lazy Susan, surrounded by old, hand-hewn pine chairs. A large pine breakfront in the same style displays Doris's china and glassware, and stores her linens and silver.

Windows in the rear wall of the dining room look out on the garden, and a door and window in the side wall open onto a festive, screened-in porch. Underneath this window and continuing around under the adjacent window which looks outside, Doris built a plant box. White, it matches the wainscoting and is the same height, but the greenery refreshes the whole dining room.

You could build one from plywood or pine paneling, making it the height of the window sill, the width of the window, and about eight inches deep. Build a shelf and place it inside the box about eight to ten inches below the top. On this, place a metal liner. You can fill this with soil and peat moss and plant the greenery in it, or keep the plants in their pots and fill the area around them with a combination of peat moss and soil. The latter arrangement is most satisfactory, because you can keep turning the plants so they will grow evenly, and you can replace easily those which do not flourish.

You who live in the East and Middle West will be particularly interested in the screened-in porch just outside the dining room. A shed roof with exposed beams stained a dark brown covers the area, and the two outside walls are practically all screens. There's a brick floor, wonderfully practical, and for furniture, a dark green trestle table with two matching benches, and a round, green wrought iron, glass-topped table. Doris and Marty chose green for these pieces because the walls are yellow, edged with dark green woodwork. To emphasize the outdoor feeling, wrought iron brackets displaying pots of gay flowers, travel up the sides of the walls.

As Doris and Marty use this for an outdoor dining room, a portable barbecue takes over the cooking task, and for easy serving, a yellow formica-topped counter underlines the window area along the back wall. Doris loves to entertain here in the summer. "It's so easy," she declares, "and everyone has a better time when frills are eliminated."

Of course, in the Melcher house, all the guests could move right into the kitchen and enjoy themselves, it's so attractive! The walls, ceiling and cabinet are of knotty pine in a natural finish. A small window bay decorates the sink area, where glass bricks let in loads of light, and to the left a Dutch door leads outside. Black and cream rubber tile makes a good surface underfoot, but the most notable departure from tradition is the mirror which lines one

wall above a waist-high cabinet. It seems to double the size of the room.

The family takes advantage of these pleasant surroundings, by having breakfasts and lunches at the round table surrounded by a built-in bench tucked into a kitchen corner.

The master bedroom, fresh and crisp and charming, again reflects Doris's personality, even though the colors are different from the rest of the house. Here, she's turned to blue, instead of green, but the red and white continues. It's successful because it's simple.

Doris had a huge, old-fashioned, platform rocker which she had reupholstered in a red and blue documentary print on white ground. It's toile, and makes a very handsome piece indeed. Red and white checked cotton taffeta goes beautifully with the print, so Doris put it on the sofa, used it for valances above the shuttered windows, repeated it on a pad that's on a chest at the foot of the bed. Finally, it will be used on the bed headboard, which is on the list of things to come. Meanwhile, a beautiful white, quilted spread with blue flowers appliqued in four corners covers the bed—a gift from her aunt. Setting off all the red and white are soft blue walls and ceiling, trimmed with white woodwork, and a deeper blue in the chenille carpeting.

For a bedroom lamp, Doris chose an old bowl and pitcher, transformed the pitcher into a lamp, and set it in the bowl filled with philodendron, which adds a nice touch of greenery to the room.

Outside the bedroom, the walls of stair landing and hallway are papered with a Provincial clover-leaf design in gray and red, with green chenille carpeting on the floor, and a few nice old furniture pieces setting the atmosphere. A little Victorian marble-topped chest looks right at home next to a tapestry-covered platform rocker that belongs to Doris's mother. A milk-glass setting hen and an old oil lamp converted to electricity complete the picture.

For her son Terry's room, Doris had beige cottage curtains made of rayon butcher linen. They're trimmed with a red, white and green provincial print, which is used also for the valance, and for a pad on a cricket chair. The quilted cotton spread ties in, with its colors of green, yellow and blue and the walls are covered with a beige grasscloth paper. For furniture Doris selected sturdy maple for desk, bed and the built-in chest along one wall which boasts a dropleaf for Terry's electric train.

"Someday," says Doris, "I'll have everything in the house exactly the way I want it," at which Marty nods his head happily. He knows she's kidding herself, that always there'll be some change to be made. "Oh, well," he remarks philosophically, "she can dream, can't she?"

THE END

Barbara Lawrence's Chicken Choice



Barbara Lawrence, now a busy little bride, has dreamed up a divine and simple chicken dish. Here it is: Brown a cut up fryer in $\frac{1}{4}$ pound of butter. Remove chicken and add to fat 2 medium sized dry onions, 1 diced bell pepper, saute slightly. Put chicken back on top, add 6 ounces of olive oil (which is completely absorbed so the dish is not greasy), cover and steam for half an hour or until tender. Add a #2 can of tomatoes and simmer for 15 minutes. Add 1 can of tiny peas just before you serve, and heat. Serve in a ring of wild rice or noodles. Serve with heated French rolls and a mixed green salad.

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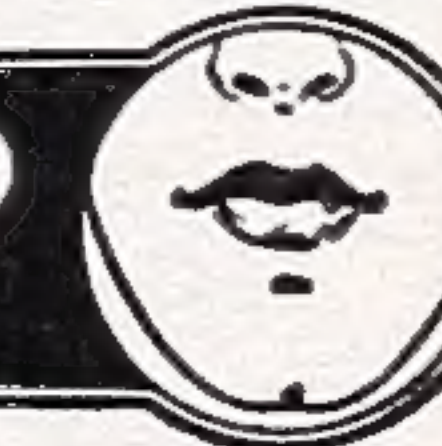
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Let's Stop Coddling Judy

(Continued from page 43)

told me, with that beautiful gamin smile. But it was apparent she was overly excited about the game, at a high tension. Always Judy is a little odd. She never seems to have a normal approach to life.

I saw her on the beach too, with her enchanting little girl, Liza. They had been in the sea. And they had been lying in the sun. And Judy, I was sorry to see, had lost much of her prettiness. She was sadly overweight and she did not look groomed.

No wonder, I thought, there were little gasps when she began her comeback trail in London at the Palladium. For it is not, let us face it, in the tradition of the theatre for any star to appear at so much less than her best. But Judy sang, "Over the Rainbow" and her Palladium audience broke into cheers. And when she stumbled on her way to the wings, then picked herself up quickly, saying, so all could hear, "That's one of the most disgraceful exits ever made," her audience went wild.

In November, continuing her comeback, Judy collapsed on the Palace stage in New York. The second half of the show, consisting of her and her company, had been late in starting. The intermission dragged on and on. When Judy finally came on, those in her audience report that her gait was unsteady and she seemed to walk with great care.

After the first few bars of her opening song, she missed the words, then caught herself and continued, but sang off key. When the orchestra broke into the introduction for her next song she whispered, "No, not that!" She walked to the piano and took a drink of water. Then she sang, "Rock-a-bye, my baby."

Vivian Blaine, in the audience, was asked to come backstage and stand by in case Miss Garland collapsed. And it was Vivian who took over as Judy was carried on a stretcher from the theatre to a sanitarium. She was, it was reported, suffering from nervous exhaustion. Some reporters wrote encomiums about her courage, the show-must-go-on sort of thing. But many in show business shook their heads, said it was a pity that Sid Luft, her manager—whom she is engaged to marry—had gone out of town. Mr. Luft, all explained, could control Judy. The only time there had been trouble during her London engagement, they added, was when Judy and Luft were having difficulty. Mr. Luft had gone to California to answer a drunken-driving charge that had followed a three-car collision and a street argument. At the time, Judy,

according to her lawyer, had been in a near-by cafe, appearing on the scene only after she had heard the crash. She was, he said, in a "highly nervous state."

After this collapse of Judy's, the Palace Theatre was closed for four days.

The night she reopened, she received an ovation. And her curtain speech, punctuated with sobs, concluded: "I . . . I love you . . . I mean it!" Ironically enough, her emotionalism, which too often had been her undoing, also too often serves her well.

Her emotionalism, no doubt about it, is both dramatic and touching. And audiences respond to it. But when it goes on and on and on, when unhappy time after unhappy time her secretary, manager, lawyer and physician excuse her as being overwrought, or emotionally exhausted, it becomes evident she is ill and needs medical help.

NO one close to Judy took seriously her attempted suicide nearly two years ago when she cut her throat, mildly, with the jagged end of a broken glass. Those close to her professionally were wholly satisfied she had been more intent upon attracting attention than in taking her life. "She's done the same thing before," I was assured, "more than once."

The realities, responsibilities and self-denials of maturity are not Judy's dish. She was happier, far happier than she ever has been since, when she was a teenager—when Mickey Rooney and the young Hollywood gang met at her house to play records and dance and talk—when she was a Hollywood belle and went to night spots with her current beau. Her first marriage to David Rose lasted three years. Her second marriage to Vincente Minnelli lasted five years—more or less. Not even little Liza, whom they both dearly love, could save them.

I first became aware of Judy's grave immaturity at a party I gave at the Jack Warners' home. It was her first appearance following her long illness and seclusion after Liza's birth. One of the prizes was a gold bracelet. Judy wanted it. But someone else won it. Whereupon Judy screamed and went on in a very uninhibited and emotional way—in spite of the fact that she did win a rather pretty brooch. At the time I remember wondering why someone didn't do something for this girl, so young, charming and talented—and so in need of help.

Because of all the things Judy is, everyone always has forgiven her everything. Louis B. Mayer, head of the M-G-M studios when Judy was a star there,

eternally coddled her. That studio, in fact, is reported to have spent over \$100,000 on doctors, hospitals and various forms of psychiatric treatment to help her. But finally they had to let her go. Too often they rejoiced over her glad cry, "I'm back at work—and so happy," only to discover, one or two or three weeks later, that her company was waiting on a studio or recording stage and she had not appeared, that someone had telephoned to say she was ill.

Betty Hutton, as everyone knows, had her great success in the title role of "Annie Get Your Gun" after Judy was removed from the cast. Jane Powell climbed higher than ever in "Royal Wedding" after Judy blew up one day when Arthur Freed, who had been instrumental in getting the studio to entrust her with the part, stood watching her rehearse. "Stop looking at me," she told him, glaring. "Stop looking at me, I say!" And then she cried and stomped off the set.

The week before, she had celebrated her twenty-ninth birthday. Certainly she should have had more self-discipline.

Metro didn't want to let Judy go. Even after her suicide attempt they considered her for *Julie* in "Show Boat," Photoplay's Gold Medal picture in which Ava Gardner won a citation for one of the five most popular performances of the year. But in the end there was no choice. It costs hundreds of thousands of dollars, even millions, to make great movies. And stockholders want no part of any cost sheet that shows the lost time an emotionally unstable star must cause.

Whatever Judy does, however she does it, all those who love her are quick with excuses. She's been in show business since she was three, they say. All her life it had been her habit to go to bed at dawn and sleep all day. In order to adjust to the turnabout schedule of movies she had been obliged to take sleeping pills to go to sleep at 9 P.M. instead of 3 P.M. And because of the effect the sleeping pills had upon her she had had to take benzedrine to wake up. So it goes, affording Judy no impetus to discipline herself.

The only time in many years when Judy has seemed to be on an even keel was during and following her treatment at a Boston clinic. More psychiatry is what she needs now, in my opinion. And I'm not one of those who goes overboard, who believes that because a person is given to hiccoughs she was frustrated in her youth. Not at all. I do believe however that psychiatry often will clear such emotional maladjustments as seem to plague Judy. And I'm convinced she would do something about herself if her public and colleagues would make it clear they had had enough of her didos.

In January, the Palace Theatre again was dark. Without Judy there could be no show. The report was that Judy had laryngitis. That might have been the whole truth. But because of her history and because Sidney Luft again was out of town there was more than a little speculation about what ailed her.

I saw Judy behind stage at the March of Dimes Show at the Waldorf. She seemed to be in wonderful spirits and, in reply to my question, "What's next?" she said, "I'm taking my entire show out to the Los Angeles Philharmonic!"

Something should be done about Judy—now! That she is permitted to go on appearing overweight, failing to make performances, trading on her emotionalism by sobbing through curtain speeches is unjust to her and it also is unjust to the tradition of the theatre. **THE END**

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